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FOLK-LORE

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF

MYTH, TRADITION, INSTITUTION, & CUSTOM

BEING

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

And Incorporating THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW *and*
THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.—1914

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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.] MARCH, 1914. [No. I.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1913.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mrs. Huddart, Mr. J. H. Hutton, Mrs. Janvier, Dr. A. Knabenhaus, Mr. H. V. Routh, and Mr. R. J. E. Tiddy, as members of the Society, was announced.

The resignations of Mr. A. J. Eagleston, Miss Hinuber, Dr. Kennett, and the Hon. Mrs. G. Macdonald were also announced.

Sir Everard im Thurn read a paper entitled "Innate Ideas of South Sea Islanders," and in the discussion which followed the President, Mr. Hartland, His Honour J. S. Udal, and Mr. Edge Partington took part.

Sir Everard im Thurn also exhibited a number of lantern slides illustrative of the dress and habitations of the Fijians.

The following addition to the Society's Library was reported :—

By Miss E. Canziani :—*Piedmont*, by Estella Canziani and Eleanour Rohde, (Chatto & Windus, 1913).

The Meeting terminated with hearty votes of thanks to Sir E. im Thurn for his paper and for exhibiting his lantern slides.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1913.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The resignation of Miss Lilian Gask was announced.

Letters from Lady Avebury acknowledging the vote of condolence passed on the death of her late husband, and from Dr. Pitré acknowledging the congratulations of the Society on the completion of his *Biblioteca delle Traditioni Popolare Siciliane*, were read by the Chairman.

Miss M. A. Czaplicka read a paper entitled "The Influence of Environment upon the Religious Ideas and Practices of the Aborigines of Northern Asia," (pp. 34-54), and in the discussion which followed Miss Burne, Mr. Wright, Miss Moutray Read, and the Chairman took part.

Mr. J. H. Powell read a paper entitled "Hook-Swinging in India," and in the discussion which followed Mr. N. W. Thomas, Dr. Hildburgh, Miss Burne, and the Chairman took part.

Both papers were illustrated by lantern slides.

Miss E. Canziani exhibited and presented to the Society a number of objects of folklore interest from the Abruzzi, comprising charms against the evil eye from Aquila and Cocullo, a toothache charm from Cocullo, a lamp from Abruzzi, a fork and a distaff from Casteldelmonte, and a corona made of sugar from Aquila, blessed and kept as a devotional object and sometimes hung on gravestones.

The Meeting concluded with hearty votes of thanks to Miss Czaplicka and Mr. Powell for their papers, and to Miss Canziani for the objects which she had so kindly presented to the Society.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. R. Burns, Miss Ruth Hodson, and Mrs. Lebour as members of the Society was announced.

The death of the Rev. C. A. Swainson, and the resignations of Miss F. Barry, Mr. G. Calderon, Mr. F. D'Aeth, Miss Ives, and Mr. Alan Whitehorn, were also announced.

Major Tremearne read a paper entitled "The Cult of the Bori among the Hausas," and in the discussion which followed Mr. Tabor and Col. Hanna took part. The paper was profusely illustrated by lantern slides.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Major Tremearne for his paper.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Annual Report of the Council, Cash Account, and Balance Sheet for the year 1913 were duly presented, and,

upon the motion of Mr. Longworth Dames seconded by His Honour J. S. Udal, it was resolved that the same be received and adopted.

The following ladies and gentlemen were duly elected to hold office during the ensuing year, viz.:—

As *President*, R. R. Marett, M.A., D.Sc.

As *Vice-Presidents*, The Hon. J. Abercromby; Sir E. W. Brabrook, C.B., V.P.S.A.; Miss Charlotte S. Burne; Edward Clodd; W. Crooke, B.A.; J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., etc.; M. Gaster, Ph.D.; Sir Laurence Gomme, F.S.A.; A. C. Haddon, D.Sc., F.R.S.; E. S. Hartland, F.S.A.; The Right Hon. Sir J. Rhys, P.C., LL.D., etc.; W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D.; The Rev. Prof. A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D.; and Sir E. B. Tylor, LL.D., F.R.S., etc.

As *Members of Council*, Mrs. M. M. Banks; M. Longworth Dames; Lady Gomme; P. J. Heather; W. L. Hildburgh, M.A., Ph.D.; T. C. Hodson; Miss Eleanor Hull; E. Lovett; A. F. Major; W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., F.R.S.; C. G. Seligmann, M.D.; C. J. Tabor; E. Torday; His Honour J. S. Udal, F.S.A.; E. Westermarck, Ph.D.; H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., D.C.L.; and Sir B. C. A. Windle, F.R.S.

As *Hon. Treasurer*, Edward Clodd.

As *Hon. Auditors*, F. G. Green and C. J. Tabor.

As *Secretary*, F. A. Milne, M.A.

As *Editor of "Folk-Lore,"* A. R. Wright, F.S.A.

The President delivered an address entitled "Folklore and Psychology," (pp. 12-33), for which a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Clodd and seconded by Mr. Wright, was carried by acclamation.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the outgoing members of Council, Sir Everard im Thurn and Mr. C. J. Pendlebury.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

DURING the past year fifty new members have joined the Society, and one library has been added to the roll of subscribers. On the other hand the Council have to record the deaths of five members, while there have been as many as fifteen resignations. It is satisfactory to note that no library has withdrawn its subscription. The number of libraries and kindred institutions subscribing to the Society being only 146, the Council are of opinion that the list ought to be largely increased, and request members to use any influence they may possess in that direction. The list of members and subscribers has been carefully revised, and the total number now stands at 453.

Among those of whom the Society has been deprived by death are Lord Avebury, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, who became a member in 1880, only two years after its formation, and the Hon. George Wyndham. A vote of condolence with Lady Avebury, passed at the meeting of the Society held in June, has been recorded in the minutes, which will be found printed in the September number of *Folk-Lore*.

Meetings of the Society have been held as follows, viz.:

15th January. "Old Dorset Customs and Superstitions." Mr. H. Pouncy.

19th February. (Annual Meeting.) Presidential Address: "Methods of Investigation and Folklore Origins." Mr. W. Crooke.

19th March. "Bringing in the Fly." Mr. Percy Manning.
"British Calendar Customs." Miss C. S. Burne.

16th April. "The Poetry of the Kiwai Papuans." Dr. G. Landtman.

21st May. "The Religion of Manipur." Col. J. Shakespear.

18th June. "The Romance of Mélusine." Mr. E. Sidney Hartland.
"The Moorish Conception of Holiness." Dr. E. Westermarck.

19th November. "Innate Ideas of South Sea Islanders." Sir Everard im Thurn.

17th December. "Influence of Environment upon the Religious Ideas and Practices of the Aborigines of Northern Asia." Miss Czaplicka.
"Hook-Swinging in India. Its Probable Origin and Significance." Mr. J. H. Powell.

Exhibits were on view and lantern slides exhibited at several of the meetings. Mr. E. Lovett exhibited in March some examples of folk medicine still used in some parts of London; in April, a collection of amulets and charms from the eastern counties of England; and in June, a collection of amulets for good luck in fishing, used by fishermen on the coasts of the British Islands, with foreign examples for comparison; and in December Miss E. Canziani exhibited a collection of objects of interest from the Abruzzi. The Council regret that Mr. Pendlebury, who a year ago was appointed to act as convener of the Exhibits and Museum Committee, is no longer able to carry on the work; Mr. H. V. Routh has kindly consented to take his place. A circular letter has been issued, requesting members possessing folklore specimens available for study to furnish the secretary with particulars, so that the Council may know from whom they may invite the loan of specimens illustrative of or connected with the papers announced for reading. If such information were forthcoming, there should be no difficulty in arranging for the exhibition of appropriate objects at the meetings of the Society.

During the ensuing summer term the Anthropological Society of Oxford have it in contemplation to hold a meeting at Oxford, to which members of the Folk-Lore Society will be invited. Professor Gilbert Murray has consented to read a paper on Euripides as an anthro-

pologist. It is hoped that the meeting will be well attended, and that meetings of a similar nature may be arranged at Oxford or Cambridge either annually or in alternate years.

Several additions have been made to the Society's Library during the year, particulars of which have been duly noted in the pages of *Folk-Lore*. The Council have not yet taken any steps in reference to printing a catalogue, as they are of opinion that the expense of compiling a catalogue, other than the slip catalogue already prepared for the use of members by the Hon. Librarian, could hardly be justified.

Dr. Gaster and Mr. Longworth Dames attended the meeting of the Congress of Archæological Societies at Burlington House in July as representatives of the Society; and the President and many other members represented the Society at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in September.

The twenty-fourth volume of *Folk-Lore* has been issued during the year. The Council are once more indebted to Mr. A. R. Wright for compiling the index.

The *Bibliography of Anthropology and Folklore* dealing with the year 1908 has not yet been issued, and the Council have to plead for still further indulgence in this matter, as they have experienced far greater difficulties in getting the work completed than they anticipated on the Anthropological side.

The Council have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Simpkins's collection of the folklore of the counties of Fife, Clackmannan, and Kinross, from printed sources, which they have decided shall be the additional volume for 1912, is in the press, and they hope that it will be in the hands of members before Easter. The additional volume for 1913 will be the *Handbook of Folklore*, which the Council are glad to report is now completed, and they hope that it may be published before the meeting of the British Association in September. The completion of the

volume has involved an immense expenditure of time and labour, for which the Society owes a deep debt of gratitude to Miss C. S. Burne.

The work of the Brand Committee has been progressing satisfactorily since the last Report. Miss C. S. Burne has kindly consented to act as Honorary Secretary of the Committee, and a number of voluntary assistants are throwing themselves energetically into the work. Circulars have been sent out to various Archæological Societies, with the result that out of the twenty counties from which little material has hitherto been obtained promises of help have been received from Monmouthshire, Northants, Surrey, Sussex, and Wilts. Workers in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are also making progress. The Committee hope to submit a fuller report shortly.

The Council, after long and anxious consideration, have severed their connection with the firm of D. Nutt, and have entered into an agreement with Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, of 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., who since the 1st July have been the Society's publishers. The Council hope that the step they have taken may prove of advantage to the Society.

The sum received as members' subscriptions in 1913 amounted to £451 13s. 0d., which included one life subscription of £5 5s. 0d. under the amended rule passed at the last annual meeting. In 1912 the receipts from the same source amounted to £446 7s. 0d. The receipts from subscriptions are, therefore, practically stationary; but it is to be observed that more subscriptions were paid in advance in 1912 than was the case in 1913. The Council are pleased to note a considerable reduction in the amount due in respect of subscriptions in arrear, which now stands at £31 10s. 0d.

The Council would be glad to find that more members and subscribers avail themselves of the offer of the salvage stock of the Society, as considerable expense is incurred in

warehousing and insurance. Offers have been made for the sale of the whole of the stock in bulk; and once these are concluded it will be impossible to complete sets except at greatly enhanced prices. The volumes have been rebound, and are for the most part in very good condition. Applications for copies should be addressed to Mr. C. J. Tabor, The White House, Knotts Green, Leyton, Essex. The price is 4s. per volume, carriage free, with all faults.

The Cash Account and Balance Sheet for the year are submitted herewith.

R. R. MARETT,
President.

February, 1914.

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1913.

RECEIPTS.

By Cash at Bank,		£362	4	6		
,, ,, in hands of Secretary,		2	14	6		
					£364	19	3
,, Subscriptions for 1913,	(393),	£412	16	0		
,, ,, ,, 1912 and earlier years,	(18)	18	18	0		
,, ,, ,, 1914 (in advance),	(14)	14	14	0		
					446	8	0
,, Composition Fee,					5	5	0
,, Interest on Investments,					32	19	4
,, Sales of Stock per D. Nutt,					34	16	0
,, Sales of Salvage Stock per C. J. Tabor,					20	0	0
					£904	7	7

EXPENDITURE.

To *Folk-Lore* :—						
Printing 1 part, 1912,	£57	14	0			
,, 2 parts, 1913,	98	18	5			
Illustrations,	2	12	2			
				£159	5	4
,, Printing 1000 New Prospectuses,				6	6	6
,, *Handbook of Folklore* (Typing),				1	14	6
,, *Fifeshire Folklore* (Collector's Expenses),				0	17	6
,, Expenses of Distribution of Publications,				32	18	10
,, Expenses of Meetings :						
Hire of Rooms,	£5	18	0			
Refreshments,	10	13	9			
Lantern,	0	9	0			
Advertising,	3	3	4			
				20	4	1
,, Binding of Stock,				24	15	8
,, Subscriptions to Societies,				2	0	0
,, Expenses of Management :—						
Insurance,	£13	8	0			
Postages, Stationery, and Printing,	20	19	5			
Brand Committee's Expenses,	6	16	6			
Rent of Telephone,	2	12	6			
Warehousing Stock,	10	0	0			
Secretary's Salary and Poundage,	59	11	0			
Miscellaneous,	1	6	1			
				114	13	6
,, Balance at Bank on deposit account,	£300	0	0			
,, ,, ,, on current account,	242	10	8			
	£542	10	8			
,, Less due to Secretary,	0	10	0			
				541	11	8
				£904	7	7

BALANCE SHEET, 31ST DECEMBER, 1913.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.						
Sundry Creditors,	£363	11	9	Cash at Bankers,	£541	11	8			
Subscriptions paid in advance,	14	14	0	,, in hands of Secretary,	0	19	0	£542	10	8
Composition Fees,	22	3	0	Sundry Debtors,				24	15	1
Balance to credit of Society,	1,193	19	6	Subscriptions in arrear, 1913,	£21	0	0			
				,, 1912,	6	6	0			
				,, earlier years,	4	4	0	31	10	0
				Investments at cost price:—						
				£500 Canada, 3½ % Stock,	£498	15	0			
				£500 Natal, 3½ % Stock,	496	17	6	995	12	0
	£1,594	8	3					£1,594	8	3

In addition to the above there is a large stock of Publications of the Society, and also of bound volumes of the salvage stock, of which no account is taken here.

Examined with Vouchers and Pass Book and found correct.

EDWARD CLODD, *Hon. Treasurer.*

F. G. GREEN
CHARLES J. TABOR } *Hon. Auditors.*

January 30, 1914.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

Folklore and Psychology.

Our world of Folklore is, on the whole, a very placid world. In it the happenings are innumerable, but events are rare. In other words, it affords plenty about which one may be busy, but little about which there is any call to raise a fuss. But this must count with us as a Wonder-Year; for it is marked by an event of quite first-rate importance. I refer, of course, to the completion of the third many-volumed edition of *The Golden Bough*. Dr. Frazer is one of ourselves. He has been a member of this Society for a long time past, has served on the Council, and is actually Vice-President. Besides, he has the entire contents of our manifold publications at his fingers' ends. There is scarcely a page of his encyclopædic work that does not bear witness to the activity of our Society. Hence Dr. Frazer's triumph is likewise our triumph. We participate collectively in his supreme achievement. In fact I am almost tempted to describe *The Golden Bough* as the "external soul" of this Society. The very spirit of its work is enshrined therein, and so is perpetuated for an indefinite time to come; seeing that, of all the creations of man, there is none so imperishable as a noble book.

But it may be asked,—Is not the prime concern of the author of *The Golden Bough* with social anthropology rather than with folklore? If anybody were to raise such an

objection, I should suspect him to be one of the "Little-Englanders" of folklore,—one of those who believe not only that folklore, like charity, should begin at home, (a doctrine with which I cordially agree), but that it should stay at home for good and all. Dr. Frazer's, I contend, is the better way. He sees that, if folklore is to take rank as science, it must push beyond mere description in the direction of explanation; and that the explanation of the beliefs and practices of our own peasants is not to be fully achieved, unless we also take due cognizance of the kindred beliefs and practices of ruder and remoter types of mankind. Hence, taking as his base of operations that mass of European folk-customs into which the genius of Mannhardt had already read no inconsiderable measure of meaning by sheer intensive study of their specific features, Dr. Frazer boldly undertakes all manner of excursions into the outer wilderness of savagery: in the hope that, by such an extensive method, he will be able finally to verify principles which must otherwise remain purely hypothetical, since not yet proved to be conformable with the universal nature of man.

Now, in regard to various matters of detail, I may have had occasion in the past to adopt a somewhat critical attitude towards Dr. Frazer's theories; but to-night, when it is his general method that calls for review, I can wholeheartedly declare that I come, not to bury Caesar, but to praise him. All honour be to Dr. Frazer for never losing sight of the truth that the ultimate aim of folklore and of its ally, social anthropology, is to illustrate and explain the workings of the human soul. It is to Psychology, the rightful queen of the historical methods, that he proffers an unswerving fealty. That the workings of the human soul are influenced by external conditions, and notably by that particular group of external conditions constituting what is known as social tradition or culture, he would of course be perfectly ready to allow. Were it not so, indeed, it would

be impossible to separate off for special treatment that phase of the soul-life of mankind to which folklore and social anthropology pay exclusive attention, namely, the primitive or rudimentary type of mentality. But that history can ever be identified with the history of mere culture, of the mere outward integument and garb of the spirit, is a notion, fashionable at the present hour, to which Dr. Frazer gives no countenance whatever. A historian of culture, if ever there was one, he nevertheless sets himself from first to last to indite the first chapter of the recordable history of the human mind; and, with his shining example to light us on our way, we have only ourselves to blame if we turn aside to follow Jack-o'-lantern, and are presently engulfed in the dismal slough of materialism.

At this point I would like to pick a crow with a friend who is likewise a distinguished member of this Society. Dr. Rivers has recently read before the Sociological Society a brilliant paper entitled "Survival in Sociology."[1] Having defined the proper task of the sociologist as "the study of the correlation of social phenomena with other social phenomena, and the reference of the facts of social life to social antecedents," he goes on to say:—"Only when this has been done, or at any rate when this process has made far greater advances than at present, will it be profitable to endeavour to explain the course of social life by psychological processes." Now in a footnote to this passage he tells us that he does not mean hereby in any way to exclude the study of these psychological processes, since "there is no study greater in interest, and none of greater importance if we are ever fully to understand the development of human society." His dictum, then, to the effect that it is not at present profitable to apply psychology to the explanation of the course of social life would seem to mean merely that it is not profitable so long as one is content to remain at the level of

[1] See *The Sociological Review*, Oct. 1913, pp. 293 *et seq.*

sociology pure and simple. Now I have nothing to do with that. I am not addressing a society of sociologists to-night, but a society of folklorists. But if, as I am inclined to suspect, Dr. Rivers is ready to identify the interest of the folklorist with that of the sociologist, and to lay it down for all those who study survivals of human culture of whatever kind that, until they receive further orders, they are to keep psychological considerations at arm's length, and confine themselves to a purely sociological or exterior view of the movement of history, then it is high time that someone should utter an emphatic protest in the name of all that this Society holds to be most sacred.

Dr. Rivers supports his case by an analogy. Now an analogy, unless it is capable of being turned into homology, is no more than a literary device, and one that is somewhat out of place in a scientific argument. Because two things have some superficial feature in common, you cannot, without assuming some underlying identity between them, go on to expect that in some further respect also the one will turn out to be as the other. Dr. Rivers compares sociology with geology on the strength of the fact that each in some sense,—a very loose sense, to be sure,—is primarily concerned with problems of stratification. Just as the geologist has hitherto usually begun by trying to plot out the actual order observable in the layers composing the earth's crust, so the sociologist, Dr. Rivers maintains, should begin by trying to make out the actual order in which one deposit of culture has been superimposed on another in the formation of social custom. Until the stratigraphical sequences are sufficiently established, he argues, it is more or less futile in the case of geology to attempt explanations in terms of physics and chemistry; whence, by analogy, it must be equally futile to attempt explanations in terms of psychology in the case of sociology. For sociology has not yet succeeded in determining the seriation of past conditions, at any rate whenever a people lacks written records,

and there is consequently nothing to represent the equivalent of a geological section. Such, I trust, is a fair rendering of the gist of Dr. River's contention.

Now there are probably more ways than one in which this contention might be met, but the simplest of all would seem to be the following. One has only to point out that the procedure of a science must adapt itself to the nature of its special subject-matter. One sort of subject-matter invites one line of treatment, and another another. The logic must be accommodated to the facts, not the facts to the logic. Thus the crust of the earth lends itself readily to the stratigraphical method of exploration. Geological considerations of this nature must have impressed themselves on the mind of Adam when first he struck a spade into the ground. On the other hand, as we have just seen, the savage who is destitute of a recorded history does not lend himself to be viewed in section by the casual observer. A spade makes no impression on the hard soil, and operations are perforce confined to the surface. It is as if a geologist had to depend for his determination of the invisible strata below ground on the uncertain indications afforded by what he takes to be their several outcrops,—a method which would at once oblige him to call in the aid of those physical theories which, according to Dr. Rivers, should normally serve him but as a sort of savoury after meat. Survivals of culture are just such outcrops showing at the surface. They are at first sight as much a part of the existing life of the people under investigation as is the rest of their customs. To the discerning eye of the theorist, however, they admit of correlation with otherwise hidden strata,—with former land-surfaces, as it were, that are now for the most part obliterated beneath the accumulations of time,—because of their present uselessness. But what is the test of such uselessness? Is it the observer's sense of fitness and convenience, or is it that of the people concerned? But if you decide, as surely you must, that the

useless is what the people concerned perceive and judge to be of no use to themselves, then how are you going to keep psychology out of the reckoning? Must not your first duty be to get into touch, by means of sympathetic insight, with the whole mentality, the whole purposive scheme of life, of those whose customs you seek to differentiate as variously helpful and not helpful? When you apply your criterion of uselessness, are you not playing the psychologist all the while, though it may be without knowing it?

In the Western islands of Torres Straits, says Dr. Rivers by way of example, the mother's brother enjoys in certain respects more authority than does the father. Thus, if he commands his nephew to cease fighting, the latter must immediately obey; whereas, if his father gives the order, the young man is wont to exercise a certain discretion in the matter. Now this function of the mother's brother must be a survival, argues Dr. Rivers, because it cannot be useful, but is on the contrary likely to be harmful, that a child should be called upon to serve two masters. If those ties of affection and of a common habitation which unite father and son are in this way relaxed, the social order must correspondingly suffer. Now in so stating his case Dr. Rivers gives one the impression of having taken that most perilous of shortcuts, the "high *priori* road." He does not tell us that he found the boys of the Western islands of Torres Straits to be more disorderly than other boys of his acquaintance. He cannot cite the declaration of some peevish house-father to the effect that the peace-making efforts of his wife's brother brought about more harm than good. Instead, he simply makes appeal to our patriarchal prejudices. One may be sure, however, that so sound an empiricist as Dr. Rivers had duly taken note, while dwelling among these islanders, of a stream of conscious or subconscious tendency making in general for a strictly patriarchial system, but in this particular matter of the brother-in-law's power of interference

suffering a perceptible check. Such must be the real, though unexpressed, ground of his attribution of uselessness. His right to make such a judgment must rest on the study of the soul of the people, a study so sympathetic and profound as to have revealed to him the dominant trend of their united purposes. Otherwise, we stand committed to that naïve conception of human evolution which pictures all the peoples of the earth as proceeding along a single path of advance, and consequently identifies the useless with whatever does not directly lead to the supreme position occupied by our noble selves.

Or here, again, is another simple way of showing the misleading nature of the parallel suggested by Dr. Rivers between geology and the study of survivals. It brings us back to our former principle that method must conform to subject-matter, not subject-matter to method. The respective methods of geology and of human history must remain as the poles asunder for the obvious reason that the earth is dead, while man is alive. For a philosopher, indeed, such as Fechner, the earth may embody the soul of a god, and there is no justification for assuming it to be wholly and merely material. Rather Fechner would have us treat the earth as our special guardian angel. We can pray to it, he thinks, as men pray to their saints.[2] But for the geologist the physical nature of the earth constitutes no abstract aspect, but a substantive fact. According to the strictly scientific view, which goes back at least as far as Democritus, the earth is no more than a venerable rubbish-heap. Well, so be it. Let science turn the earth into stone. But man does not lend himself so readily to theoretical petrifaction. Philosophy apart, it is unprofitable even for purely scientific purposes to ignore the animating mind and will, and explain the various manifestations of human life in terms of the carnal tenement. To resolve the history of man into a chapter of mechanics may

[2] Cf. William James, *A Pluralistic Universe* (1909), p. 153.

or may not be speculatively agreeable; but in any case it does not come within the range of practical policy for those who work seriously at the subject.

Now downright materialism in these days is somewhat out of fashion, and with it for the nonce has been relegated to the lumber room that plain-sailing variety of determinism which philosophers denominate "hard." But there exists a "soft" determinism as well, which, instead of professing to reduce the spiritual to the material, insists that unchanging rigidity of form is common to them both; the difference between physical change and purposive development being treated as negligible, since movement of either kind is equally incompatible with the notion of an absolute system. Now as part of an ultimate philosophy this doctrine may appeal to some. I am not here to-night to discuss metaphysics; and, if anyone find peace in the contemplation of a fossil universe, I shall not go out of my way to pronounce him moon-struck. All I insist on here is that at the level of science we keep metaphysical postulates at arm's length, and deal with facts according to the appearances which they present after their distinguishable kinds. And, if this working principle be granted, I go on to maintain that the brute earth and the live purposive man are such distinguishable kinds, of which the latter offers the appearance of not merely changing but developing, not merely being moulded from without but growing from within in response to an immanent power of selfhood and will.

What, then, of sociology, considered in its bearing on folklore? Has it a right to limit itself to a purely exterior view of human life? I answer that it has a perfect right so to do. But has it likewise a right to impose this same limited outlook on folklore, on the study of survivals; so as, at this or any other stage of the development of this branch of science, to leave psychology out in the cold? I answer with no less assurance that it has no such right. Let me develop these points very shortly.

It is quite legitimate to regard culture, or social tradition, in an abstract way as a tissue of externalities, as a robe of many colours woven on the loom of time by the human spirit for its own shielding or adorning. Moreover, for certain purposes which in their entirety may be termed sociological, it is actually convenient thus to concentrate attention on the outer garb. In this case, indeed, the garb may well at first sight seem to count for everything; for certainly a man naked of all culture would be no better than a forked radish. Nevertheless, folklore cannot out of deference to sociological considerations afford to commit the fallacy of identifying the clothes worn with their live wearer. Such a doctrine were fit only for tailors. Human history is no Madame Tussaud's show of decorated dummies. It is instinct with purposive movement through and through; and must so be represented by folklore,—kinematographically as it were. Now it is the special business of psychology to emphasize the dynamic side of life, or in other words the active conditions that enable us to suck strength and increase out of the passive conditions comprised under the term environment. It is because we have experience in our inmost being of what M. Bergson would term "real duration," that the notion of development becomes possible for us at all. Hence I would maintain that in the hierarchy of the sciences psychology is superior to sociology, for the reason that as the study of the soul it brings us more closely into touch with the nature of reality than does the study of the social body. Meanwhile, in relation to folklore, which is concrete, psychology and sociology alike are entitled to rank as no more than methods, inasmuch as they are but abstract. Folklore in its wide embrace can and must find room for them both, itself remaining aloof from all onesidedness, seeing that it stands for a whole department of the historical study of mankind. The business of this Society is to seek to know the folk in and through their lore, so that what is outwardly perceived

as a body of custom may at the same time be inwardly apprehended as a phase of mind.

I have said enough, perhaps more than enough, concerning the ideal relations of sociology and psychology within the domain of folklore. After all, in such matters it is not so much logic as sheer practice that has the best right to lay down the law. According to the needs of the work lying nearest to our hand, let us play the sociologist or the psychologist, without prejudice as regards ultimate explanations. On one point only I would insist, namely, that the living must be studied in its own right and not by means of methods borrowed from the study of the lifeless. If a purely sociological treatment contemplates man as if there were no life in him, there will likewise be no life in it. The nemesis of a deterministic attitude towards history is a deadly dulness.

How, then, is psychology going to help us to keep folklore fresh and living? I suggest that it may do so by making the study of survivals turn on the question,—How and why do survivals survive? In folklore, I believe, antiquarianism may easily be overdone. We go about collecting odd bits of contemporary culture which seem to us to be more or less out of place in a so-called civilized world, and are exceedingly apt to overlook the truth that for old-fashioned minds the old fashions are as ever new. Now, of course, I am not against the study of origins. By all means let us try, so far as we can, to refer back this or that obsolescent institution or belief to some more or less remote past, reconstituted by means of the supposed analogies provided by backward peoples of to-day, among whom similar institutions or beliefs are seen to exist in full working order. But to make this the sole concern of folklore is to subordinate it as a mere appendix to the anthropology of savages. Folklore becomes an affair of shreds and tatters, since it institutes on its own account no study of human mind and society in their wholeness, but

takes this over ready-made from another branch of science. But this unequal state of things can assuredly be remedied, if we folklorists will only realize our opportunities. I am convinced that folklore, if developed along the right lines, can teach the anthropology of savages as much as the anthropology of savages can teach folklore. Let me try to show how this may be done.

Human nature, whether savage or civilized, is subject to perpetual transformation. This means that something is always disappearing while something else is coming into being. This law holds good of the most backward of societies no less than of the most advanced. It follows that survivals are no mere by-products of a latter-day civilization, but form an essential feature of human history taken at any of its successive stages and in any of its branching forms. The rate of change may vary according to the special conditions, but not the nature of the process. Transformism is the very nerve of history. Nay, it is its very soul; since the continual give-and-take must not merely be construed objectively as loss and gain, but may be expressed with fuller significance in terms of will as rejection and selection.

Where, then, if not close at hand, within range of our personal experience, are we to look for a key to the movement of history? Surely transformism as it occurs palpably among our own folk will always mean more for us than as it looms obscurely in the reported doings of alien peoples. It seems to me that the folklorist still halts on the threshold of his real work. He has yet to enter into his kingdom. Let him have done with jottings. We ask of him not details as such, but rather a detailed account of the whole process of the transformation of culture as it takes place among the folk. Let him show us exactly how the new gains at the expense of the old,—how it partly readapts, partly diminishes and dwarfs, and partly destroys altogether. The sociology, and still more the psychology,

of the generation, degeneration, and regeneration of culture mostly remains to be written. We hear a great deal in these days about culture-contact as it operates amongst savages. But has anyone yet been at pains to describe the effects on the folk at home of culture-contact as between class and class,—to tell us, for instance, exactly how board-school education is assimilated by the mind of the peasant? When the folklorist has done this for us, we shall then have some chance of appreciating what culture-contact among savages means from the inside. So long as we examine such a process merely from the outside, as Dr. Rivers apparently would have us do, for all our stir we shall mainly be marking time.

Let me show by means of an example how the study of the psychology of transformism ought to begin at home. We have folk-dances, folk-songs, and folk-dramas with us still; whether in a state of survival or revival, it hardly matters for my argument. The sympathetic study of these has of late made considerable progress among us, more especially after educated people had made the discovery that a method of acquiring insight into their nature was actually to take a hand in them,—to dance, sing, or act them as the case might be. I would not go so far as to say that such a method will enable us, if we are educated, not to say sophisticated, persons, to recover the full feel of the thing as it is for the relatively simple-minded peasant. At the risk of paradox, however, I would venture to suggest that, for psychological purposes, this is the right way to begin. One should first give oneself the benefit of the experience so far as it can be reconstituted with the help of the traditional actions and words; and then may proceed to the observation of the peasant's behaviour in the like case, so as to infer as best one can how allowance is to be made for the necessary differences in the accompanying frame of mind. It is perhaps rather late in the day for us to overtake the ceremonial mood, even when aided by the

more solemn of surviving measures; for after all our peasants themselves have nearly lost that, and at most take seasonal festivals a little more heartily and seriously than the rest of us, while perhaps occasionally they likewise dimly imagine that a due observance of them makes for luck. But at any rate the later stages of transformism to which such folk-customs are inherently subject may become tolerably manifest to the practising folklorist. He will perceive, for instance, how readily a change in the aesthetic motive may supervene with instant all-pervading effect on the traditional features, grave passing into gay, simple into complex, coarse into refined, with consequent losses and gains to the total experience. Or he will learn how the individual artist is apt to carry the chorus with him down devious paths, and how the gift of improvisation will not be denied. He will have experience, again, of the power of form to discard or renew its matter, a good tune, for example, or a telling dramatic situation, having the power to persist in conjunction with words that are either nonsensical or else newfangled. Once more, he may note how a village celebration strengthens social solidarity,—how, for instance, it may provide an occasion for the settlement of outstanding quarrels, or serve the purpose of a popular demonstration in favour of some ancient franchise such as a right of way. All this, then, and much else of great psychological interest is to be brought to light by the student of British folklore, more especially if, as I have suggested, he be at the same time versed in the actual practice of that which he submits to analysis.

Once the folklorist has learned amongst familiar conditions to lay his finger on the living pulse of the simple life, he may venture further afield. Thus, if he has the good fortune, as some of us, thanks to Professor Baldwin Spencer's kinematograph, have recently had, of witnessing the strange ceremonies of Australian savages, will he not be able by the aid of a home-grown sympathy to perceive

that movement, that forward thrust, in the cultural history of the aborigines which the merely book-learned are so apt to miss altogether? There is no greater fallacy than to regard this or any other type of savagery as something that, having long ceased to grow, has somehow persisted as a fossil. Anyone who brings experience gained in the field of folklore to bear on the dances, songs, and dramas of Australia will find that, despite the difference in externals, the inward process of transformism is much the same. We recognise a similar alternation and rivalry between the religious and aesthetic interests, between deference to tradition and the spirit of improvisation, between form that tolerates a degenerated matter and matter calling for a renovated form. The sacred dance hardly distinguishable in its modes from the profane corrobborree, the inspired inventor of variations on a traditional theme, the words that keep their place though turned to nonsense, the assimilation of one type of ceremony by another so that, for instance, echoes of totemic solemnities find their way into the ritual of initiation,—all these manifestations of the spirit of eternal change have their parallels in our own folklore, and by its aid may be referred to their ultimate springs and sources, which lie within the human mind.

I shall perhaps be told that modern anthropology is perfectly aware that it is necessary to construe such a culture as that of native Australia as instinct with complicated movement rather than as if it were rigid and all of a piece; but that this end is only to be achieved by treating Australian culture as a separate ethnological deposit, and dividing up this deposit into strata, the order of which will tell us how development proceeded. Now I am far from denying that such a method would be helpful if the facts proved sufficiently amenable thereto. I have my doubts, however, if it is likely to prove a success in regard to Australia, when so many practical difficulties are seen to impede its fruitful application nearer home. For what has

this so-called 'ethnological method' done, or is it likely to do, for folklore? In the first place, how are you going to define your ethnological province? I suppose all Europe at the very least must be regarded by the folklorist as his special area of characterization. Then, in the second place, how are our stratigraphical divisions to be made out? The folklorist has always supposed that elements which must have originated at very various epochs are contained in our folk-customs; but, as we see in the case of such a very careful piece of work as Mr. Chambers' *History of the Mediæval Stage*, it is not possible beyond a certain point, even though there be historical records to assist us, to take stock of internal developments and external accretions in any strict order of succession. Failing, then, any certain clue to the actual regress of conditions as regards the culture of our peasants,—and the same thing holds of savage culture with even greater force,—we must school ourselves to discern the past as it lives on in the present. And this, as I have tried to show, is made possible only by psychology, which enables us to apprehend the present not as an envisaged state but as a felt movement. To interpret the *élan vital* in terms of soul and will,—of the human purpose that means so much more than any amount of external properties, inherited or acquired, since it uses, misuses, or disuses them at pleasure,—such must be the aim of the historian who wants to put some life into his work. Now, we are not ourselves peasants; so that, to project ourselves into the life of the peasant, and to arrive by intuition at the push of the life-force as manifested therein, is no easy task. Yet we are near enough in sympathy to our own folk to make it well worth the trying. Then, using the peasant as our bridge, let us proceed as best we can to do the same for the remoter savage. From folklore to the anthropology of savages,—that, I am sure, is the only sound method in social psychology. Not the child, as some have thought, but the peasant, is the true

middle term of the anthropological syllogism. The first step is from town to country, and it is but another step on from the country to the wilds.

It remains to add that, while the true business of the folklorist, as I conceive it, is to think of his subject-matter as changing rather than stable, as living rather than dead, this does not mean that, from a psychological point of view, there will be no durable set of impressions yielded by the kinematographic process, nothing that can be made to serve as a measure of the flux by reason of its relative steadiness. On the contrary, one is tempted to exclaim about human nature when it is studied from within, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* One would almost be justified in maintaining, by way of counterblast to the usual paeans sung over the march of civilization, that the human species, having once for all broken away from the apes by some sort of sudden mutation, had ever since bred remarkably true to itself; the apparent multiplicity of its variations representing little more than so much indefinite fluctuation about a constant type. Now probably this would be to go too far. Yet such is certainly the sort of view to which the psychologist inclines after a study of the human emotions; and these, as Mr. M'Dougall has tried to show in his *Introduction to Social Psychology*, would seem in their turn to be indicative of certain steadfast currents of impulse, which govern the flow of the tide of human life as it were from the nether depths, even while on the surface the waves are being driven hither and thither by every wind that blows.

I would ask the folklorist, then, when he reports a piece of rustic custom, not to neglect the emotions that are hidden away behind the superficial sayings and doings, since the former belong not to the mere context and atmosphere, but to the very essence, of what he has to study; and, standing as they do for the principle of vital continuity, afford a truer measure of human evolution, so

far as there is such a thing as distinct from aimless fluctuation and unrest, than does all the surface-display of history, with its series of fashion-plates that tell us next to nothing about the man beneath the tailoring, whether he be at heart the same Old Adam or no.

Take, for instance, the so-called idea of luck, which on closer analysis turns out to be little more than a raw emotion evoked by a certain complex of conditions. As every folklorist knows, there are plenty of opportunities along the country-side of studying the feeling of luck, since it is wont to attach to ceremonial practices that are in the last throes of obsolescence. Now I strongly suspect that in this particular respect senility is equivalent to second childhood; in other words, that the feeling of luck presides in much the same form over the final extinction and over the prime inception of a rite. Thus the student of savagery at present finds it almost impossible to tell whether the vague notions of *mana*, *tabu*, and so on, which amount to little more than the presentiment of luck or ill-luck as bound up with certain things, actions, and situations, are rudimentary or vestigial,—an effect of early dawn or of lingering twilight. Let some folklorist provide us with a psychological study of the mental accompaniments of ritualistic degeneration and ritualistic invention, examining not merely the outward manifestations, but seeking to describe from within the actual experience of those classes of the community into whose scheme of existence luck enters most,—tillers of the ground, fishermen, miners, and indeed all who live hard and precariously, all who have to depend most on that racial happy-go-luckiness which is perhaps the most fundamental quality in man. Surely we are likely here, if anywhere, to discover criteria whereby the phenomena of progression and of retrogression in the savage's philosophy of luck may be distinguished; since only thus can we learn by sympathetic intuition how the luck-feeling waxes or wanes, according as the external

conditions either bring it into play by requiring men to rough it and take their chance, or else promote feelings of security and a corresponding sense of a rational and law-abiding universe.

Or take as another example the fear of witchcraft. Can we not study it among ourselves more effectively than among savages, even though it be written in larger letters on the surface of their lives? Surely the root-feeling must be apprehended by experience, before its manifestations can be recognized for what they truly are; and the root-feeling, I maintain, lurks here and now within the breast of everyone of us. Education has scotched it, may be, but it has not succeeded in killing it. We may do as Kim did in the story, and with the help of the multiplication-table divert the attention from the paralysing sensation of magic wrought upon us. But in the penumbra of the civilized mind lurk the old bogeys, ready to leap back into the centre of the picture if the effort to be rational relax for an instant. If, then, the psychology of magic begins at home, why need the folklorist look to the student of savagery for his leading, just because the latter operates on more simple social conditions in the light of a vast ignorance of what it feels like to live under such conditions? Even as I write I receive a newspaper from the Channel Islands in which there is to be read the full story, as told in the police court, of how a woman, reputed by her neighbours to be a witch, nearly drove another woman to suicide by her supposed incantations. First the cattle perished mysteriously; they had clearly been overlooked. Then the owner's death was prophesied, did she not take steps to buy release from the prophet. The house became full of devils; and no wonder, since the witch herself, sniffing with her nose, declared that the place smelt of witchcraft. So powders must be purchased, and buried in the garden at the four points of the compass; also a metal box "full of devils" was obtained and carried about, presumably to

neutralize the circumambient devils: finally, a dance was prescribed. The patient, however, despite powders, box, dancing, and all, grew worse instead of better, and took to her bed, a nervous wreck. At last she pulled herself together and went off to tell the police, and even then she was witch-ridden; so that, if someone had not forcibly stopped her in the road, she would have gone on running for ever. All this in the year of grace 1914 in the fortunate islands where I was born.[3] I am about to go round the world in search of anthropological adventures, but, as for the acquisition of authentic experience of the primitive, it seems as if I might be better occupied at home.

One more example, which will serve to show how we need not discriminate too nicely between survival and revival, when we are studying some old-world type of experience as realized under modern and familiar conditions. If we want to understand the psychological rationale of an initiation ceremony, shall we not do well before we try to determine the inwardness of savage rites, into the secrets of which we may be pretty sure that no European has been allowed fully to penetrate, to seek entrance into a lodge of freemasons, and taste for oneself the feelings of exaltation, of submission, and what not,—I speak as one of the profane,—to which the novice is wrought up, with more or less effect on the subsequent conduct of his life? There may be reasons in this case,—reasons the very existence of which throws a flood of light on the similar esotericism of the savage,—why knowledge so acquired cannot be turned directly to account. Yet the example is none the less apposite as regards the point that I have been labouring throughout,—namely that you are not in a position to explain a human institution until, by direct experience, or by sympathetic self-projection from close at hand, you are enabled to speak about it as an insider. To recur to the present instance, it is of quite

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secondary importance to have determined the origins of the masonic rite,—how one feature was borrowed from this quarter, while another supervened from that. The soul of the process must be seized before such archaeological gossip can be made to exhibit the all-pervading movement of genuine history. In short, to be a folklorist worthy of the name you must first have undergone initiation amongst the folk, must have become one of them inwardly and in the spirit. Then the rest will be added unto you; the continuity of the present with the past will be revealed; you will be able to cast backward without losing the sense of the live process; and, for all your antiquarianism, you will not become a bore.

There are other ways in which it might be shown that folklore can give to the anthropology of savages as much, or more, than it receives. Thus, in order to acquire field-methods based on sound psychological principles for use amongst peoples of the lower culture, the student can do no better than practise first on the folk at his gate. How break through, for instance, the characteristic reticence of the peasant? As Mrs. Wright has recently shown us in her delightful book *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore*, the key to unlock his seemingly quite inarticulate thoughts is an intimate acquaintance with his dialect. Nay, his inmost feelings are bound up with the traditional words and turns of expression; so that you hold his heart-strings in your hands, if only you control the forms of his speech. If, then, you would persuade the even more evasive savage to share his secrets with you, you will have done well to have graduated beforehand in the school of conversational experience which folklore-hunting provides. And, as I have tried all along to show, folklore-hunting means far more than the compilation of curious oddments. It means the study of the life of the folk, the acquisition, based on friendly converse, of insight into their mind and character. If he have this inward-seeking method and temper, the

student of folklore is entitled to rank as a psychologist even if he be innocent of formal erudition. For his documents are human beings, not books, and are to be read by the light, not of learning, but of human sympathy and common sense.

At this point I break off, aghast at my own impertinence. Who am I that would preach, not having practised, to those who have practised and have taught me whatever I know about the folklorist's true destiny and mission? I rejoice to think that the psychologist among the folk is no mere dream of my own, but a reality; which this famous Society of ours collectively represents, while its individual members, as for example Dr. Frazer, who, as I said at the beginning, may justly claim the chief honours of the year, likewise afford many shining examples of the worker who works at folklore from within. What I have ventured to do to-night is merely to give an abstract, and perhaps unnecessarily academic, expression to the principle which for most of you, I daresay, is something taken for granted, something about which you have no more need to worry than a caterpillar has need to worry about its method of progression. Further, as one whose main concern has hitherto been with the psychological side of the anthropology of savages, I can at least offer to folklore, by way of graceful concession, priority of place and standing, in the light of the law, which to-night I have been trying to formulate, that psychology must always work from personal experience outwards, and from the more familiar to the less familiar.

Folklore is no study of the dead-alive, else it must itself be dead-alive too. It is rather a study of the live as manifested in the so-called surviving; and this is indeed at once living and surviving in a deeper sense than is at first sight obvious. For the life of the folk, being rooted in nature, like the wild plant that it is, would seem to be hardier and more fit to endure than any form of the cultivated life;

which springs out of it, and, in time grown tired as it were, reverts to it again. Even if, as we must all hope, the life of man be no mere process, but a progress involving increase and betterment in the long run, it is in the life of the folk that we must seek the principle of growth. The continuous life of the folk constitutes as it were the germ-plasm of society. Unless the external conditions, that so largely make up the apparatus of so-called civilization, so act on the social body that their effects are transmitted to this germinal element and cause it to be itself tranformed, then our cultural acquisitions are vain, because utterly transient, in the judgment of history. Thus it may be that the true answer to the question "Why do survivals survive?" is this: that they survive because they are the constantly renewed symptoms of that life of the folk which alone has the inherent power of surviving in the long run.

Let me close with a quotation from a recent acute study of the psychology of our British working-class:

"*We*," said the young university man . . . , "we look at things from the point of view of civilization, whereas *they* only look at them from the point of view of mankind."

"Mankind remains," I answered, "but civilizations snuff out, mainly because they refuse to take sufficient count of mankind."[4]

R. R. MARETT

[4] *Seems So!*, by Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley (1911), p. 124.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT UPON THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND PRACTICES OF THE ABORIGINES OF NORTHERN ASIA.

BY M. A. CZAPLICKA.

(*Read at Meeting, December 17th,* 1913.)

THE term "environment" must be understood to cover not only strictly physical conditions, but also the botanical and zoological features of a given locality. Environment in this sense is bound to play a large part in determining the nature of the mentality of the inhabitants and in moulding the form of their political and religious institutions.

Of course a knowledge of the environment cannot give us an exact picture of the biological and psychological type of people who inhabit it. There is always something to be allowed for "variants" in describing the physical type of man or animal, even if we are perfectly conscious of all the features of a given environment. The same amount of the unexpected and accidental must be allowed for in describing the mental character of man and animal, even when we know all the psychological factors. Still, the "variants" form only "the last touch" of a mentality, and the environmental conditions form its main part.

This principle may be exemplified by a study of the social and religious life of the natives of Northern Asia or Siberia, together with the study of their environment.

Siberia stretches from the Ural mountains "eastwards across 130 degrees of the meridian to the Pacific Ocean. Its northern boundary is formed by the Arctic Ocean,

whence it extends across 30 degrees of latitude southwards to China and Turkestan, forming its southern frontiers."[1] This vast region, of an area of about 4,833,500 square miles, is larger than Europe and more than twice the size of European Russia, and forms one-fourth of the whole Asiatic continent. In the south its parallel is roughly 50° N., and its West meridian is 60° E.

The Siberian frontiers are very inaccessible. In the south the mountains and deserts divide it from China; in the east mountains separate it from the seas, and these seas, especially the Okhotsk Sea, are not navigable, because of the ice and fog. It is true that in the north Siberia is open to the sea, but the Arctic Ocean is not available for permanent navigation, in spite of the many attempts at finding "a north-east passage" and in spite of Nordenskiöld's success in passing through it. Only the west Siberian frontier is more accessible to the European, thanks to the low middle Ural Mountains, and thanks to the nearness of the Siberian rivers; and through this way all the migrations of people, first from Northern Asia to Europe, and then from Europe to Northern Asia, were possible.

With regard to the structure and geology of the Siberian surface one can divide it into:—(*A*) *Western Siberia*, of tertiary formation,[2] consisting of the flat, marshy country between the Yenisei River and the chain of the Ural Mountains; and (*B*) *Eastern Siberia*, situated east of the Yenisei, of older geological formation, rising here and there into hills difficult of access, culminating in high mountains on the south and east of the Lena River, and stretching to the extreme north-east along the mountains that form the watershed of the Pacific slope.[3]

A third physical district can be differentiated in Siberia, the Amur region, draining east of the watershed into the

[1] *Stanford's Compendium of Geography etc.*, *Asia*, vol. i., p. 167.
[2] Nalkowski, *Geografia Rozumowa*, p. 380. [3] Nalkowski, *loc. cit.*

Pacific, its chief river being the Amur, a stream of great importance for colonization.

Being surrounded by mountains keeping off the hot winds from the south, and being open to the northern winds, Siberia has a cold and continental climate in which the windows break with the cold, the milk is sold in pieces, the people become blind from the glittering snows, and one's breath becomes frozen. The ground, except for the surface, remains always frozen in the northern part of Siberia. As at a certain distance from the surface the ground keeps the average temperature of the year, and as all over Siberia the average temperature is below 0°, the ground remains frozen for the whole year, notwithstanding certain seasonal differences in climate. When a well was dug in Yakutsk as deep as 380 feet below the ground the temperature was below 0°. In this eternal ice the bodies of diluvial animals, mammoths, etc., long ago extinct, have been found preserved, with bones, flesh, and hair.[4]

Eastern Siberia is cooler than Western, except for the immediate polar regions, but the greater change of climate regulating the botanical and zoological conditions is to be observed from north to south. These differences from north to south are the ones with which we shall be concerned. We shall roughly divide the whole of this vast region into two climatic areas:

A. The Northern area with the truly Arctic climate, and

B. The Southern or Sub-Arctic area.

It would be difficult to draw a line between them, but the Northern area would certainly descend more south in the east than in the west.

The flat and low-lying Northern area facing the neighbouring archipelago of New Siberia and the more distant Wrangel Land form a true Arctic region, lying entirely

[4] Nalkowski, *loc. cit.*

within the Arctic circle, and with the northernmost point of the continent at Cape Severo, close to Cape Chelyuskin, in 78° 20′ N. lat. and 104° E. long.[5] Its low level and exposed northern aspect, combined with its high latitude and enormous extension southwards, are the chief reasons which cause the climate of this region to be the most "continental," as it is technically termed, that is, subject to the greatest extremes of cold and heat, of any on the globe "Siberian" winters have become proverbial, but the summers are almost equally intense; and, while the mercury becomes frozen to a hard malleable mass during the clear Arctic nights in midwinter, it will occasionally rise to above 100° F. at midday in June.[6]

"*Temperature and Illumination* constitute the chief characteristics of the polar climate, the former in the long cold winter and the short cool summer, the latter in the long winter night and the long summer day."[7]

"During the greater part of the three summer months (June, July, August), the sun is above the horizon continuously for 65 days in latitude 70°, and for 134 days in latitude 80°. The summer temperatures are very unequal in the different parts of the polar district, but are dependent, not so much on the latitude, as on the distribution of land and water, and on the presence or absence of warm currents."[8]

In no other place except Labrador is the temperature so low. Gishigisk Station in 1901 shows maximum summer temp. 25.1° C.; minimum winter temp. −42.0° C. Yakutsk Station in 1901 shows maximum summer temp. 33.6°; minimum winter temp. −58.7°. Verkhoyansk Station in 1899 shows maximum summer temp. 33.70°; minimum

[5] N. A. E. Nordenskiöld, *The Voyage of the Vega etc.*

[6] *Stanford's Compendium of Geography etc., Asia*, vol. i., p. 4.

[7] A. F. W. Schimper, *Plant-Geography upon a Physiological Basis*, p. 663.

[8] A. F. W. Schimper, *op. cit.*, p. 664.

winter temp. – 69.8°. To this temperature we must add the frequency of snow-storms.[9]

Following the change of climate from north to south we can divide Siberia into two physical zones: (*a*), Northern zone with a polar climate, covered with *tundra* and *tayga*, and (*b*), Southern zone with a sub-polar climate covered with steppes, fertile valleys, and mountains.

The Northern zone is covered with frozen swamp, and, where ice does not cover the ground, the frozen desert or *tundra* predominates. "Only in the less cold and therefore chiefly southern tracts in the arctic zone, in more favourable localities" are to be found "willow-bushes and small meadows on river-banks and in fjords, or even formations of dwarf shrubs, which consist of a denser growth of the same evergreen, small-leaved, shrubby species as appear singly in the tundra between mosses and lichens. . . . A distinction is made between *Moss-tundra* or *Polytrichum-tundra*, and *Lichen-tundra*. . . . Where the climate is most rigorous the vegetation forms only widely separated patches on the bare, usually stony soil, and we have *Rock-tundra*. Shallow depressions of the tundra, where the water of melted snow and ice accumulates in the soil, become swamps in the form of *Tundra-moor*." In certain places protected from the drying winds oases are formed, "where the sunbeams fall almost perpendicularly, and thus warm the water in the soil so that plants can obtain it in actual abundance."[10]

South of *tundra* there extends *tayga*, *i.e.* primitive pine forests growing on the swampy ground and abounding in furry animals. *Tayga* is thus the boundary land between the northern and southern zones of Siberia.

The primitive state of nature in the northern zone determines the human life. Taking into consideration the poor quality of the grasses and the enormous expanses covered with moss, lichen, and marshes, cattle-breeding as

[9] W. Jochelson, *The Koryak*, p. 392.

[10] A. F. W. Schimper, *op. cit.*, pp. 685-6.

an industry is impossible. Fishing and the hunting of sea-mammals (the whale and others), can be carried on in the summer only, so that during the long winter the maritime population has to depend exclusively upon its summer supplies. Reindeer-breeding, though affording a more reliable source of sustenance to the wandering reindeer people than that offered by hunting and fishing to the maritime people, is still in a most primitive state,[11] owing chiefly to the deficient vegetation. The people live for nine months of the year in underground or half-underground houses.

The Southern zone, or rather south-western portion of it, is a lowland country, but considerable highland tracts are included in the southern and eastern sections.[12] These highlands, often comprehensively spoken of as the Altai system, begin properly north of Lake Taisan and the Upper Irtish valley, by which their westernmost extremity is clearly separated from the Tarbagatai range. On this account the Tarbagatai, although usually included in the Siberian mountain systems, has to be regarded rather as the northernmost extension of the Tian-shan. Its true position is that of a water-parting between the Arctic and the Central Asiatic closed basins. For it sends down streams northwards to the Irtish, flowing to the Frozen Ocean through the Obi, southwards to Lakes Ala and Sassik, which formerly communicated westwards with Lake Balkhash, and eastwards with the Ebi-nor and the Mongolian Mediterranean.

From the Irtish valley the Altai or "Gold Mountains" stretch mainly north-eastwards through the Sayan range to the Daurian Alps, and thence beyond the Baikal basin under diverse names, such as the Yablonovoy and Stanovoy, to the volcanic masses filling the greater part of Kamchatka,

[11] W. Jochelson, *The Koryak*, p. 405.

[12] Cf. G. P. Potanin, *Ochorki Sieviero-Zapadnoy Mongolii* (Pt. I., 1881), pp. 364-78.

and gradually decreasing through the Chukchi domain towards the north-easternmost extremity of the continent at East Cape. But it will be seen that the system is by no means continuous, being not only broken up into distinct sections by the deep gorges of the Upper Yenisei and Selenga Rivers, but merging round the Sea of Okhotsk into a moderately elevated plateau, where high ranges formerly figured on most of our maps. "Even the western section—that is, the Altai proper—is not so much a distinct mountain range as an aggregate of more or less detached chains running in various directions between the Upper Irtish and Yenisei valleys."[13]

Agriculture is possible in some fertile valleys, most of the flat country being occupied by steppes. The Ishym steppe (between the Ishym and Irtish rivers), and the Barabine steppe (between the Irtish and the Obi), are the largest steppes where pastoral life is possible, although the abundance of swamps, with millions of annoying insects (which force the natives to wear masks),[14] and with a local illness called *sibirskaya iazva*, make the open-air life not always comfortable.[15] The hunting life is followed in the forests. All over this zone the climate, although no longer "polar," is typically "continental," except for the higher mountains. The people are mostly nomadic.

About the people inhabiting these regions Nordenskiöld in *The Voyage of the Vega* gives the following impression :—

"Of the Polar races, whose acquaintance I have made, the reindeer Lapps undoubtedly stand highest; next to them come the Eskimo of Danish Greenland. . . . Next to them in civilisation come the Eskimo of north-western America. . . . Next come the Chukchis. . . . Last of all come the Samoyeds, or at least the Samoyeds who inhabit

[13] *Stanford's Compendium of Geography etc., Asia*, vol. i., p. 170.

[14] S. Patkanoff, *Opyt geografii i statistiki Tungusskih plemion Sibiri* (Pt. II., 1906), p. 72.

[15] Nalkowski, *op. cit.*, p. 384.

regions bordering on countries inhabited by the Caucasian races."[16]

This characteristic, although vague, is true. The Samoyeds and Chukchis, as well as other natives of Northern Asia unknown to Nordenskiöld, occupy the lowest position in the culture of the polar races.

All the inhabitants of Northern Asia have been called till recently (*i.e.* till Schrenck),[17] Ural-Altaians. This name was first used by Castrén,[18] and was based on linguistic coincidences in agglutinative dialects of the Finnic, Turkic, Mongolic, Tungusic, and Samoyedic languages.

Max Müller, following Castrén, calls the Ural-Altaic linguistic group the northern division of the Turanian Family.[19] Right or not, the term Ural-Altaian is very vague for a linguistic group, placing Finnish and Tungusic languages in the same class, and still more unsatisfactory from an ethnological and historical point of view, for it can be applied to different Mongolo-Turco-Finnic tribes all over the world, whereas the branches of these people living in Northern Asia form a special "groupe ethnique."

I shall not attempt to solve this difficult problem of finding a common ancestor for such different nations as Finns and Tunguses, even if their languages proved to be similar; but I shall propose a geographical and historical name for all those people of Finnic, Mongolic, Turkic, Samoyedic, and Tungusic origin, or of their branches, who have inhabited Siberia for a long period of time. The name which seems to me the safest for purposes of comparison is *Siberians*, or more exactly *Neo-Siberians*, as contrasted with the most ancient inhabitants of Siberia, *i.e.* Palaeo-Siberians, about whom Schrenck gave us the first information. This group (Palaeo-Siberians) consists of unclassified tribes

[16] N. A. E. Nordenskiöld, *op. cit.*, pp. 29-30.

[17] L. Schrenck, *Ob Inorodcah Amurskago Kraya* (1883).

[18] M. A. Castrén, *Reiseberichte und Briefe aus den Jahren 1845-9* (1853).

[19] *Lectures on the Science of Language* (1861), vol. i., p. 310.

differing one from another, who still have more in common with each other, and are also more closely connected with the North-Western Amerinds, (as has been proved by the work of the Jesup Expedition), than with the Neo-Siberians.

Schrenck[20] calls them the Palaeo-Asiatic, or North-east Palaeo-Asiatic, tribes, and supposes that they have occupied much larger territories in Northern, perhaps Central, Asia, and have been driven to the inhospitable north-eastern regions by more recent comers, partly Mongols, partly Turks or Finns, in one word by Neo-Siberians, or, using Castrén's name, Ural-Altaians.

Until linguistic and archaeological investigation shall have classified these people, I propose to keep the name of Palaeo-Siberians for Palaeo-Asiatics, and I shall do this so as not to confuse these old Asiatics with other races of Palaeo-Asiatics in the West and South of Asia. This term, as well as Neo-Siberians, does not demand any explanation, and is suitable for our comparative study of the natives of this region.

The Palaeo-Siberians are typical representatives of "people from the borders," like the Basques in the Iberian peninsula. These people seem to be historically the oldest in the region, but for some reason, either of their decay or of the greater number of the newcomers, they have been deprived of their land and forced to migrate to the often unfertile border lands.

In physical type the Palaeo- as well as Neo-Siberians have a more or less Mongolic type, especially in skull structure, although among the former sometimes quite a European type is to be found.[21]

The Palaeo-Siberians have been called by Fr. Müller "The Arctic or Hyperborean races," in which term he includes also Aleuts and Eskimo.[22] In Peschel's *Völkerkunde*

[20] L. Schrenck, *op. cit.*, p. 257.

[21] Virchov, *Douitz i Anuchin*, quoted by L. Schrenck, vol. i., p. 254.

[22] *Allgemeine Ethnographie* (Wien, 1873), p. 188.

they form two groups of Mongolic peoples. The one group, consisting of the Ostiaks of Yenisei, the Yukaghirs, Ainu, and Gilyaks, he calls *Nordasiaten von unbestimmter systematischer Stellung* (the North Asiatics without a definite position); the other group at the extreme east and including Tlingit [Kolush] and Vancouver tribes, he calls the "Bering tribes." But, in the first place, not all those people are actually Hyperborean; and then, if the Yukaghirs and the Gilyaks are the "Northern Asiatics without a definite position," the others, *e.g.* Koryaks and Kamchadals, deserve the same name.

The whole population of Siberia was in 1897 about 5,727,000, but, if we remember that the Europeans (Russians and Poles mostly) are more than 5 millions in number, we shall see how very scarce are the natives of the country. According to *Stanford's Compendium* (1906), the Palaeo-Siberians would number about 300,000, and the Neo-Siberians about 750,000, but the statistics of Patkanoff,[23] published in 1912, and based on the same census of 1897 as *Stanford's Compendium*, show a somewhat different number of aborigines.

The Palaeo-Siberians consist of:

I. Chukchis, between the Anadyr River, north-eastern Siberia, and the Arctic Ocean (except the north-eastern extremity). According to *Stanford's Compendium* their number is 12,000, but according to Patkanoff 11,771.

II. Koryaks, between the Anadyr River and the central part of the Kamchatka Peninsula (except the coastland between the Gulf of Anadyr and Cape Olintovsk). According to *Stanford's Compendium* their number is 5000, but according to Patkanoff 7335.

III. Kamchadales, in the southern part of Kamchatka Peninsula. According to *Stanford's Compendium* their number is 3000, but according to Patkanoff 2805.

[23] S. Patkanoff, *Statistichskia dannyia pakazywaiushchia Plemennoy Sastav Nasielenia Sibiri* (1912), vol. i., 1.

IV. Ainu, in the Hokkaido of Japan and the southern part of Sakhalin Island. According to *Stanford's Compendium* their number is 3000, but according to Patkanoff 1457.

V. Gilyaks, near the mouth of the Amur and in the northern part of Sakhalin Island. According to *Stanford's Compendium* their number is 5000, but according to Patkanoff 4649.

VI. Eskimo, on the Asiatic shore of Behring Strait (as well as the Arctic region from Greenland to Alaska). According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number in Asia 500, but according to Patkanoff 831.[24]

VII. Aleuts, in the Aleutian Islands of Alaska. According to Patkanoff they number 574.

VIII. Yukaghirs, between the lower Jana and lower Kolyma Rivers, north-eastern Siberia. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 1600, but according to Patkanoff 754.

IX. Chuwanzes, south of Chuan Bay, at the upper and middle Anadyr, northern Siberia. According to Patkanoff they number 453.

X. The Ostiaks of Yenisei, between the Lower Tunguska and the Stony Tunguska, tributaries of the middle Yenisei. According to Patkanoff they number 988.[25]

[24] The Eskimo on the American and Asiatic shores together number about 25,000 (Patkanoff, *op. cit.*, p. 129). Jochelson, *Etnologicheskia problemy na Siewiernyh Bieregah Tihavo Okeana*, 1908, however, does not include this tribe among the Palaeo-Asiatics, and says that they form a wedge among them. But, as our classification is a geographical one, we shall include them among Palaeo-Siberians.

[25] The Ostiaks of Yenisei form, according to Patkanoff (*op. cit.*, p. 106), the western or Yenisei branch of the Palaeo-Asiatics, and are the remains of a former (seventeenth and eighteenth century) large group composed of Arines, Kotts, Assans, etc. As the result of a communication from Dr. L. Sternberg of Petersburg, who does not consider these people Palaeo-Asiatics, I prefer to adopt the above classification of the Ostiaks of Yenisei only with some reserve; still, as our classification is geographical, we can call them Palaeo-Siberians.

The Neo-Siberians consist of:

I. Finnic tribes. (*a*) Ostiaks, between the middle Obi and the Yenisei. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 25,000, but according to Patkanoff 17,221. (*b*) Voguls, between the middle Obi and the Ural Mountains. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 4500, but according to Patkanoff 7476.

II. Samoyedes, in the Arctic region, from the mouth of the Khatanga River to Cheskaya Bay in Russia. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 25,000, but according to Patkanoff 11,627, together with Youraks and other small tribes numbering 12,502.

III. Turks. (*a*) Yakuts, in the neighbourhood of the Lena. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 200,000, but according to Patkanoff 225,767. (*b*) Other Turko-Tartars of the Tobolsk and Tomsk governments. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 80,000, but according to Wierbicki, the Kalmycks of Altai number 11,827, the Kalmycks Uriankhis 2000, the Teleuts 5700, and the Tartars of Chern 32,820. According to Patkanoff all Siberian Turks number 435,739.

IV. The Mongol tribes. Buriats in the district surrounding Lake Baikal. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 250,000, but according to Patkanoff 288,599.

V. The Tungusic tribes inhabiting eastern Siberia from the Yenisei to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Yakuts' domain to the northern border of Mongolia; the principal ones are Chapogirs, Goldi, Lamuts, Mancha, Manyargs, Oroches, Orochons, Solons, and Tunguses proper. According to *Stanford's Compendium* they number 80,000, but according to Patkanoff 76,507.

The study of the life of the natives can be advantageously limited to the study of their shamanism, which covers the psychological as well as the sociological features of these

people. According to such scholars on Siberia as Jochelson and Klementz, and such native scientists as Banzaroff and Khangaloff, their shamanistic cult differs, in their conceptions about the deities and in ritual, from that of other primitive religions; though of course, taking it comparatively, this cult answers to the pre-animistic and animistic cults of other primitives. "One must not lose sight," says Klementz, "of the fact that in the various beliefs of the Siberian tribes a very close connexion is noticeable, and, likewise, there can be observed an uninterrupted identity in the foundations of their mythology and in their rites, even extending as far as the nomenclature—all of which gives one the right to suppose that these beliefs are the result of the joint work of the intellectual activity of the whole north of Asia."[26] Shamanism, although officially existing only among a small portion of those 750,000 natives, is yet very strong there, under the Buddhistic and Mohammedan surface among Neo-Siberians, as well as in the nominally Christian hearts of Palaeo-Siberians. This shamanism is, however, differentiated by the influence of environment into two subordinate types, which may be termed "northern" and "southern."

The "northern" type, however, corresponds not quite strictly to the geographical northern zone. The line dividing the "northern" and "southern" types of shamanism forms a diagonal running from south-west to north-east of the Siberian area. As has been said, when dealing with climate, this division corresponds to the two climatic regions, arctic and sub-arctic.

Ceremonials.

In the northern type of shamanism, or among the Palaeo-Siberians, the influence of darkness, cold, and scarcity of food is to be observed in all social and religious ideas.

[26] J. Hastings, *The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. iii., p. 2.

The family and clan structure is not very highly developed,[27] except among the Gilyaks. Life in underground houses during the greater part of the year directs the mental powers towards introspective thinking; hence the prevalence of hysteria, of revelations, of divination, and of sexual perversions.

Ceremonials are almost exclusively seasonal, and are connected with the food supply or the expulsion of bad spirits. For instance, Jochelson gives the following list of festivals and sacrifices among the Koryaks:—[28]

Maritime Koryaks:

1. Whale Festival.
2. The putting away of the skin boat for the winter.
3. Launching the skin boat.
4. Wearing of masks.

Reindeer-breeding Koryaks:

1. Ceremony on return of the herd from summer pastures.
2. The fawn festival.

Ceremonies common to both:

1. Bear festival.
2. Wolf festival.
3. Practices in connection with fox-hunting.

On the other hand, in the southern type of shamanism, or among the Neo-Siberians, life amid varied scenery, consisting of open country and mountains, has led to the worship of the sky and the heavenly bodies. Comparative abundance of food permits certain spontaneous ceremonial expressions of religious feelings, not necessarily connected with the food supply. Imagination is very much developed.

[27] Jochelson, *Etnologicheskia Problemy na Sieweiernyh Bieregah Tihavo Okeana* (1908), p. 27.

[28] *The Koryak*, pp. 65-90.

Gods.

There is no clear idea of an anthropomorphic god among the Palaeo-Siberians. Gods and spirits are mostly half animals, like the Big Raven, their chief god. The distinction between men and animals disappears in myths and in representations of superior beings, such as fetishes called *Ongon* (a Mongolic word). The animals on which the people depend for sustenance are objects of cult, (viz. the whale and other sea animals among maritime tribes, and the reindeer among reindeer-breeding tribes, the bear, wolf, and fox being common to both).

Inanimate objects of worship, so-called "things enchanted," are frequently symbols of these animals. An example of this is found in the ceremony performed most regularly by the Chukchis at the slaughtering of the reindeer, where pictures of certain parts of the animal are used as *Ongons* (fetishes); but, as Jochelson says, "The notions as to the direct interference of the Supreme Being with worldly affairs are very confused. Men seem to be left to their own resources in their struggle with evil spirits, diseases, and death."[29]

Among the Neo-Siberians in some tribes, *e.g.* the Yakuts and the Altaians, there is a monotheistic tendency; among the Buriats, Ostiaks, and Woguls there is a regular polytheism.[30] The Supreme God of the Altaians is Ulghen, of the Yakuts Uyun-Artoyen. The Buriats have no supreme deity, but a whole assembly of them. The *Ongon*,—called by the Turkic tribes *Tyns* and by the Altaians *Kurmes*,—is not merely a fetish, but the image of a god invested with his power. Animals such as the horse, eagle, hedgehog, swan, and snake are respected, but do not rise to the rank of protectors or *zayans*, such as are found in the form of deified human beings like the shamans. Here also the bear is venerated, except by the Buriats.

[29] *The Koryak*, p. 25.

[30] Agapitoff and Khangaloff, Banzaroff, Wierbicki, Potanin.

Animism and Pre-Animism.

Among the Palaeo-Siberians pre-animism dominates animism. No distinction is made in their beliefs between animate and inanimate things, and the incantations which form the main substance of their religious practices have power to invest with a temporary soul, or rather a kind of *mana*, any object chosen.

The animism of these Palaeo-Siberians is marked by the conception of a soul belonging to each part of an animal or thing, the soul of the head, the soul of the breast, etc.

Although all over Siberia there is a dualism in the spirit world, this division is very chaotic among Palaeo-Siberians, and their good and bad spirits do not always retain their characteristics. As Jochelson says,[31] "Although on the whole the word 'Kala' denotes all powers harmful to man and all that is evil in nature, there are numbers of objects and beings known under the name of 'Kalak' or 'Kamak' that do not belong to the class of evil spirits." Thus the guardian spirits of the Koryak shamans and some varieties of guardians of the village, of the family, or of individuals are called by this name.

The worship of "black" spirits, however, prevails among Palaeo-Siberians, while among Neo-Siberians we find either a strictly dualistic division in which the good and bad spirits have their typical characteristics, or, among tribes such as the Wotiaks and Tunguses, the worship of white spirits is predominant. Among the Palaeo-Siberians, even at sacrifices offered to white spirits the black spirits receive their share, —otherwise the *kala* might intercept the sacrifice and prevent its reaching the Supreme Being.[32]

[31] *The Koryak*, p. 30.

[32] *The Koryak*, p. 93. I should like to add that my opinion as to the black spirits being more prevalent than white in the northern type of shamanism is not shared, in regard to the Koryak, by one of my chief authorities on Palaeo-Siberians, *i.e.* Jochelson, who on the contrary says that "among the Koryak the cult of benevolent spirits is more conspicuous," (p. 92), but my theory is

Among the Chukchis bad spirits are called *kelet*, and W. Bogoraz[33] distinguishes as many as three different classes of *kelet*: (1), Invisible, producing sickness; (2), Blood-thirsty cannibals; and (3), Spirits which on the call of certain (black) shamans help them. Good spirits are called in Chukchi *va'irgit*. The sun is a *va'irgit* and the moon is *kele*. The Koryak called bad spirits *kala*, but they have no generic name for good spirits.[34] The Gilyak call their bad powers *knin* and *milk*, and the good *bol*, *lot*, and *urif*.

In connection with the featureless landscape the ideal division of the universe is vertical (into upper and lower worlds) rather than horizontal, and the bad spirits live mostly underground.

Among the Neo-Siberians animism has developed to a very great extent. They worship the whole universe, especially the celestial bodies, and they believe them all to be animated by a kind of soul, sometimes called *idgins* (lords).[35] The human soul is, according to them, composed of three parts. Among the Yakuts it is composed of: (1), *tyn*, a breath soul, common to man, animal, and plant; (2), *kut*, a physical soul composed of earth, air, and a material element, common to men and all animals except fishes; (3), *sur*, a psychic soul, which has no shadow and enters the mother through the temples before the birth of the child.[36]

The Buriats believe that man is composed of: (1), *oyeye*, material body; (2), *amin*, lower soul, breath; (3), *sunyesun*,

exemplified by what Jochelson says on the next page (93), as well as by other statements of Jochelson on the Koryak and Yukaghir and by other authors on Palaeo-Siberians.

[33] *The Chukchee* (1904), p. 292.

[34] This fact is also in favour of my opinion that black spirits are more powerful among Palaeo-Siberians.

[35] Banzaroff, *Chornaya Wiera* (1893), pp. 6-19.

[36] Trostjanski, *Evolucia Chornoy Wiery* (*Shamanstva*) *u Yakutov* (1902), pp. 71-79.

the soul belonging to man only. The *sunyesun* is absent when man sleeps, and when the *amin* goes away the man dies.

The Finnic Woguls and Ostiaks believe that man is composed of (1), earthly part; (2), the shadow, *isi*; and (3), the soul, *lili khelmkholas*.[37]

Religious dualism is more marked than among Palaeo-Siberians, and the veneration of "white" spirits predominates. Among the Buriats the greatest worship is given to the sky, *tengrei*; hence they venerate the sun, moon, and many spirits inhabiting the sky,—*tengreis*; they acknowledge 99 different *tengreis*, of which 55 are from the west,—good spirits, because the west wind is beneficial,—and only 45 are eastern, hostile *tengreis*.[38]

Two of the most conscientious writers on Siberia, Agapitoff and Khangaloff, are of opinion that in the 99 *tengreis* the heavens in their different aspects are personified, *e.g.* calm, storm, gale, wind, etc.

Klementz thinks that among the Buriats along the Kuda river the white *tengreis* existed before the black ones.

Among the Yakuts good spirits are called *aiy* and bad *abassy*, but among the Yakuts who migrated from south to north the white spirit Etugen, who was formerly supreme, has been displaced by a black spirit, as is testified by Trostjanski.[39] Contrary to the Buriats their bad spirits are from the west and their good spirits from the east.

Among the Finnic tribes, Ostiaks and Woguls, the chief of the white spirits is Yanitch-torum, and the chief of the black spirits is Kul, who is also ruler of the world of shadows. Gondatti, from whom we have this information, states that these natives have not now the religious fear

[37] Gondatti, *Sledy Yazychestva u Inorodcev Sievero-zapadnoy Sibiri* (1888), p. 39.

[38] Agapitoff and Khangaloff, *Materiauy dla izuchenia Shamanstva v Sibiri* (1883), pp. 3-23.

[39] Trostjanski, *op. cit.*, p. 158.

and terror of black powers which exists among certain primitive tribes.[40]

The Altaians[41] call their good spirits *aisi* and their bad spirits *kawa* or *kuremes*. Among all Altaic Tartars the dualistic division is most clear, and the highest god, Tengre Kaira Khan, is a good power. The local division of the universe is partly horizontal, partly vertical; the good spirits live in seventeen floors above the earth, and the bad occupy seven or nine under the earth, and Erlik-Khan, the chief of the bad spirits, lives on the lowest floor, where the sun and moon are supposed to give only a very feeble light. This Erlik-Khan is held to have emanated from a heavenly spirit, which shows that even in the past the white spirits were predominant.

Mythology.

The mythology of the Palaeo-Siberians is preoccupied with stories concerning Big Raven, but sometimes the Chukchi *kelet* and the Koryak *kalau* also play a part; on the whole, imagination is poor, the language obscure but voluptuous, and the physiological functions of the human body often form the chief episodes.[42]

The Aino-Gilyak myths, though they include a great many North Pacific elements, chiefly resemble those of the Japanese in their description of animal life.

The Palaeo-Siberian mythology does not differentiate between natural and supernatural, animate and inanimate objects, whereas the Neo-Siberian mythology is less animistic, in the sense that they believe the transformation of animate into inanimate objects to be the result of supernatural power. Their rich and hyperbolic language could not have originated in the polar regions. While the heroes

[40] Gondatti, *op. cit.*, p. 6. [41] Wierbicki, *Altayskie Inorodcy* (1893).

[42] W. Jochelson, "The Mythology of the Koryak," *The American Anthropologist*, N.S. vol. vi, 1904, Pt. iv.

of the Palaeo-Siberians have narrow egotistical aims, the heroes of the Neo-Siberians are of a nature as much nobler as the environment of the natives. The tales concerning animals are very similar to fables.

Shamanism.

Family shamanism is more important among Palaeo-Siberians than professional shamanism. In fact the latter is but slightly developed, since the environment does not encourage social aggregation. Among Koryaks and Khamchadales there is scarcely any social organisation apart from the family. Among the Chukchis and Yukaghirs clan organisation is in its infancy. With such social conditions it is not surprising that the shaman is merely the head of the family. On the contrary, among the Neo-Siberians[43] professional shamans are not only more important but almost the only ones, as the function of the head of the family is quite separate.

Among Palaeo-Siberians lack of light and of suitable materials results in a poor shamanistic apparatus. The shamanistic coat and cap which play such a large part among the Neo-Siberians are here not required, as the ceremonies are mostly performed in the dark and close underground houses.

Those tribes, the Yakuts and Gilyaks, who ethnologically fall into a different group from that to which they at present geographically belong, present to us a curious mixture of the old religious and social conceptions and those they have acquired in the new environment. The Gilyaks, originally a more Nordic tribe,[44] migrated southwards, especially in the island of Sakhalin, and there they adopted in their shamanistic ceremonials, dress, and beliefs

[43] S. N. Potanin, *Ochorki Sieviero Zapadnoy Mongolii* (1881), pp. 81-95. See also N. M. Yadrintzeff, *Sibirskie Inorodcy* (1891), pp. 110-132.

[44] Sternberg, *Giliaki Ethnogr. Obozrenie* (1905).

certain features from the Neo-Siberians. This, however, could be explained by contact with the more cultured Tunguses, but, in the case of the Yakuts, a Turkic tribe whose original home is probably in the South near the Tarim, one cannot suppose that they have been influenced by the much lower culture of the Nordic tribes. It is much more probable, as Trostjanski suggests, that "with the change of habitation from the brighter south to the severe north, where the sun hides its light for some months of the year, the sky and sun ceased to be gods."[45] One of the most curious complex ceremonials of the Yakuts is the *kumiss* festival.[46] It originated in the land of the horse, and is only performed symbolically in the land of the reindeer, or else the custom and festivals associated with the use of *kumiss* quite disappear in the new land; thus environment changes the customs and modifies the beliefs.

M. A. CZAPLICKA.

[45] Trostjanski, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

[46] W. Jochelson, "*Kumiss* festival . . .," Boas Memorial Volume (1906), pp. 258-71.

THE HOLI: A VERNAL FESTIVAL OF THE HINDUS.

BY W. CROOKE, B.A.

THE Holi, the vernal fire-festival of the Hindus, has for a long time attracted the attention of students of anthropology and folklore, because it includes many features of special interest, and supplies material for the investigation of similar observances in other parts of the world. It seems, therefore, worth while to collect the facts scattered through a literature much of which is not readily accessible to European scholars; and, secondly, in the light of comparative studies by Dr. Frazer and others, to attempt an investigation of the principles upon which these observances are based. It will be convenient to begin with a statement of the facts so far as I have been able to collect them, and at the close of this paper to suggest an explanation of them.

The festival, known throughout Northern India as Holi,[1] Phāg, or Phaguā, and in the Deccan and Western India as Shimgā or Hutāshana, takes place at the full moon of the month Phālguna, which in the year 1913 occurred on 22nd March, the day after the vernal equinox, when the sun enters the sign of Aries. According to the present calendar, the Hindu New Year begins on 1st Vaisākha or Baisākh, corresponding according to the Bengali scheme with 14th

[1] The Sanskrit form of the word is *holākā*, said to be derived from the sound made in singing: Phālguna takes its name either from the root *phal* ("to burst open or produce fruit"), or from *sphurj* ("to thunder"); Hutāshana is an epithet of the fire,—"oblation-eating."

April, 1913, or the 21st according to the Samvat reckoning. But in the older Hindu calendar system Sisira, or the cool season, ended with the full moon of Phālguna, and thus marked the beginning of spring.[2]

This at present, from the eccentricity of the Hindu luni-solar calendar, does not, in Northern India, represent a well-defined agricultural season. The wheat and other crops of the cold-weather harvest are sown about October, at the close of the rainy season; wheat in the Panjāb is reaped from about the end of April to the beginning of June, while in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh the harvest is finished in March-April. The Holi thus takes place when the most important crops of the spring harvest are approaching maturity. It is a time of leisure from field work. The Hindu poets never tire of describing the spring as a period of rejoicing, and this time when the sun is moving northward in the heavens is the season for marriages.

We find little historical evidence regarding the Holi in Hindu classical literature, where it is obscured by the cult of Agni, the Vedic fire-god. The Sinhalese observe a festival at the beginning of spring, in commemoration, as they say, of the destruction of Māra, the fiend who tempted Buddha. This festival, known in Ceylon as Awaruda, is called by the Siamese Sonkran, the Sankrit *saṅkrānti*, the passage of the sun from one sign to another. The name and the legend connected with these feasts show that it is identical with the Holi of the Hindus.[3]

The feast commences with the lighting of the fire on the full moon of Phālguna, and usually extends over three days. But in some places the preparations and observances last

[2] See J. Prinsep, *Useful Tables*, Calcutta (1834), Part ii., p. 18; *Madras Manual of Administration*, 1893, vol. iii., pp. 489 *et seq.* For the most recent and complete discussion of the question see A. A. Macdonell and A. B. Keith, *Vedic Index of Names and Subjects* (197), vol. i., pp. 259-60, 421; vol. ii., pp. 157, 466 *et seq.*

[3] H. Kern, *Manual of Indian Buddhism* (1896), pp. 100-1.

longer: some twenty days in Bombay, fifteen at Poona, and a week or more among the Bhīls of Western India.[4]

In Northern India the pile is usually erected on a site east of the village, and consists of a layer of dried cow-dung cakes, the fuel commonly used by the peasantry, on which are placed logs, brushwood, and rubbish. The lighter fuel bursts into a sudden blaze through which men and animals pass or are driven. In places where the rite of fire-walking in its special form is observed, a pit is dug in which quantities of firewood are burned, and the performers walk through the blazing embers. The materials are provided by levies on the residents of the village or quarter in which the fire is lighted, or are collected from the jungle by the people who, as we have seen, are at leisure during this season. There is also a rule that the builders of the fire are entitled to plunder any fuel which they may require. In Chānda, in the Central Provinces, where, as we shall see, two fires are lighted, it is said that the materials must be stolen.[5] In Poona cow-dung cakes are stolen for the fire wherever they may be found.[6] In Lower Bengal "the head men of the villages, or the chiefs of the trades, first contribute their quotas; the rest collect whatever they can lay hands on—fences, doorposts, and even furniture, if not vigilantly protected. If these things be once added to the pile, the owner cannot reclaim them, and it is a point of honour to acquiesce; any measures, however, are allowable to prevent their being carried off."[7]

[4] *Gazetteer Bombay City and Island* (1909), vol. i., pp. 175 *et seq.*; *Gazetteer Bombay Presidency*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., pp. 254 *et seq.*; vol. vi. (1880), p. 29. For the rites in Mārwār see J. Tod, *Annals of Rajasthan* (1884), vol. i., pp. 595 *et seq.*

[5] *Chanda Gazetteer* (1909). vol. i., p. 91. Compare the looting of fuel for bonfires in England, *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii. (1912), pp. 421 *et seq.*; vol. xxiv. (1913), p. 85; vol. xxi. (1910), p. 38. Miss C. S. Burne has kindly supplied these references.

[6] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., p. 292.

[7] H. H. Wilson, *Essays and Lectures, chiefly on the Religion of the Hindus* (1862), vol. ii., p. 227.

We seem to reach a more primitive stratum of folk-usage when a tree, not a pile of firewood, is burned.[8] In Kumaun, in the lower Himalaya, a middle-sized tree, or a branch of a large tree, is cut down and stripped of its leaves, each clan having a tree of its own. Young men of each clan beg scraps of cloth, known as Chīr, from which the tree gains its name, and these are tied to it. A fire is lighted near the tree, and on the last day of the feast an astrologer fixes a lucky time for the burning of the tree. After it is burned the people leap over the ashes, believing that in this way they get rid of itch and other skin diseases.[9] While the tree is burning there is a contest between members of the various clans, each striving to carry off a piece of the cloth from the tree of another clan. It is supposed to be lucky to succeed in doing this, and a clan which loses a rag in this way is not permitted to set up their tree until the insult is avenged.[10]

By another account from the same region, on the 11th day of the month Phālguna, known as "Rag-binding Day" (Chīrbandhan), people collect two small pieces of cloth from each house, one white, the other coloured, and offer them to the Sakti, or consort of Bhaiṛava, an old earth god. Then they take a pole, split at the top, so as to admit of two sticks being placed transversely at right angles to each other, and from these the rags are hung. The pole is planted on a piece of level ground, and the people move round it, singing the Holi songs in honour of Krishna and his cowherd girls, the Gopis. On the last day of the feast this pole is burned. Two days after thanksgivings are made for the birth of a child, a marriage in the family,

[8] Compare the burning of the tree in the agricultural ritual of the Celts, J. A. MacCulloch, *The Religion of the Ancient Celts* (1911), pp. 200, 265.

[9] In Greece leaping thrice through a bonfire on St. John Baptist's Day (24th June) gets rid of fleas, J. C. Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion* (1910), p. 37.

[10] *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. (1893), p. 92.

or some other good fortune. The officiating Brāhman is remunerated by a house cess, and he marks the donors on the forehead with turmeric.[11]

The Biyārs of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh "bury the old year" on the 13th of the light half of the month Pūs (29th December, 1913). They plant in the ground a stake of the cotton tree, and the Baiga, or village medicine-man, sets it alight. Stalks of barley are parched in the fire and eaten, and lumps of cow dung are thrown into the fire. Next day the ashes are thrown about, and people mark their foreheads with them. On the third day the men sing songs, and fling earth and cow dung at the women, and throw about coloured powder. The feast ends in general debauchery.[12]

The Red Karens of Burma set up a new post in or near the village every year in the month of April. The old posts are left standing, and are not renewed if they fall into decay. After the erection of the post there is a rude May-pole dance round it to the accompaniment of drums and gongs, and much drinking and eating of pig.[13] That observant traveller, Dr. John Fryer, writing of the Karnātak, says: "In their Hooly, which is at their other Seed-time, I observed they cut a whole Tree down to the Roots, and lopped off the under-Branches till it became strait, they shoulder'd it with great Clamour, the *Brachmin* beginning a Note which they all followed: Thus they brought it into the Pale of their Pagoda, before which, easing it down at one end, the foremost made a *Salam*, and hoisted it with the same Noise again, and about they went three or four times repeating the same; which being finished, the *Arch-Brachmin* digs an hole, and baptizes

[11] E. T. Atkinson, *Gazetteer Himalayan Districts* (1884), vol. ii., pp. 368 *et seq.*

[12] W. Crooke, *The Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh* (1896), vol. ii., pp. 137 *et seq.*

[13] *Gazetteer Upper Burma* (1900), vol. i., p. 529.

it with Holy Water, wherein they fix the Tree, crowning it with Flags aloft, and about the Body up to the Green Boughs they bind Wisps of Straw, to which they put Fire, and look earnestly on the Flame, according to the Ascent of which the *Brachmin* pronounces his Auguries: then they offer Rice and Flowers, painting their bodies with the Ashes, departing with a Mace of Flowers carried before them, beating of Drums and a great Noise."[14] In the Chānda District of the Central Provinces, a coconut is hung from a pole in the middle of the Holi fire; when it falls the people secure the burnt kernel, eat it, and smear themselves with the ashes from the fire. This coconut has been interpreted as a survival of human sacrifice, the nut bearing a curious resemblance to a human head; but this seems doubtful.[15] The Pāvras, a forest tribe of Khāndesh, dig a pit, into which a wooden pole is thrust and lighted at night.[16] In the Jabalpur District, in the centre of the fire a pole is fixed with a flag on the top. When it burns the direction in which it falls is regarded as an omen,—east and west being lucky; south, the home of the dead, unlucky; north, neutral. If the flag burns and floats up in the air, severe famine is indicated.[17] In other parts of the same Province, one month before the Holi feast, a stick of the castor-oil plant, which possesses mystical powers of removing tabu or curing witchcraft,[18] is fixed in the ground, and round it the materials for the fire are piled.[19] In the Balaghat District, a piece of the sacred cotton-tree (*semal*) must form part of the pile.[20]

[14] *A New Account of the East Indies*, ed. by W. Crooke, Hakluyt Society (1912), vol. ii., pp. 79-80.

[15] *Chanda Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i., p. 91.

[16] *Bombay Gazetteer* (1880), vol. xii., p. 100.

[17] *Jubbulpore Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i., p. 90.

[18] W. Crooke, *The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India* (1896), vol. ii., pp. 20, 275.

[19] *Yeotmal Gazetteer* (1908), vol. i., p. 53.

[20] *Balaghat Gazetteer* (1907), vol. i., p. 123.

Sometimes certain things, regarded as "offerings,"—a theory which, as I shall try to show later on, seems to be mistaken,—are thrown into the fire. Thus, in the Rāigarh District, at the Holi feast, the village headman takes a hen, seven eggs, twenty-one cowry shells,—seven being a mystic number,—and some rice to the place where the fire is to be lighted, and there buries these things in a hole about a foot deep, and on the top of them plants a branch of the castor-oil plant. It is not stated that the fire is built up round the branch, but, from parallel instances, this is probably the case.[21] From many reports of such "offerings" they seem to be in the nature of firstfruits. Thus, in the Madras District of Nellore, a fire is lighted in every village, on which a cake is placed, and the right of bringing this is regarded as an honourable privilege.[22] The Rāmoshis, a forest tribe in the Deccan, light a small heap of cow-dung cakes before each house, in the middle of which is set a small piece of sugar-cane, a copper coin, and five pieces of dried coco kernel.[23] In Sambalpur, in the Central Provinces, the Mahalgundi or Gundikāi festival is held at the full moon of the month Phālguna, the date of the Holi in North India. On that day, for the first time, people eat new gram, the fruit of the mango, and, among the lower classes, the *mahua* (*Bassia latifolia*) flowers, just as new rice is eaten at the Nuākhia festival, later in the year. These foods are eaten by the male members of the family, sitting together, facing eastwards. Some of the new food is offered to the family and village god. The Gonds of the same District offer fruits to their god, Būrha Deo; this is an offering of first-fruits, and takes place at the time of the Holi.[24] Among the Pāvras, a forest tribe in Bombay, every one brings a piece of bread, some rice, and a cock; portions of these are

[21] *Chhatisgarh Feudatory States Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i, p. 171.

[22] *Nellore District Manual* (1873), p. 195.

[23] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part. i., p. 414.

[24] *Sambalpur Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i., p. 87 *et seq.*

thrown into the fire, and the remainder given to friends.[25] The Gaddis of the Panjāb Hills eat parched maize, apparently ceremonially, at the Holi.[26] In parts of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the presentation of firstfruits is absent, but some people throw into the fire cow-dung cakes and five sticks; they rub themselves and their children with the greasy condiment with which the bride and bridegroom are anointed before marriage, and, scraping the dirt thus produced off their bodies, they throw it into the fire.[27]

Probably, in the more primitive form of the rite, the fire was lighted with "pure" fire, that produced by friction. But this custom, possibly under Brāhman influence,—the production and maintenance of the sacred fire being now specialized by the Agnihotra section of Brāhmans,[28]—does not seem to prevail at the present day. In the Deccan it is the rule that the Holi fire of the Mahār caste, now a body of degraded village menials, is started first, and from it that of the higher classes is lighted. But stealing the fire from them is a matter of some risk, because the Mahārs are on the look out, and fling burning brands at the thief.[29]

As a rule, the lighting of the fire is the business of the householder or headman for the family and village fires respectively. Sometimes, as among the forest tribes, a man becomes possessed, and to him the duty is assigned. Among the more Hinduized castes and tribes, a Brāhman sometimes attends, supervizes the proceedings, repeats charms, and recites prayers. But, on the whole, the festival

[25] *Bombay Gazetteer* (1880), vol. xii., p. 100.

[26] H. A. Rose, *Glossary of Tribes and Castes of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province* (1911), vol. ii., p. 271.

[27] *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. v. (1896), p. 215.

[28] W. Crooke, *The Tribes and Castes of the North-West Provinces and Oudh* (1896), vol. i., pp. 30-3.

[29] *Yeotmal Gazetteer* (1908), vol. i., p. 53; *Ethnographic Survey Central Provinces* (1911), Part ix., p. 83: *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., p. 292.

is only vaguely connected with Hinduism in its orthodox form, except in Brāhman-ridden parts of the country, like Lower Bengal, where the official Levite has compromised with, or adopted, this non-Brāhman rite. Here he sprinkles the powder, conveys the image to the place where the fire is lighted, or performs rites which associate the observance with the cult of one of the higher gods, such as Krishna.[30]

The observances at the fire, except among the more Hinduized castes and tribes, seldom amount to actual worship. All that is done is that people ceremonially walk round it, as they do in the case of many other sacred things, keeping it on their right. Among the Rāmoshis of Poona, the head of the house walks five times round the fire, sprinkling water from a pot.[31] The Kunbis of the Deccan sit round the fire, and food is thrown into it, as has been already described.[32] In Bengal the Brāhman in charge of the rite walks round the fire seven times. The observance is sometimes combined with the cult of Krishna, as in Orissa, where the Vaishnava worshippers of the god carry his image to the houses of their disciples, to whom they present some red powder and rosewater, and receive gifts in return.[33] But it seems never to be connected with the cult of Agni, the Vedic fire-god, and there is good evidence that the fully developed fire-cult, in its modern form, is of later date than the Vedic age, and is largely due to missionaries from Irān, where, as among the modern Pārsis, it has been elaborated and systematized.

The ashes are valued as a preservative against all the vague forms of ill-luck, and as a protection against spirit agency. In the Central Provinces they are used to avert the Evil Eye, and for the cure of scorpion stings.[34] In Central India the Mahrattas "cast the ashes upon one

[30] H. H. Wilson, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., pp. 224 *et seq.*

[31] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., p. 414.

[32] *Ibid.*, p. 292.

[33] H. H. Wilson, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 226.

[34] *Seoni Gazetteer* (1907), vol. i., p. 50 *et seq.*

another, and throw them in the air, repeating their favourite extemporary stanzas, full of the grossest indelicacy, into which they freely introduce the names of their superiors, coupled with the most abominable allusions." [35]

The most interesting observance on the day when the fire is lighted is that of leaping through the flames, or walking on hot embers, usually collected in a pit dug for that purpose. At the village of Phalen in the Mathura District Mr. F. S. Growse observed that, though the heat was intense, "the lads of the village kept on running close round it, jumping and dancing and brandishing their *lāthis* [bludgeons], while the Pānda [village priest] went down and dipped in the pond and then, with his dripping *pagri* [turban] and *dhoti* [loin-cloth] on, ran back and made a feint of passing through the fire. In reality he only jumped over the outermost verge of the smouldering ashes and then darted into his cell again, much to the dissatisfaction of the spectators, who say that the former incumbent used to do it much more thoroughly. If on the next recurrence of the festival the Pānda shows himself equally timid, the village proprietors threaten to eject him, as an impostor, from the land which he holds rent-free simply on the score of his being fire-proof." [36]

Since Mr. Growse witnessed the performance at Phalen, Captain G. R. Hearn has supplied further particulars. For some eight days before the Holi the Panda stayed in a mud hut near the village tank, spending his time in prayer and fasting, his only food being milk. A bonfire was made of wild caper branches with a substratum of cow-dung cakes. Before the pile was set alight women walked round it, and wound skeins of cotton round it. Some men postured in the village square dressed in long white garments, half stupefied with drink, and with their faces painted red. The

[35] T. D. Broughton, *Letters written in a Mahratta Camp during the year 1809*, ed. 1892, pp. 69, 71.

[36] F. S. Growse, *Mathurā: a District Memoir*, 3rd ed. (1883), p. 93.

fire-walking took place at night, according to some at an auspicious time fixed by an astrologer; but the Panda in his hut constantly passed his hand through the flame of a lamp, and, when this no longer burned his flesh, he declared that the hour had arrived. The fire was then lighted, and the villagers, armed with short clubs, circled round the fire, dancing and keeping the people away. The dry thorns blazed up fiercely, and, if the Panda passed through the flame at once, it would be a miracle if he escaped without severe burns. He leisurely disrobed, went to the tank, accompanied by an old woman, entered the water, and dipped two or three times, being dressed only in a turban and loin-cloth. The old woman preceded him on his return with a brass pot full of water, which she threw on the edge of the fire, and then the Panda jumped through it, sinking nearly to the knees in the burning cowdung, the flames of which, however, are not very severe. He is said to escape without singeing even the hair on his legs. He told Captain Hearn that he knew spells (*mantra*) which he communicates to his successor in office, but only on his deathbed. There was no suspicion that he was under the influence of drugs.[37]

The Bhīls of Khāndesh, at the Holi, dig a hole four feet long and eighteen inches deep, which is filled with live coals. The priest mutters an invocation, fans the coals till they grow bright, offers a chicken, waves a sword six times over the fire, and then orders a Bhīl to walk upon it. He takes six steps in the fire three times in succession. Mr. Horst, a European officer who happened to be present, suspected trickery, but he found that the feet of the performer were not burnt or blistered, and the same was the case with his orderly, a Muhammadan from Oudh, who volunteered to walk through the fire.[38]

Similar accounts from other parts of the country are

[37] *Man*, vol. v. (1905), pp. 154-5.

[38] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xii. (1880), p. 93 *n.*

numerous. In the Nilgiri Hills, in Madras, fire-walking is done on the Monday following the new moon of February. The fire is lighted by an Udaya, or priest of Siva, who throws into it a coconut and some plantains, sprinkles a little holy water upon it, burns camphor and incense, and then leads the procession through the fire.[39] At Coonoor, in the same District, during the fire-walking rite, a young bull is forced to go across the fire-pit before the devotees, and the owners of heifers which have given their first calf during the year take precedence of other people in the ceremony, and bring milk which is sprinkled on the burning embers.[40] Among the Devangas of Cochin a member of the caste becomes possessed, and is regarded as a Velichapad or oracle-giver of the deity. He points out the place where the fire-pit is to be dug. It is filled with six or seven cart-loads of fuel, which is burned until it becomes a mass of glowing embers. The images of the gods are worshipped, and the castemen and others who are under a vow purify themselves with their priest, by bathing in the nearest tank or river. "The priest first walks on the glowing charcoal, and is at once followed by the castemen, who are in a state of fervent piety. Formerly they used to walk over it three times, but they now do it only once."[41]

In another form of the rite a cart-load or two of wood is burned, and the red-hot ashes are strewn on the ground. The temple priest does worship, standing in a diagram representing flowers and drawn on the ground. Then a

[39] *Nilgiri Gazetteer* (1908), vol. i., p. 325.

[40] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 339. Compare the custom in Ireland, when a man wearing a horse's head rushed through the flames, as surrogate or representative of all other cattle, J. A. MacCulloch, *op. cit.*, p. 215. In Brandenburgh sickness of swine was cured by driving the animals through a fire, which was lighted by the friction of a rope, or by some similar device, F. B. Gummere, *Germanic Origins* (1892), p. 401: J. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, Eng. trans. (1883), vol. ii., p. 605.

[41] L. K. Anantha Krishna Iyer, *The Cochin Tribes and Castes*, vol. ii. (1912), p. 369.

Nambiyār Brāhman becomes possessed and treads down the red-hot ashes.[42]

Such rites are not confined to Hindus. In Gujarāt the Muhammadan Phādali or "spirit-musician" becomes possessed. A pit is filled with hot embers, and a woman who has made a vow to perform the *bahlīm* rite at marriage, in the seventh month of pregnancy, or at the initiation of a boy, comes up, and, keeping time with the Phādali's song, takes the glowing coals in her hands, crushes them till they become black, and then dancing in the pit stamps out the fire with her feet. Cases do happen in which the fire-walker suffers severe injury; but when this occurs it is attributed to the neglect of the rules of ceremonial purity, or to want of cleanliness in cooking the food for the feast, or in plastering the floor where the fire is lighted.[43] At the feast of the Muharram a hole (*alāwa*) is filled with fire, and people with drawn swords jump over it, invoking the martyrs who are commemorated at this feast, with shouts of "Yā 'Alī, Hasan, Husain, Dulhā,"—the martyrs and the bridegroom of the tragedy.[44]

It is impossible to discuss in detail the question of the immunity of the performer from burns in the course of the fire-walking rite. There seems to be little or no evidence that any special protective drugs or other substances are rubbed on the feet of the fire-walkers. In some cases it is clear that they do not walk actually upon the blazing embers, but on the sides of the pile or pit, or the embers are covered with a layer of ashes which do not readily conduct heat. To this may be added the fact that the feet of Indian peasants, accustomed to walk barefoot, become hardened like leather. Mr. N. W. Thomas writes:

[42] *Ibid*, vol. ii., pp. 135-6.

[43] *Bombay Gazetteeer*, vol. ix. (1898), part ii., p. 151.

[44] *Ibid*, p. 135; S. H. Bilgrami, C. Willmott, *Historical and Descriptive Sketch of H.H. The Nizam's Dominions* (1883), vol. i., p. 360; G. A. Herklots, *Qanoon-e-Islam*, 2nd ed. (1883), p. 113.

—"*Primâ facie* we have no reason to suppose that a certain amount of auto-suggestive anaesthesia during the performance of the rite, followed by a suppression of inflammatory symptoms, for which European hypnotic clinics can supply parallels, will not suffice to explain the facts."[45]

With the usual outburst of obscenity and sexual licence the proceedings of the first day of the Holi feast conclude.

On the second day follow the customs of flinging dust and other dirt, with coloured water, on the spectators.

In the Bālaghāt District of the Central Provinces the people fling dust and cow dung on each other, and worship the local god, Gardeo, to whom women pray for the removal of barrenness.[46] At Poona this takes place on the eleventh bright day of the month Phālguna, when the people visit their priest or a temple of Vishnu, where coloured water is thrown over them; from this time till the full moon they shout abuse on any one they meet, and rub red powder on their clothes and faces.[47] Among the Rāmoshis of the same district, on the day after the fire is lighted, they throw filth at each other, pour mud out of a pot on any respectable man they chance to meet, and challenge him to a wrestling match; next day cow dung is flung on all well-dressed people.[48] The red dust (*abīr*) used in these orgies is usually made from the flour of the *singhāra* water-nut (*Trapa bispinosa*), which grows in tanks, and this is dyed with colour extracted from the red sandalwood (*Pterocarpus santalinus*), or it is tinged orange or yellow with the flowers of the *dhāk* tree (*Butea frondosa*).[49] Broughton gives a curious account of the water-flinging in the Mahratta camp, when Sindhiya used for the purpose a hand fire-engine worked by a dozen men: "we were alter-

[45] *Man*, vol. iv. (1904), p. 57.

[46] *Balaghat Gazetteer* (1907), vol. i., p. 123.

[47] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., p. 254 *et seq.*

[48] *Ibid.*, p. 414.

[49] G. Watt, *Dictionary of the Economic Products of India*, vol. vi. (1892), Part i., pp. 360 *et seq.*

nately powdered and drenched, till the floor on which we sat was covered some inches in depth with a kind of pink and orange-coloured mud. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life."[50]

At some places, on this day, the rite of swinging the images of the gods is performed. In the olden days the hook-swinging of a human victim fastened to a pole was done, but this, except perhaps in some very remote parts of the country, has fallen into disuse since it was prohibited by the British Government. In the Chhindwāra District of the Central Provinces the Bhumka or medicine-man of the forest tribes used to be swung on the Meghnād post at the Holi feast, a hook being fastened in the flesh of his back; now he is secured to the cross-beam by a rope.[51] In Hoshangābād the rite is known as "the swinging of the hero" (*bīr phirnā*). "This was originally hook-swinging (*charak pūjā*), but the hook is nearly abolished now. In some villages, for the name of the thing, a hook is passed through the swinger's back, but his body is supported by a rope passed round his waist. Sometimes a pumpkin is swung round seven times, three one way and four the other. The man who swung used generally to be a man who had vowed to do it in case some wish was performed; if no such person appeared, some one had to be hired for the purpose. If a woman makes a vow, she climbs up the pole, but does not swing, and never did. The tall upright pole, painted red, with pegs in it to climb up by, is called Meghnāth, but there does not seem to be a reference to the brother of Rawun, or, at any rate, none is now understood. Almost every village of any size has a Meghnāth."[52]

[50] *Op. cit.*, p. 67. [51] *Chhindwara Gazetteer* (1907), vol. i., p. 242.

[52] C. A. Elliott, *Hoshungabad Settlement Report* (1867), p. 126. Meghnāth would mean "Rain Lord"; but the proper term is Meghanāda ("Cloud, noise of rain or thunder"). Indrajit or Meghanāda was *son* of the demon Rāvana, who appears in the Rāmāyana Epic.

This leads us to the sexual conflict which occurs at the festival. I have elsewhere quoted the account of the custom at Mathura by Mr. F. S. Growse.[53] Captain G. R. Hearne writes:—"At the other Jāt villages in the northern part of the Mathura district, Jan and Bathen, a peculiar game is played about the time of the Holi. The men arm themselves with branches of trees and form a ring, while the women with stout *lāthis* or staves, and with *sāris* [sheets] drawn over their faces, fiercely assault the ring and break it, soundly belabouring the men. Separate rings are formed by the Jāts and by the Chamārs [curriers] or low castes. Finally they return to the village in pairs, the man chanting a song, and the woman, when he has finished, driving him on a few paces." He notes that it is curious that the Jāts, supposed to be "Indo-Aryans," perform this rite. It is, however, now certain that the Jāts are descended from Scythians or Huns, who invaded Northern India. The rite was either introduced from abroad, or more probably is borrowed from the so-called "Dravidians."[54]

Among the Gonds and other forest tribes of the Central Provinces, who have what is called by Hindustani-speaking observers "the breaking of the sugar ball" (*gur tūtnā*) performed about the time of the Holi, "a stout pole, some twelve or fifteen feet high, is set up, and a lump of *gur* [coarse sugar from which the treacle has not been removed], with a rupee in it, placed on the top, and round it the Gond women . . . take their stand, each with a little green tamarind rod in her hands. The men collect outside, and each has a kind of shield, made of two parallel sticks joined by a cross-piece held in the hand, to protect themselves from the blows. They make a rush together, and one of them swarms up the pole, the women all the time plying their tamarind rods vigorously; and it is no child's play, as the men's backs attest the next day. When

[53] *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India* (1896), vol. ii., p. 316.
[54] *Man*, vol. v. (1905), p. 155.

he gets to the top he takes the piece of *gur* and slips down, and gets off as rapidly as he can. This is done five or six times over, with the greatest good humour, and generally ends with an attack of the women *en masse* on all the men. It is a regular Saturnalia for the women, who lose all fear and respect even for a Settlement Officer; and on one occasion when he was looking on, he only escaped by the most abject submission, and presentation of rupees."[55]

Among the Bhīls of Western India at the Holi "another of their frolics is to plant a small tree branch firmly in the ground. Round this men and women gather, the women round the tree, the men outside. One man rushing in tries to uproot the tree, when all the women set on him and thrash him so soundly that he has to retire. Another man steps in, and he too is belaboured, and makes his escape. Thus the play goes on, till one man luckier or thicker skinned than the rest, bears off the tree, but seldom without a load of blows that cripples him for days."[56] With this we may compare the custom among the Kāfirs, at the Dizanedu festival in July, when women have the privilege of seizing men and ducking them in streams.[57] In Madras, on the third day of the Holi, the Lambādis, gipsy-like carriers, sing, dance, and dress in gala attire. The men snatch away the food which has been prepared by the women, and run away amidst protests from the women, who sometimes chastize them.[58]

It is significant, in this connection, that among the Bhīls the Bhagoria, or day before the Holi, is the time when the young men and their friends abduct girls; some time after due payment of the bride-price is made, and the unions are legalized.[59]

[55] C. A. Elliott, *op. cit.*, pp. 126 *et seq.*

[56] *Bombay Gazetteer* (1880), vol. vi., p. 21.

[57] Sir G. S. Robertson, *The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush* (1896), p. 592.

[58] E. Thurston, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India* (1909), vol. iv., p. 230.

[59] Captain C. E. Luard, *Ethnographic Survey, Central India* (1909), p. 24.

The last of the distinctive Holi observances is the procession. These processions seem to be practically confined to Western and Central India. At Ajmer, the Oswāl merchants have a procession, in which a man known as the Rāo or "Chief" is dressed up as a bridegroom and, seated on a cot, is carried in procession through their quarter. Men and women pour red water through syringes on the Rāo, who carries an open umbrella to ward off the deluge. At Beāwar in Rājputāna, a similar figure, called Bādshāh, "King," is led through the streets amidst singing and dancing, and is pelted with red powder. After the fête the Bādshāh in his robes is taken to pay his respects to the British Magistrate.[60] Another observer thus describes the scene in Central India :—"The most remarkable incident of the day was a procession.... The principal figure in it was a fat merchant, who, after having been fully intoxicated, represented the companion of Holica. Bestriding a small donkey, his face smeared with ochre, a string of the most heterogeneous objects round his neck, and his head covered with flowers, he moved along, held upon the donkey by two staggering acolytes; and behind him came the travesty of a royal parasol, made out of the bottom of an old basket fastened on to a cane. His cortége consisted of a drunken and vociferous crowd of half-naked men and women, who howled and rolled themselves on the ground, like the chorus of the antique Silenus, and naked children, decked with flowers, ran in front, blowing earthenware horns or beating cracked tomtoms [drums]. In this order the procession traversed the méla, or fair, swollen by all the vagabonds on its route, and assailed by a shower of harmless projectiles, such as sacks of purple powder or rotten fruit. When it reached the plain a halt was made, and the crowd danced round the pseudo-Silenus, indulging in plentiful libations of the mowrah spirit."[61] In Bombay, one of the most notable

[60] *Gazetteer Ajmer-Merwara* (1904), p. 40.

[61] L. Rousselet, *India and its Native Princes* (1878), p. 345, with a drawing.

observances at the Holi festival is the Varghoda, or "Bridegroom mounted on a horse" procession of the Pathāri Prabhus, who are Government servants, clerks, and pleaders. On this day a beggar boy was selected to act the part of bridegroom (*var*). He was mounted on a horse with his face to the tail and decked in tinsel. He paraded the city followed by a line of carts full of men disguised as dancing-girls, monkeys, and the like, and with persons dressed to represent popular and unpopular citizens or countrymen, and bearing appropriate mottoes and legends.[62] By another account, the part of bridegroom was taken by a Brāhman, who was paid five rupees for the performance. He was dressed in a coat (*jāma*), and wore a cone-shaped, snuff-coloured turban, and rode on a horse, with a very long Chinese umbrella over his head. Some years ago the disorderly conduct at the procession led to its prohibition by the police authorities, but this was withdrawn in deference to an appeal by the Prabhu community. For seven years the procession was discontinued owing to the ravages of plague. I am not informed that it has since that time been revived.[63]

We are at once reminded by these processions of the Persian Ride of the Beardless One, which has recently been discussed by Dr. Frazer.[64] An early account is that of Albiruni:[65] "*Bahar-cashn*, the feast of the *Riding of Alkausaj*. This day was the beginning of spring at the time of the Kisras. Then a thin-bearded (Kausaj) man used to ride about, fanning himself with a fan to express his rejoicing at the end of the cold season and the coming of the warm season. This custom is in Persia still kept up

[62] *Gazetteer Bombay City and Island* (1909), vol. i., pp. 175 *et seq.*

[63] Balaji Sitaram Kothare, *Hindu Holidays* (1904), p. 99.

[64] *The Golden Bough*, 3rd edition, Part vi. (1913), *The Scapegoat*, pp. 402 *et seq.*: Sir R. Burton, *A Thousand Nights and a Night* (1893), vol. iii., p. 93 *n.*, quoting Richardson, *Dissertation*, p. lii.

[65] *The Chronology of Ancient Nations* (1879), p. 211.

for fun." He was doused with cold water, ice and snow, and if people did not contribute when he halted at their doors, he used to befoul their garments with mud or a mixture of red ochre and water. Professor E. G. Browne has kindly translated for me another account from the best modern Persian Dictionary: "*Kusa barnashin* was the name of a festival amongst the Parsi (Zoroastrians) in Persia, in which on the first of the month Azar they mounted a man with a scanty beard [on a horse, mule, donkey, or the like], anointing his body with 'warm' drugs, and making him eat 'warm' food. He held a fan in his hand, with which he fanned himself, complaining of the heat, while the people on all sides pelted him with snow and ice, and gave him something [presumably money], and if anyone refused to give him anything, he used to pour over his [the refuser's] clothes ink or black earth, which he had with him. Thus he used to conduct himself for a certain definite period by permission of the authorities; but if he exceeded this permission, he was punished. The Pārsis held the day in honour and respect, for they say that on this day Jamshīd [first] brought pearls out of the sea, and that on this day happiness or misery is allotted to mankind by the predestination of God Most High. And the Arabs call this day Rukāb-i-Kūsaj [The Scanty-bearded Man's Riding]."

In this connection, it is interesting to note that in Central and Southern India a sort of mystery play is performed to commemorate the death of Kāmadeva, the god of love and fertility. The Kotas, on the first Monday after the January new moon, propitiate Kāma-tarāya by a feast said to be a continuous scene of licentiousness and debauchery. The observances include the lighting of a fire at a temple, music, dancing, and cadging for presents of grain and butter, which are cooked, offered to the god, and finally shared between the priests and the worshippers. Then follows a burlesque representation of a Toda funeral, in which the part of the

sacrificial buffaloes is taken by men wearing buffalo horns and their bodies covered with black cloth.[66] In the Chānda District of the Central Provinces, at the Holi, two fires are lighted, and the festival is supposed to symbolize the death of Kāmadeva and the rejoicings at his rebirth.[67] The Mannewārs, a tribe allied to the Gonds, perform a rite at the Holi which explains the lighting of the double fire. They make two human figures intended to represent Kāma, god of love, and Ratī, his wife. The male figure is thrown into the fire with a live chicken or an egg. This, it is suggested, represents a human sacrifice, but this interpretation is, as we shall see, doubtful.[68] In Bengal, after the flinging of the coloured water, "a bonfire is made on a spot previously prepared, and a sort of Guy Fawkes-like effigy, termed Holiká, made of bamboo laths and straw, is formally carried to it and committed to the flames. In villages and small towns the bonfire is public, and is made outside the houses. The figure is conveyed to the spot by Brahmans or Vaishnavas, in regular procession, attended by musicians and singers. Upon their arrival at the spot, the image is placed in the centre of the pile, and the officiating Brahman, having circumambulated it seven times, sets it on fire."[69] A few years ago, at the Rāmgarh Hill in the Native State of Sirguja, south of Mirzapur, a record of a drama performed at the Holi festival, with a cave theatre in which it was acted, was discovered.[70] We may suspect a survival of similar performances in the Holi observances now carried out in the Poona District, where boys dressed as dancing-girls take the place of women at the Holi festival, and perform a

[66] E. Thurston, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India* (1909), vol. iv., p. 14 *et seq.*

[67] *Chanda Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i., p. 91.

[68] *Ethnographic Survey, Central Provinces* (1911), Part v., p. 66.

[69] H. H. Wilson, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 225.

[70] *Archaeological Report, India* (1903-4), p. 123 *et seq.*

baton dance (*tipria*), in which twenty or thirty young men move in a circle to the sound of a drum and pipe, each armed with a bludgeon, which they clash alternately against the sticks of the dancers before and behind them. Besides dancing, they play games, such as Tiger and Sheep, Fox and Dog, and Prisoner's Base. They also wrestle and perform feats of strength at the stone which embodies the demon Vetāla.[71] When we remember the probable origin of the term Holi, and that a part of the rite is bawling and beating the mouth with the back of the hand, which elsewhere seems to be a sign of mourning,[72] we may suspect that this is the wailing for the death of a vegetation deity, whose image has been consumed in the fire, perhaps combined with rejoicings for his resurrection, the orgiastic ritual of the present day disguising the primitive form of the observance.

Lastly, divination is practised by observing the smoke of the Holi fire. This is an ancient practice, since in the Atharvaveda we find mention of a functionary, known as "He of the Dung-smoke" (Sakadhūma), who used to predict weather for a traveller by observing the smoke of burning cow dung.[73] Omens are also taken from the smoke of the fire-sacrifice (*homa*), and in Borneo from that of the funeral pyre.[74] In Gujarāt, on the morning of the third of the light fortnight of the month Baisākh, a man sits in the open with a burning cow-dung cake in his hand. If the smoke moves towards the sun, there will be heavy rain; if it forms a wreath and passes high over his head, there will

[71] *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. (1885), Part i., p. 293.

[72] J. G. Frazer, *The Scapegoat*, pp. 135, 207.

[73] M. Bloomfield, *Hymn of the Atharvaveda*, Sacred Books of the East, vol. xlii. (1897), p. 532. But this interpretation is not free from difficulty. A. A. Macdonell and A. B. Keith, *Vedic Index of Names etc.*, vol. ii. p. 346.

[74] *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. v. (1896), p. 199; H. Ling Roth, *The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo* (1896), vol. i., p. 137. For divination at Midsummer rites, see J. G. Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, 2nd ed. (1907), pp. 210 *et seq.*

be partial or complete failure of rain.[75] The mnemonic lines current in Northern India tell that if the smoke of the Holi fire blows to the west, the season will be good; to the east, the rain will be partial; to the south, wealth will be destroyed, but hemp and grass will grow in their season; to the north, rain will surely fall. If the smoke blow to all four quarters of the sky, the people will be miserable, and the king will be slain; if the blaze go straight up to heaven, there will be war on the earth.[76]

Having thus, from a large collection of material, given a summary of the Holi observances, we may attempt very briefly to interpret their significance.

The rites are purely animistic, or pre-animistic; at any rate, they have no connexion with orthodox Hinduism. The otiose legends which profess to explain the rites are figments of a later age invented to bring it in line with Brāhmanism.

Thus, we are told, Holikā was a cannibal Rākhshasī or female demon, who levied a toll of a child daily. When one unhappy mother was forced to pay the tribute, she consulted a wise ascetic, who told her that the monster would fall down and die if she once were forced to listen to foul abuse. So, when she came to demand the child, the village boys and girls assailed her with ribaldry, and she died. But, to make assurance doubly sure, they immediately cremated her.[77] It is, however, obvious that Holikā, the ogress, is only the impersonation or projection of the devouring fire: she was developed from the fire, not the fire from her.

Again, when the demon Tārakāsura oppressed the gods,

[75] *Bombay Gazetteer* (1901), vol. ix., Part i., p. 353.

[76] W. Crooke, *Rural and Agricultural Glossary for the North-West Provinces and Oudh* (1888), p. 125; cf. *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. v. (1896), p. 215.

[77] S. M. Natesa Sastri, *Hindu Feasts, Fasts, and Ceremonies* (1903), pp. 42 *et seq.*

they determined that Skanda or Kārttikeya, god of war, should be created to destroy him. They induced Kāma, god of love, to inflame Siva, who was then engaged in austerities, with desire to unite with his consort, Pārvatī. Siva fell a victim to the temptation, but in his wrath he poured a flame of fire from his third eye on Kāma, who was burnt to ashes. Hence the fire is lighted annually on the day of his death.[78] The object of the story is clearly to associate the fire with the cultus of Siva.

Again, the pious Prahlāda was a follower of Vishnu; but his father, a wicked demon named Hiranykasipu, to punish his son's apostacy, induced his sister, Holī or Holikā, to torture Prahlāda. This scheme came to naught. She herself was burnt to death by Vishnu, who entered for the purpose into a pillar of red-hot iron.[79] As before, the object of the tale is to associate the feast with the cultus of Vishnu.

We have seen that the festival marks not only the close of one of the seasons, but also the end of the year in its older form. It is thus a crisis, a No Man's time, a *rite de passage*, as M. van Gennep terms it. It is at such times, for instance, during the intercalary months, that festivals in the nature of the Saturnalia, accompanied by ribaldry and obscene rites, very commonly occur.[80] Such observances are associated with one or other of the chief agricultural seasons, especially with seed-time and harvest, or, as in the present case, with the death of the old and the rebirth of the new year. On the principles of mimetic magic, orgiastic rites are supposed to recruit and re-invigorate the exhausted energies of the year that has passed, and to promote fresh and healthy activity in the coming season. This is represented by the burning of Kāma, god of

[78] Balaji Sitaram Kothare, *op. cit.*, pp. 97-8: H. H. Wilson, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., pp. 230 *et seq.*

[79] *Vishnu Purana*, trans. H. H. Wilson (1840), p. 126 *et seq.*: W. Crooke, *The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India* (1896), vol. ii., p. 313.

[80] J. G. Frazer, *The Scapegoat*, p. 328 *et seq.*

fertility, or of the tree which is the more primitive form of the rite.

One of the agencies which help to secure the promotion of fertility is fire. It is both a purifier and an agency for the dispersal of *mana*. Among races which, like the Hindus, practise cremation of the dead, it slays the foul Pisāchas, the impersonation of bodily corruption, and releases the purified soul to join the Pitri, or sainted dead. It conveys the sweet savour, the *mana* of the sacrifice, with that of the firstfruits which are cast into it, and spreads their refreshing influence far and wide. Here the functions of the removal of the influences which check fertility and the invigoration of fertility itself meet and combine: the *mana* dispersed by the flames performs both objects. Hence it is hardly necessary, as Mr. Hartland does,[81] in order to account for the practice of passing men or animals through the fire, to accept the theory of Mannhardt or Dr. Frazer that we have here a magical method of securing a due supply of sunshine, the sun being a well-known source of fertility, particularly as Dr. Frazer himself, in his last treatment of this subject, has abandoned this view.[82] At the same time, some of us may still be inclined to accept the belief that, as in the case of the Celtic Samhain,[83] men thought it necessary to assist the powers of growth which were in danger and eclipse in the winter, by the agency of fire.

[81] *Primitive Paternity* (1909), vol. i., pp. 99 *et seq.*

[82] *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, 2nd ed. (1907), p. 209 *n.* 1. *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed., Part vii., vol. i. (1913), pp. 341 *et seq.*

[83] J. A. MacCulloch, *The Religion of the Ancient Celts* (1911), p. 261. The curious Shān rite, in which bonfires are lighted in the cold season to warm the spirits of deceased monks embodied in the temple images of Buddha, in its present form at least, seems to be only a method of comforting the chilly souls of the dead. H. S. Hallett, *A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States* (1890), p. 265. In the Vedic age a rite known as the Mahāvrata was performed at the winter solstice for the purpose of drawing away influences hostile to the return of the sun. A. A. Macdonell and H. B. Keith, *Vedic Index of Names and Subjects etc.*, vol. i., p. 368.

The custom of leaping over the fire is, then, partly due to the belief that it is purgative; partly, that it promotes conception in women; partly, that the higher the leapers jump, the higher the crops are believed to grow. In the Greek rite of the Amphidromia the object is in part purificatory, and in part the object is to present the child duly to the sacred hearth.[84] The two fires which in one of the Indian cases are lighted, one communal and the other domestic, may perhaps be compared with the Prytaneum and the family hearth respectively.[85]

In the case recorded from the Mathura District, the Panda or Kherapati is induced or forced to pass through the fire. The word Panda is a later title of this official; the more primitive name, Kherapati, means "Lord of the mound on which the village is built," the non-Brahmanical medicine-man, ghost-scarer, exorcist, who acts as priest, not to the orthodox deities, but of the village gods, the change of name indicating the gradual absorption of these gods into official Hinduism. He acts as the surrogate or representative of the community, and is provided with a glebe as remuneration for his services. This pretence of putting a man on the fire does not necessarily imply human sacrifice, though this may have been at one time part of the rite: the primary intention is that of purgation.

The drenching with water is usually interpreted as a magical rain-charm, as in the case of the dousing with water of the Oraon priest at the Sarhūl, or spring festival.[86] But it seems also to be a fertility rite. Among the Krishnanvakkar caste in Travancore, the maternal uncle pours water into a palm leaf held by bride and bridegroom.[87]

[84] L. R. Farnell, *The Higher Aspects of Greek Religion*, Hibbert Lectures (1912), p. 28; *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. v. (1909), p. 356.

[85] J. G. Frazer, *Journal of Philology*, vol. xiv. (1885), p. 147; L. R. Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. v. (1909), p. 350; J. G. Frazer, *Pausanias*, vol. iv. (1898), p. 441 *et seq.*

[86] E. T. Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal* (1872), p. 261.

[87] *Travancore Census Report* (1901), vol. i., p. 336.

Among the Badagas, bride and bridegroom pour water on each other's feet; the bride makes small pools of water, and when asked by her relatives who made them, replies "My father and my mother".[88] Among the Patānē Prabhus, the kinsmen of the bride wash the feet of the bridegroom before he starts for the wedding.[89] Among the Chakmas, an elder sprinkles rice water over the bride and bridegroom, pronounces them man and wife, and says a charm used for fruitfulness.[90] The use of water in gift-giving, and in particular for the giving of the bride, may be connected with the same idea.[91]

The colouring of the water with red or yellow dyes adds to the efficacy of the charm.

The sexual conflict, the fight between men and women in the Mathura observances, and the combat round the pole by the Gonds and allied tribes, seem to rest on varied modes of thought. It is, in part, probably merely orgiastic, associated with the license and relaxation of moral control which is common in such observances, the apotropaeic power of indecency being familiar in primitive ritual.[92] The Bhīls, as we have seen, abduct girls at the Holi festival. Or, again, the blows administered by the women to the men in the Gond rite may be interpreted as a fertility charm.

The object of the pole-climbing is obscure. In one sense, it may be grouped with the custom of leaping over the fire as a mode of promoting the growth of crops: the higher the man climbs, the more vigorous is the life of the plant. A similar belief may account for the custom in the Central Provinces, when children and young men swing and walk

[88] F. Metz, *Tribes Inhabiting the Neilgherry Hills* (1864), p. 88.

[89] *Bombay Gazetteer* (1884), vol. xviii., Part i., pp. 207 *et seq.*

[90] T. H. Lewin, *The Hill Tracts of Chittagong* (1869), p. 71.

[91] H. T. Colebrooke, *Essays on the Religion and Philosophy of the Hindus* (1858), p. 132; *The Jataka*, vol. i. (1895), p. 17 *n.* 2, vol. iii. (1897), p. 180.

[92] J. Hastings, *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (1910), vol. iii., pp. 435 *et seq.*

on stilts in the fields, or play with little grooved wheels of wood and brass, to which a long string is tied, the wheel being thrown into the air and dragged back again, the theory being that the crop will grow as high as the stilt-walker, or as long as the swing or wheel ascends into the air.[93] The same is the case with the upward movement of the swing in which a man is pulled up and down, which, as we have seen, is part of the observances at the Holi. The circular movement acts as a mode of dispersing the *mana* of the victim, as in the case of the fire itself. These customs may be compared with that current in Southern France, where, at the midsummer fire-lighting, the man who was last married in the village, a type of fertility, has to climb up a ladder and bring down a garland of flowers fixed on the top of the tree, which is split and burned.[94] In the same way, the procession, in its Indian form, seems to imply a sacred marriage or fertility charm. But in the Gond rite the name of the tree associates the custom with some obscure form of rain magic. We must also remember that these mock combats imply a contest between the powers of good and evil, in which the ultimate success of the influence of good is carefully arranged.

Finally, we have reason to suspect that the divination from the smoke of the fire is a broken-down form of magic intended to cause rain or fruitful seasons. In more primitive thought the direction of the smoke did not foretell the amount of rain: it caused the rain to fall.

It is hardly necessary to say that this attempt at the interpretation of the complex rites which are included in the Holi observances must be regarded as only tentative. Many of the facts which I have collected in this paper have been intentionally selected from the usages current in those Districts and among those tribes which have been least

[93] *Betul Gazetteer* (1907), vol. i., p. 91; *Nagpur Gazetteer* (1908), vol. i., p. 95.

[94] J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, Part vii., vol. i. (1913), p. 192.

affected by orthodox Hinduism. But in India the intermingling of the race types and the insidious but effective influences of Brahmanism have from a very early period been so continuous that it is difficult to sort out those observances which are really primitive and discard what is due to the orthodox priestly body.

On the whole, there seems to be some reason to believe that the intention to promote the fertility of men, animals, and crops supplies the basis of the rites. The object is, in essence, magical; but it is difficult to disentangle the varied forms of this magic, which operates either as directly promoting fertility, or as an agency for the removal of the forces which impede fertility, while in some cases we may suspect a more special intention, for instance, rain-making, the control of the seasons, or the fertilization of some particular crop.

The best chance of arriving at a solution of these questions lies in the hope that this review of an interesting and complex group of rites may suggest the need of further investigation, particularly in those Districts and among those tribes which have been least exposed to the influence of Brahmanical Hinduism.

W. CROOKE.

COLLECTANEA.

"The Keener" in the Scottish Highlands and Islands.

The "Banshee" has an ascertained place in the English language, and, while the word literally means 'woman fairy,' Joyce[1] defines it as a female spirit attending upon certain families heard "keening" round the house when some member is about to die. At funerals the wake or watching of the body, *laithi na canti* (the days of lamentation), have from the oldest times on record even to the present day been accompanied by what Spenser calls "dispairful outcrys." This was the *cai* or *caoi*.

The exact equivalent of the Banshee in the West Highlands is the Caonteach, Cointeach, Caointeach, or its diminutive Caointeachan from *caoin* (weep, lament). One reciter in telling of lamentation heard before the death of an old man in Argyleshire said that at first it was supposed to be the Caointeachan, but after the man's death his daughter passed the window weeping, and it was agreed it was not the Caointeachan, which is supposed to be attached to particular families, but only a *manadh*, *i.e.* a warning which may happen to anyone.

The Caonteach is spoken of throughout Argyleshire, Gigha, Islay, Jura, Tyree, the Long Island, and Skye. Families to which it is said to be attached in these districts are Macmillans, Mathisons, Kellys, Mackays, MacAffers, Duffies, Macfarlanes, Shaws, Maclergans, and Curries—in Gaelic MicVorran, MicMhurraidh, MicMhurrich. MicVorran, since Gaelic has no *v*, might be represented as Micmhourn.[2]

[1] P. W. Joyce, *A Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. i, p. 264.

[2] The name Currie itself might conceivably have been considered as connected with *cura* (care, guardianship), and the Caonteach looked upon as their

The appearance taken by the Caonteach varies considerably. It is generally described as "small," "a little woman," "a very small woman in short gown and petticoat with a high crowned white cap," and also, like other fairies, "in a green petticoat with a high crowned mutch." Another reciter described it as "like a real little child"; the woman who saw it, going up to it and putting her hand on its head, asked "what makes you weep?" and found the child's head "awfully soft." It is described, however, as something even more diminutive; it is "a little white thing." One of the Curries had it in his hand, and it was white and soft as wool. This is a frequent description of it. Another said it resembles a small tuft of wool, and is soft to feel, having neither flesh, blood, or bones. It was hard to understand how it could be so differently described, as it is said to have been an ordinary woman, and taken up into his machine by a man driving. When we are told, however, that it is the soul of the person who is to die, we understand why it should be light and white, and as a further deduction appear as what is white and light, namely, a tuft of wool.

In the burying-ground in Glen Macaoidh in the Rhinns of Islay there is the appearance as of the impression of a human foot, and less clearly of a human hand, on a stone said to be haunted by a Caonteach, who, however, only comes at certain times of the year for a few weeks, especially in harvest.

That the "keener" should walk round the house accords with all precedent, as, for instance, in the *deasal*, the right-handed lucky turns made at funerals, weddings, boat launchings, and Hogmanay visitations. The "keener," however, is not lucky, and this may account for its being specially mentioned as "passing the back door of a house," "passing behind the house," "the back window," "moving slowly about houses" and stack yards, and even "seen on the dunghill." Evidently this points to an inferred connection between the word *caoin* (kind, soft, lowly), and the name Caointeach. The resemblance to a woman and to a soft material of some sort is peculiarly clear in the statement of an

curatrix (guardian). It seems possible that a fanciful connection with the English "mourn," to lament, may be a cause of the connection of the MacVorrans and the Caonteach.

Islay man that his granduncle, coming home from Gartacharra and Conispie, saw the Caonteach beating clothes on a stone; "he lifted her; she felt very light and soft in his hands just like a tuft of wool: she is a kindly creature, and would do harm to nobody." One reciter considered its low wailing cry as evidence of a naturally sympathetic nature.

The form taken by its crying varies according to different accounts. Generally it is described as a "mournful wailing," and also as a "bitter weeping," the "most mournful weeping ever heard." But it is also described as a "fearful noise," "three fearful screams," but, strange to say, also "like the splashing of water." It is undoubtedly confused with singing in the ears, which, if noticed before a death, is called *Caointeachan cluaise* (the ear keener). A Gigha informant says that the Caointeachan is a warning of death, but other stories point to her as a sort of foreteller of future events. If the prophecy is that of a drowning accident, there seems nothing but a filling of the usual roll. But we are told that one of the Curries got the information that his circumstances would improve so that he should die the owner of a conveyance, an equivalent no doubt to the respectability conferred by the possession of a gig. Another foretold a woman's second marriage while her husband was still alive. Another prophecy, signifying no doubt death, was when a man was informed that the errand on which he was engaged was not to his advantage, as "the core of your heart and your two paps will go;" this was fulfilled by the death of his wife and two children within a few days. A parallel story to the above is the information the Caointeachan gave to the man who took her up beside him in his machine. He had two children ill at the time; one, she said, would die, and the other recover, and, further, his wife would die before himself, all which is said to have come true. The Caointeachan who was asked why she wept only answered "you, Flora Currie, are here;" Flora, who was going to visit a child, found the child dead on her arrival. All of them, however, are not so mild-mannered, one having given a slap on the cheek to a man which caused paralysis. His offence was putting his hand under a stone frequented by her and taking from it a flint, which he used to light his pipe.

A story is told of one of the Macmillans of Dunmore. A man in the neighbourhood heard the "keener," and asked her the cause of the lamenting: she told him one of the family had died at Sligo in Ireland; he asked for some proof, and was told he would find a hole burned in his plaid next morning. Sure enough the hole was there, and the body of the dead man was subsequently brought to Dunmore for burial.

A Tyree man spoke of the Caointeachan as a male, and that to see or hear him was a fortunate thing, for what *he* said for good or evil would happen without much delay.

In the outer islands more especially we hear of the "Washer Woman" Bean Nigheachain, otherwise Bean Nighidh. Accounts of her are common in Lewis, Harris, Uist, and Coll, and she is credited, when seen, with foretelling some fatality, but is not specially attached to particular families. A reciter in Lewis said she is supposed only to appear in connection with some general fatality.

This "water nymph" "resembles a woman somewhat," is of small size, and one of our informants said that her feet were red and webbed like a duck's. Like other "superior kinds of fairies" she is credited with a green dress, and was said to come about gentlemen's houses at night, and, though seen "after dark and by children going to school in the early morning," she evidently shuns daylight. She is invariably seen in the neighbourhood of water, a necessary consequence of her occupation as a Washer Woman, and what she washes is described as "clothes of the battle" and shrouds (*aodach mairbh*, *ais-leine*). There is in a burn in the parish of Kinloch-Spelvie in Mull a flat stone, on which she would be seen "posting clothes," *i.e.* beating them with a beetle, or tramping them. The noise made by her is likened to "clapping hands, as of one washing clothes," and also as "like the splashing of water."[3]

The result of interviews with the Bean Nighidh varies considerably, as may be supposed when we are told by some that she is of a friendly disposition and that her appearance has no significance in association with death, but by others again that,

[3] Cf. vol. xxi., pp. 180, 189 (Co. Clare); and, for the *lavandières de nuit*, P. Sébillot, *Le Folk-lore de France*, Tome iii.

though hurt follows her appearance, it is not her doing. A lad who saw one and went down to her was dipped by her in the river, she abusing him for going too near her. An onlooker who sees the Washer Woman first has nothing to fear, but if she sees him first she will get the better of him. Some men who worked on the Highland Railway, and "were as respectable as other folk" and came from the Reay country, were descendants of a Bean Nighidh. A boy going to school with his two sisters, who saw one while he himself did not, shortly afterwards took ill and died, the girls apparently being none the worse. A woman had become so accustomed to the sight of a Bean Nighidh who frequented the neighbourhood in which she lived, Lochcarron, that, when asked by her husband who the little woman he saw was, answered him "*cha'n 'eil ann ach a' bhean-nigheachain*," (it is only the Washer Woman). On this occasion the Bean Nighidh had not perceived them at first, but, when she did, she left the stream and went under a little bush growing on the bank and in an agitated manner began breaking off the points of the branches and throwing them away. The reciter of this story did not think of her as associated with death, and in fact considered her appearance of little or no significance. From Coll we are told of a man crossing a stream after dark seeing what he supposed to be a woman washing. Considering her appearance as untimely, he thought to "try her with stones;" the result was that, after a few of these missives, she disappeared, and he concluded that she was a Washer Woman. The person to whom this happened was the uncle of the reciter's brother-in-law, and the story was told in all good faith.

Some maintained that the Washer Woman did not foretell death and was different from the Caointeachan, giving the former credit for being sympathetic, a sympathy apparently shown by her preparing the shroud, and some say that any request made to her she must grant if the inquirer can get between her and the water where she is washing. Like other fairy gifts, however, wealth acquired in this way was said at least in one case to be of little benefit to the receiver.

The identity of the Caointeachan and the Washer Woman appears very clearly in the belief we find in Islay that the Caoin-

teachan does not like to be disturbed when washing, and, if a person should come too near her at such a time, he might expect to get a switch with the shroud across his legs which would take them off. They seem irritable creatures, for we are told that near the Free Church in Bernera, Harris, two of them were seen fighting.

There is a large flat stone in Gleann-na-gaoithe in Islay with a deep hole scooped out of its surface, and this is called the Caoin-teachan's tub. A man on his way to Portnahaven crossing the Glen put his foot on the so-called tub, and immediately his head was twisted round until his face was almost at his back. As this uncomfortable condition continued for some time, he was advised to go and sit on the tub till the Caonteach came to him, and then boldly to refuse to move until she put his head right. She made her appearance in due course, and in answer to his request she promised to cure him on condition that he would never put his foot on her tub again. This he was glad to undertake, and she fulfilled her part of the bargain.

This same fairy myth appears in Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, the name applied being the "Vow." The most notorious locality at which she is said to appear is the river Carron. The Vow is not here spoken of as audibly plaintive, but she is said to show malevolence, which takes the form of causing death by drowning to those crossing the waters she frequents; she loses her importance, therefore, where fords have been replaced by bridges. They speak of her also as a "kelpie" who warns those to be drowned. Kelpies are of either sex. The Highland *each-uisge* (water horse) and *tarbh-uisge* (water bull) are other forms of the kelpie; compare Icelandic *kalfr*; O.H.G. *chalba* a calf, also the calf of the leg; Lhuyd, *colpach*, a colt, bullock, or heifer. Local information tells us nothing of outcry in case of the Vow. The localities frequented by her are fords, and her occupation is that of beetling clothes on a flat stone, like the "Washer Woman." A Gaelic speaker described her appearance, as seen when he was fishing in the Carron, as "*cruban* at a place on the river where was a ford." *Cruban* (sitting squat) is Gaelic for a "crab," and is applied to a "claw, hoof, or paw," and, as already mentioned, the Bean Nighidh is credited with peculiar feet and could crouch under a low bush.

The Vow is evidently a Teutonic name for an equivalent to the Banshee, Caonteach, and Bean Nighidh.

In the district of Carradale in Kintyre is a point called Sroin na h-Eannachair; as our reciter said, "the haunt of a supernatural being which makes a fearful noise before the death of any of the Clan Macmillan." *Eannachar* is evidently the local name for the Caonteach of the Macmillans, and a translation of the name shows the union of innocence and a connection with a pass and water such as we find in the case of the Washer Woman and of the Vow. *Eanach* (Dinneen), *eannech* (O'Reilly), and *eannach* (Armstrong) all mean "innocent," "free from sin," "spotless," "pure," as we should expect from the descriptions we have of the Caonteach. *Eanach* (Dinneen and O'Reilly) is "a marsh," "a lake," common in place names, *e.g.* Annaghbeg, Annaghbane, etc., and is connected with *ean* (a bird, fowl of any sort), bearing out the description of the Caonteach having red feet webbed like a duck. *Eanach* (a marsh) is the haunt of wild fowl. *Eanach* is also given as "a pass," "a road," recalling the preference of the Vow for fords.

We advance the thesis that all these stories have some common origin in nature, and we suggest that the weird calling at night of wild animals such as wolves and owls, when they vary a little from the more usually recognised sounds, are the probable cause from which these traditions have been built up; the appearance ascribed is not merely from something seen, but also the result of after consideration of the names applied or applicable. In support of this the Banshee seems to be a modern expression for what appears in old Irish romance as the Bodb, the goddess of battle, naturally connected with families of importance to whom she may be supposed to have rendered service. She is the *bodhbh* or grey crow, the so-called royston, scald crow, as being "noisy," "blustering," and as the goddess of battle presided over sudden death.

Hilpert in his Dictionary gives *wauwau* as provincial for a "bugbear," "old bogie," an onomatopoeia for the barking of a dog, which at once shows the connection of the Vow with noise. May not *bodb*, *bodhbh* be a Gaelic nominative formed from *bhodhbh* (vov), the *b* taking the place of what was considered its asperated form? In Moray to howl is expressed as *wow*, the same

being the case in the north of England, and is applied to the mewing of a cat and the wail of an infant. The Latin *ululare* is to cry as a wolf, and connected with this is *ulfw* the Suio-Gothic for a wolf, while *ululae* are screech owls, in Gaelic *coinnil* (Meyer). The connection of owls with women in Gaelic is shown in the name *cailleach oidhche* (the night woman). *Coinnil* (screech owls) are evidently so-called from *cóinim* (to complain, bewail), a word we find in the Manx *caayney*, *caoiney* (to bewail, to sing), the Welsh *cwyno* (to mourn or lament), the Cornish *cwyna*, and the Breton *keina*, *keini*. In Greek we have κῑνῡρος, and also μῑνῡρος meaning to complain, the latter specially with a low voice, which suggests that the former has κυων as its root as has, for instance, κίναδος a fox; κῑνῡρος therefore is a whining, and with this compare the Latin *cano* (I sing) and *canis* (a dog). Primitive singing must have been a mere exaggeration of the rise and fall of the voice when speaking, rhythm being achieved by accompanying the outcry with clapping of hands. The Latin *cano* has possibly influenced the Gaelic *canim*, I sing. What we wish to make clear to our readers is that the lamenting of the "keener" after a death is the survival of an early form of what we now know as singing. The Bodb, the Banshee, the Caonteach, and the Vow are probably identical in origin, commemorating grief as expressed by the voice, and the Washer Woman tradition commemorates the clapping of the hands common both at keening and at clothes washing.

The information I have used in writing this paper has been gathered from living reciters, and I would gratefully acknowledge much local information given by Miss E. M. Kerr, 137 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh, formerly of Port Charlotte, Islay.

R. C. Maclagan.

Some White Ruthenian Folk-Songs.

1. *Notes on the People.*

The accompanying songs, which are both in words and music extremely characteristic, have been collected within the radius of

a few miles of Lebiodka, near the town of Wasiliszki. They are probably representative of the songs sung in a much wider district; indeed, with the exception of a few variations, representative of those sung by the whole White Ruthenian people. Unfortunately they are fast being replaced by modern Russian and Polish songs, which the peasants who serve their time in the Russian army bring back with them to their native villages.

White Ruthenia covers approximately the south and east of Lithuania, which was originally inhabited by peoples of the Sarmatian stock, who were divided into two branches, Lithuanian and Slavonian. The former included the Lithuanians proper, Letts, Old Prussians, and Yatzwings (now extinct); the latter the Bohemians, Ukranians, Poles, White Ruthenians, and many others.

The White Ruthenians[1] of the present day contain, no doubt, some Polish and Lithuanian blood, as well as blood from other surrounding races. The landowners are more Polish than the peasants, and profess the Catholic religion, as do most of the peasants in the north, though those in the south, formerly Uniates,[2] have been compelled by the Russians to join the Orthodox Greek Church (1839). The White Ruthenians occupy the present governments of Vitepsk, West Połock, Minsk, Mohylev, Grodno, and Viino (except for a few districts in the north), where they are energetically carrying out a nationalist revival, in order to differentiate themselves from Poles and Lithuanians on the one hand, and from Russians on the other,—a policy which no doubt the Russian government has encouraged. There exist nationalist societies, the first of which was called *Hromada*. Another, whose name when translated means "The sun will look, and into our window,"[3] deals more with literary than political matters. The language is Slavonic and totally unlike Lithuanian, (which is more closely allied to Sanscrit than any other European language), and, though unlike Polish, resembles it more than it does Russian.

[1] Sometimes called Byelorusses or White Russians, but incorrectly, since no White Ruthenian would ever allow himself to be called by a name which would imply that he was Russian.

[2] *I.e.*, those who conform to the Greek ritual, but acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Pope.

[3] In White Ruthenian *Zahlanie sonce i u naše akonce.*

The White Ruthenians must be carefully distinguished from the Red Ruthenians (Little Russians or Ukranians as they prefer to be called) of Ukraine and Galicia etc., whom they resemble closely in language. The Ukranians have an intellectual centre at Lemberg, where lectures are given and books published in the language.[4]

From the earliest times the White Ruthenians and the Lithuanians have suffered oppression upon all sides, on the north by the Livonians, on the west by the Teutonic Knights of the Cross, on the south by the Poles, and on the east by the Russians. In these early days the Lithuanians lived in clans, separated from one another by tracts of forest. Ryngold (1225) first united them, and his son Mendog allied himself to the Livonians and conquered White Ruthenia. The language of the conquered race, however, became the official[5] language, and spread nearly all over Lithuania.[6] It was even spoken at the court and at many houses of the nobles. About 1325 Gedymin, who styled himself *Rex multorum Ruthenorum*, extended his conquests far into Poland and Russia. His son, Jagello, under whom Lithuania became Christian, contrived a union with Poland by marrying Hedwig, Queen of Poland. After this the histories of the two countries became identical, and Polish influence spread rapidly. It was not till then that the White Ruthenian[7] language became replaced by Polish.

The great forests which still cover the land have had a profound effect on the character of the people. They are the last virgin forests of Europe, and in them still linger a few *Żubr* or European bison. Up to the fourteenth century they afforded the inhabitants a means of evading their enemies, and caused them to be untouched by the civilisation and Christianity which swept over the more accessible countries, so that they were one of the last peoples in Europe to be robbed of the glories of paganism. Their

[4] Sevčenka, the Ukranian national poet, has been translated into Russian.

[5] The *Statut Litewski* (1588) declared that all Acts must be drawn up in White Ruthenian, and as late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries White Ruthenian was taught in the schools of Lithuania proper.

[6] *Litwa i Białoruś*, by Leon Wasilewski.

[7] There is a difficulty in the nomenclature, for the White Ruthenian language was called Ruthenian in Poland, and Lithuanian in Moscow.

religion was nature-worship, symbolised by trees, fire, and serpents. Within the *puszcza* (virgin forest) the *Znicz*,[8] or inextinguishable fire, was tended by virgins, and it was there also that the high priest, *Krive Kriveyto* (the judge-of-judges), used to worship, and under him seventeen different orders of priests.

Trees are even now held in mysterious reverence by the peasants, and in going from cottage to cottage an earthen saucer of milk may still occasionally be seen on the door-step, which the owner says has been put there for the snake[9] who will bring bad luck if he is not fed, for it is believed that these snakes are descended from some ancient and once sacred breed.

The people retain many ancient beliefs and practices. In the marshes dwells a spirit called *Dziadźka Bałotny* ("Uncle of the marsh"), who either assists the hunter in the pursuit of his quarry, or, if evilly inclined, leads him to the deepest parts of the marsh, where he will lose his way, even in the places he knows best. The lucky poacher is always supposed to be helped by the "Uncle," but, if asked whether it be true, he always denies it emphatically.

The *Dziadźka Lesny* ("Uncle of the Forest") behaves similarly to those who are in pursuit of elk, stags, or other forest creatures. There are werwolves who devour children, and special spirits, believed to have the semblance of alder trunks, who have power over horses. A horse that is a favourite with them is in good condition, and works well, because they feed him and groom him in the night. Other horses, however, that are ill groomed and cannot work, have been ridden all night by these spirits. In many stables may be seen a dead magpie hung from the ceiling by the beak, as a charm to prevent any mishap befalling from the spirit.

In certain remote villages, on Midsummer day, the young men make fires in the open, through which it is their practice to jump. On Midsummer night also it is possible to find the "blossom" of a fern, which glows in the dark like a jewel, and which brings the finder his heart's desire; but its quest is fraught with great danger.

[8] At Vilna in the cathedral lies the stone on which the *Znics* was kept burning, and outside stands the tower from which the *Krive Kriveyto* used to address the people.

[9] The common green water-snake.

Another curious practice at this time is for the young men and maidens to weave wreaths of flowers, with lighted candles affixed, which are then set afloat on some open piece of water. The meeting of two wreaths indicates a marriage, and the extinction of a candle death. At the commencement of harvest it is customary for one of the reapers to cut and bind the first two swaths of rye, which she takes home with her, and in September the same two swaths are placed cross-wise on the ground, and covered over with soil, after which the sowing begins. On All Hallow E'en, in certain districts of Lida, the peasants still perform a ceremony called *Dziady*, by placing food and drink in the church or cemetery at midnight, in order to supply the spirits of the dead, who rise and consume what is placed there for them.

All the peasants have a superstitious dread of fire that has been caused by lightning, and they will never make the slightest attempt to extinguish it, even if it is their own homes that are being consumed. The peasants also will evince the utmost dismay if anyone should aim a gun at the sun, stars, moon, or even the heavens. It is considered most unlucky to praise a neighbour's live-stock, but, if any one does so, the owner may avert the ill by spitting at once. The worst harm is done by the praise of a person who is at heart envious of the object of his praise, a superstition which affects other objects as well as animals. A belief in "the evil eye" is very common, not only among peasants but also among landowners. Dark people, and especially women with dark eyes, are believed to cast their spell on live-stock. A new-born foal, therefore, must never be shown to strangers, unless they be *dobryje wočy* (good-eyed) or *lohkaja ruka* (light-handed). But, if it should become necessary to show an animal to some one with "the evil eye," harm may be averted by saying under the breath "*Dzierkač u zuby, sol u wočy*" ("a stick in your teeth, salt in your eyes"). If, however, the harm has already been done, the only remedy is to give the animal water in which a plant called *zročnik* has been boiled. If the animal is then sick, it is a proof that it has been under a spell. It is also possible to fumigate the animal in the smoke from the burning plant, but this is looked upon by many as Black Magic. The cure for fear, in men or animals, is the "hair of the dog that bit him." It consists in taking hair from

the cause of the fear, and burning it near the person that has been frightened. There is another herb, *lubčyk*, an iris root, that can be made into a love-potion, half of which is to be drunk by either party, preferably in tea. At the Vilno fair, on the fourth of March, women sell herbs for these purposes, but they will never sell to any one who they consider is not buying in all seriousness. It is believed that if an unhappy lover throws a red string behind him, without looking, he will immediately forget his trouble. On St. Andrew's Eve, the girls of the village may find out the future, whom they are going to marry, and who of them is going to be married first, by each placing a bread pellet in the room, and then waiting to see which the dog will eat first, or by pouring candle-wax into cold water, and then interpreting the shadow cast on the wall by the mass, or by placing a basin of water with a piece of wood across it, called *most*, beneath the bed, unknown to the occupant, who is destined to marry the man who, in her dreams that night, occupies a boat with her.

To meet a Russian priest or *pop*[10] is most unlucky, and it is customary to spit three times to avert the evil. This naturally is resented, and at various times lawsuits have been brought against Catholics for spitting openly before a passing priest in the streets.

Characteristic of the country are the wide marshes, broken here and there by lakes. Between the great stretches of virgin forest, where the ground rises slightly, it is barren and sandy. Clumps of juniper bushes grow here and there, and the soil will only bring forth so scanty a crop of rye that the peasants may be obliged to mix pounded birch-bark with their flour. The peasants themselves are a hardy good-looking race, yet distinctly Slavonic. Fair hair and blue eyes are most admired, and their fair complexions distinguish them from both Poles and Russians. Generally bare-footed, or with the old-fashioned shoes of birch, lime, or willow bark, the men work in the fields during summer, wearing trousers of undyed linen, coloured sash, loose shirt, and home-plaited hat of straw; in winter, top-boots if they can be afforded, small cloth cap, and a big sheep-skin coat. The women always wear gaily coloured and knotted kerchiefs on their heads,

[10] *Pop* is considered in Russia to be a slang term for *Sviaščennik*, but in Polish there is no other.

and skirts of home-spun material, dyed in many colours, either a man's shirt or a white cotton bodice with bright embroidery at throat and wrist, and over this, on great occasions, ornamental stays of velvet, somewhat resembling those of the Tyrolese, and for ornament strings of beads. Further south, the men have a somewhat more distinctive national dress, consisting of a small round grey cap with a wide turn-up, and a pale grey woollen coat, gathered at the back and reaching half-way to the knees. The women wear a coat somewhat similar, except that it is trimmed with black braid.

The generations of serfdom,[11] during which the peasants had to cultivate the land that they loved, not for themselves but for some cruel landlord, have not resulted in a brutal irony, as is the case with the Russian serfs, but in a sad mysticism, which has wonderfully enriched their poetry. Their songs are the only means by which they can express themselves, and in them they seem to have concentrated all the love of their sad land, the love which perhaps is the strongest thing in their nature. A man without land, or even one who comes from the town, is despised, and in the days of serfdom, though a peasant would have no hesitation in stealing, or defrauding his landlord, yet at harvest-time a sort of loyalty derived from his pride and love for the land would make him work hard and honestly to get the best return possible from the soil.

The songs are sung without instrumental accompaniment, when in the long winter evenings the women meet in one of their houses, where they spin and weave, and listen to ghost stories and fairy tales. They sing on all occasions, using special songs at Christmas,[12] at harvest, at weddings and funerals. The images are peaceful and homely, the epithets rustic, and to nearly every song there is an introduction, describing some scene from forest or field. There is no mention of war, except when it is the death of a lover that is recorded, and wherever a Cossack is sung of, it is not his

[11] It is said that a distinct superiority may be noticed in the characters of those peasants who have been brought up on lands belonging to the crown, because they have had many rights granted them from time immemorial, not enjoyed by other serfs.

[12] During Lent nothing is sung but religious songs, which are all Polish or Latin.

exploits on the battlefield, but his wooing in the ryefield that is celebrated. The wandering Cossack (from Turkish, "mounted horseman" or "robber") plays throughout these songs the part of the romantic lover. He came from the steppes of Ukraine ("march"), where Cossacks acted as wardens of the boundary. In return for their services they were granted certain rights, the infringement of which usually led to the Cossack risings. They were a mixed race, having Mongolian, Polish, Tartar, and Russian blood, and to their strongholds on the Don and the Dnieper came every robber, outlaw, or political refugee, fleeing from justice. They were fickle, hardy and brave, and skilful in the management of light river craft, and there are stories of Cossack expeditions by water as far as Constantinople.

The poetical influence of the surrounding nations must have been very strong. The immediate neighbours on the west of the Ruthenians were the Letts, among whom there are still to be found a few almost unrecognisable fragments of an epic poem; further to the north were the Finns, the authors of the *Kalevala.* The Lithuanians also had a very beautiful lyric poetry,[13] somewhat similar in character to that of the White Ruthenians, and among the Esthonians on the Baltic shore there were bardic poets of no mean order,[14] as well as among Poles and Ukranians, who both possess an exceedingly rich native poetry.

It is obvious that the songs cannot have a date, any more than the centuries that have been needed to evolve them. No doubt the nucleus belongs to a very early time, while alterations have probably been made as late as this century.

A very distinct contrast to the sadness of the music of the songs is the gaiety of their dance music, which is charged with the joy of life. The usual dances are *Miecielica* (the whirling) or *Susiedka* (the neighbour), the *Mykita*, and the *Kruciel* (the turning). The *Zajčyk* (the hare), which is not very common now, is danced over crossed sticks to the accompaniment of special words. In the south, the *Lawonicha* and the *Warabiej* (the sparrow) are the commoner dances. The *Miecielica* is danced by two people to

[13] Nesselmann, *Littauische Volkslieder.*

[14] The last bard recorded died in 1813; cf. Latham, *Nationalities of Europe*, vol. i., p. 132.

the accompaniment of dramatic actions. The *Mykita*, for men, is in itself a considerable athletic accomplishment. The *Kruciel* is usually danced by a man and two women in a row. The most savage dance, called the *Kosak*, has been brought from Ukraine, and is often in the nature of a contest, in which each man tries to perform a more complicated step than his opponent, till one of them breaks down, unable to go any further. The national instrument which accompanies these dances is called the *duda*, and is a species of bagpipe. There are also many forms of flute (*dudka*), made out of willow or birch, the most curious of which (*truba*) is about two and a half feet long, and is made from the stem of a young pine tree from which the pith has been extracted. Only one tune is played on this instrument during the autumn nights when the horses and cattle are being pastured, and this tune is never played until the summer is over. As is the case with the songs, the national dances are unfortunately being replaced by modern ones, and the national instruments by the violin and concertina.

2. *Songs.*

The first six songs are representative of those which are sung by the peasants during the day's work, in the evening while they sit spinning, and while they tend their cattle by day or night. In music and words there has been very little influence from outside, though many verses vary considerably as to date. The first two lines usually serve as introduction, by praising some rustic scene or occupation, in language that is of extreme simplicity, and full of diminutives which are applied even to adjectives.

The first song is essentially characteristic, and would probably be preferred by women, especially if they had suffered a somewhat similar fate. The scene of the maiden's seduction is given by the introduction, where she is depicted lying thinking over her unhappy love. In the third stanza, the groaning of the cart-wheels reminds her of her own lamenting, and the whole stanza gives a vivid picture of autumn sadness :—

> "The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
> The heavy steps of the ploughman splashing the wintry mould."

The next two verses tell how she has been rejected by her lover on some trifling pretext, and how she casts a charm, in order to bring him back to her. But she fails in her attempt, and in despair the cry bursts from her heart "Oh! who will now care for my little one?"

In the second song is represented a rather unusual character among the people—namely that of a flirt, who attempts to excuse her behaviour to her lover. It ends more characteristically, however, in the discovery that her loved one is lying dead near by, with nothing to cover his eyes but the black darkness of death. The word *ďalmała* in the third line of the second stanza is probably the old form of *dumała*, and in the third line of the last stanza the word *kitajkoju*, from *kitajka* (covering), is probably due to Russian influence.

The third song is not so organic in construction as the others, and seems to bear the stamp of alteration, as well as of foreign influence, both in music and words. The reference to the Cossack having gone to the war would indicate a date about 1800, after the peasants were compelled to serve in the Russian army.

The sentiment in the fourth song, as in the second, is again rather foreign to the people, who do not usually treat marriage with the flippancy that is shown in the song. Here, also, the use of the word *žałujucsa*, in the third line of the third stanza, instead of the usual word *Skaržycsa* (complain), would indicate foreign, and probably Russian, influence.

No. 5 is written more in the ballad form than any of the others. It tells how a young noble sets out on his horses to procure for a village maiden the love charm she requires. But, when at length he attains his object, the cuckoo, which is the marriage bird, tells him that it is he himself that Mary wants, and no herb. When speaking of some one of a higher social standing, like "John from the hall," a peasant would naturally try to talk as much as possible in a Polish manner, from a desire to imitate his betters; as may be seen from the attempt to pronounce in st. 3, l. 3, *u minie* (in my) like the Polish *u mnie* which has resulted in the *u* becoming changed into a *w*. Again, the Polish word *čarnym* is used instead of the White Ruthenian word *čornym* (black). The way in which

the music of the last three verses changes to fit the lengthened words is a characteristic feature.

No. 6 is written in a more cheerful, and almost triumphant vein by a girl who is awaiting the return of her lover. It has probably been very little changed, but in st. 4, l. 2, the word *šełkowyje* (silken), a Russian word, is used instead of the White Ruthenian *adwabnyje*.

No. 1. *I pahnała dzieŭčynuńka siwy wałe* (The maid was driving grey oxen).

♩=66

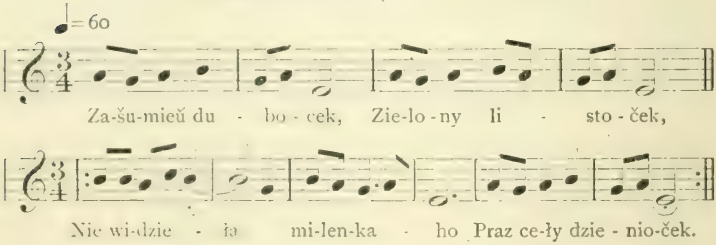
Oj pa-hna-ła dzieŭ-čy-nuń-ka Si-wy wa-łe u Po-le;

Na-pat-ka-ła dzieŭ-čy-nun-ka Niš-čas na-ja do-la.

Oj pahnała dzieŭčynuńka	The maid was driving
Siwy wałe u pole;	Grey oxen in the field;
Napatkała dzieŭčynuńku	And there the maid met
Niščasnaja dola.	With her misfortune.
Napatkała dzieŭčynuńku	And there the maid met
Niščasnaja dola.	With her misfortune.
"Pasiecie sie, siwyje wałe,	"Graze, my grey oxen,
Nie bojcie sia woŭka,	Fear not the wolf,
A ja pajdu pałožu sia,	While I go and lay me down,
Balić mnie hałoŭka.	For my head is heavy.
A ja pajdu pałožu sia,	While I go and lay me down,
Balić mnie hałoŭka."	For my head is heavy."
Stučać, hučać kuty kałe,	The iron rims are creaking,
Pad koleśni jdučy.	Beneath the groaning wheels,
Płačeć, płačeć dzieŭčynuńka,	The maid is crying, crying,
Na piereści jdučy.	Going across the fields.
Płačeć, płačeć dzieŭčynuńka,	The maid is crying, crying,
Na piereści jdučy.	Going across the fields.
"Oj ci ty płač, oj ci ty skač,	"Whether you dance or cry,
Oj nie budu braci.	I shall not marry you,
Ja sam znaju ludzi kažuć,	For I know well, and they all say
Sto nie maješ doli.	You cannot bring me fortune.
Ja sam znaju ludzi kažuć,	For I know well, and they all say
Sto nie maješ doli."	You cannot bring me fortune."

Razsypała dzieŭčynuńka	The maid cast forth
Ctyry harcy soli.	Four measures of salt.[15]
Zapłakała dzieŭčynuńka	The maiden cried
Pa swajoj nidoli.	At her misfortune.
Zapłakała dzieŭčynuńka	The maiden cried
Pa swajoj nidoli.	At her misfortune.
"Ach, Boże moj! ach Boże moj!	"Alas! Alas!
Boże milusieńki!	Alack-a day!
A chtoż budzie hadawaci	Who will now care
Majo malusieńko?	For my little one?
A chtoż budzie hadawaci,	Who will now care
Majo malusieńko?"	For my little one?"

No. 2. *Zašumieŭ duboček* (The oak-tree rustled).



Zašumieŭ duboček,	The oak-tree rustled.
Zielony listoček,	The green leaves rustled.
"Nie widzieła mileńkaho,	"I have not seen my loved one
Praz cełу dzienioček.	The whole day long.
Nie widzieła mileńkaho,	I have not seen my loved one
Praz cełу dzienioček.	The whole day long.
Učora był paniedziełok,	Yesterday was Sunday,
A dzisiaj Utorak,	And to-day is Monday,
Ja dalmała moj mileńki,	Yet it seemed, my loved one,
Sto niadzielak sorok.	As it were forty Sundays.
Ja dalmała moj mileńki,	Yet it seemed, my loved one,
Sto niadzielak sorok."	As it were forty Sundays."
"Pa sadoćku chadžu,	"I am walking in the garden,
Winohradu sadžu.	I am planting a vine.
Pastoj, pastoj, maja miła,	Wait, O wait, my loved one,
Sto ja tabie skažu.	Hear what I shall tell thee.

[15] This is evidently a charm in the nature of a libation. Enquiry, however, among the peasants elicited no explanation of the ceremony, nor could any allied custom or superstition be discovered.

Pastoj, pastoj, maja miła,
Sto ja tabie skażu.

Sto na cibie każuć,
Sto na cie haworać,
Sto da cibie małdzieńkoj
Kawalery chodziać.
Sto da cibie małdzieńkoj
Kawalery ćhodziać."

"Oj niechaj żeš każuć,
Oj niechaj haworać,
Niechaj sabie pahaworać,
Aby dobra była.
Niechaj sabie pahaworać,
Aby dobra była.

A u poli żyta,
Kalinoju kryta,
Pad zielonoj bierozoju,
Moj mileńki ubity.
Pad zielonoj bierozoju,
Moj mileńki ubity.

Oj ubity, ubity,
Nicym ni nakryty,
Cornieńkoju kitajkoju
Wočuńki prykryty.
Cornieńkoju kitajkoju
Wočuńki prykryty."

Wait, O wait, my loved one,
Hear what I shall tell thee.

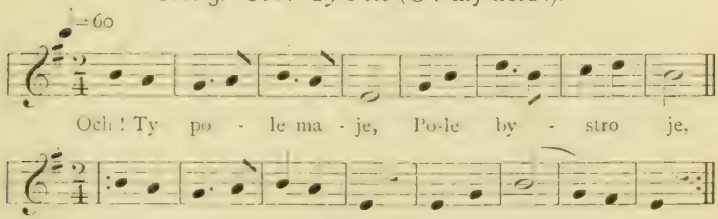
Of thee 'tis said,
Of thee 'tis told,
Of thee 'tis said, my little one,
That every lad may meet with thee.
Of thee 'tis said, my little one,
That every lad may meet with thee."

"O let them talk,
O let them say,
Let them say whate'er they list,
So long as I am happy.
Let them say whate'er they list,
So long as I am happy.

The rye grows in the field,
The guelder rose[16] hangs over it,[17]
Underneath a white birch-tree,
My loved one's[18] lying dead.
Underneath a white birch-tree,
My loved one's lying dead.

Oh! he is dead, he is dead,
And nought lies over him,
But the sable pall
That covers his eyes.
But the sable pall
That covers his eyes."

No. 3. *Och! Ty Pole* (O! my field!).



[16] The *viburnum*, a shrub which grows over the whole country and is constantly used as a poetic word.

[17] Where the rye-field joins the meadow, the *viburnum* hedge overhangs it.

[18] Alternative version,—"*Kozacuńka ubity*" (A young Cossack is lying dead).

"Och! Ty pole maje,	"Oh! field, my field,
Pole bystroje,	Oh! my quick[19] field!
Ni uradziło pole,	My field has not borne
Choć na dolu maju.	Even enough for my share.[20]
Ni uradziło pole,	My field has not borne
Choć na dolu maju,	Even enough for my share.
A uradziło pole,	For my field has borne
Kust kudrawieńkij.	Nothing but a thorn-bush.
A uradziło pole,	For my field has borne
Kust kudrawieńkij."	Nothing but a thorn-bush."
A pad tym kustočkom	And under this bush
Koń warony staić,	A black horse is standing.
A pad tym konikom,	And by this horse
Kazak ubity lażyć.	A dead Cossack is lying. -
A pad tym konikom	And by this bush
Kazak ubity lażyć.	A dead Cossack is lying.
Ni każy Ty kaniu,	"Oh! my horse, do not say
Śto ja ubity leżoŭ,	That I lie here dead.
A skaży ty kaniu,	But say, Oh! my horse,
Sto ja u wojsku służu.	That I am with the army.
A skaży ty kaniu,	But say, Oh! my horse,
Sto ja u wojsku służu.	That I am with the army.
A skaży Ty kaniu,	Oh! say, Oh! my horse
Sto ja u wojsku służu.	That I am with the army.
Wysłuzyŭ ja sabie,	And that I have earned
Da bylinočku.	Naught but a *bylina*,[21]
Da u čystym poli,	And in the green field
Da mahiłočku."	Naught but a grave."

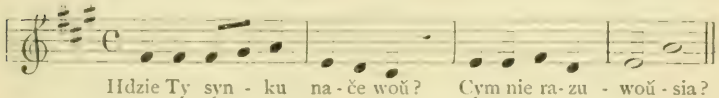
No. 4. *Hdzie Ty Chmielu?* (Where hast thou spent the winter?).

Hdzie Ty chmie-lu zi - ma - woŭ? Ćym nie naz-wi - woŭ - sia?

[19] The meaning of this epithet is not at all clear. It may mean that the seasons pass *quickly* over the face of the field, or possibly that the field brings forth *quickly*.

[20] Not enough to supply her with food.

[21] The *bylina* is a plant which grows in the steppes. In the winter it loses all its leaves, nothing but the dry stalks remaining. It is therefore used here as the symbol of fruitlessness. The Cossacks were in the habit of returning from the wars with rich spoil.



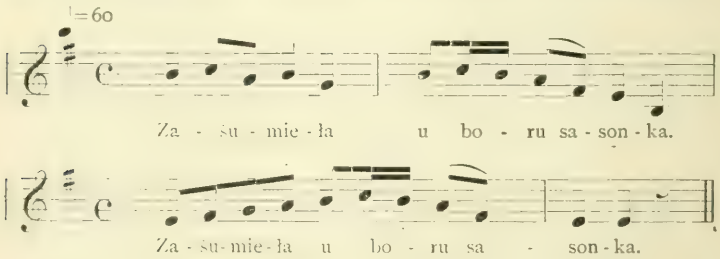
"Hdzie Ty chmielu zimawoŭ? Cym nie razwiwoŭsia? Hdzie Ty synku načewoŭ? Cym nie razuwoŭ sia? Hdzie Ty synku načewoŭ? Cym nie razuwoŭ sia?"	"Where hast thou spent the winter, my hop? Why have thy leaves not grown? Where hast thou spent the night, my son? Why are thy feet still shod? Where hast thou spent the night, my son? Why are thy feet still shod?"
"Zimawoŭ ja chmielu U lesi na laščyni." "Načewoŭ ja mamuleńka, Pry mładoj dzieŭčyni. Načewoŭ ja mamuleńka, Pry mładoj dzieŭčyni."	"I the hop have spent the winter On a forest hazel tree." "I have spent the night, my mother, By a tender maiden's side. I have spent the night, my mother, By a tender maiden's side."
"Hdzie ty synku chodziš? Sto ty synku robiš? Załujucsa susiedočki, Sto ty škodu robiš. Załujucsa susiedočki, Sto ty škodu robiš."	"Where dost thou go, my son? What dost thou do? All our neighbours say That thou dost them harm. All our neighbours say That thou dost them harm."
"Było minie ažanić, Jak ja naradziŭsia, To ja nihdzie nie ciahałsiab, Ani wałacyłsia. Ta ja nihdzie nie ciahałsiab, Ani wałacyłsia.	"Thou should'st have married me, When first I was born, No more would I idle then,[22] No more would I go wandering. No more would I idle then, No more would I go wandering.
O naštoż mnie žanicisia? O naštoż mnie žonka? Oj jest w minie susiedočka, Dobra pryjaciołka. Oj jest w minie susiedočka, Dobra pryjaciołka."	O why should I marry? O what good is a wife to me? For I have a neighbour,[23] For I have my good friend. For I have a neighbour, For I have my good friend."

[22] There is no exact equivalent in English. The nearest is the French, *flâner*.

[23] This stanza expresses a very modern sentiment, and is possibly therefore a later addition.

"Pasoŭ siwy, baradaty.	The bearded one, the grey-haired one,[24]
Kalinu łamaci.	Is gathering the guelder wood.
Prydzi, prydzi moj mileńki.	Come now, come, my loved one,
Bo ja adna u chaci.	There's no-one in the house but me.
Prydzi, prydzi moj mileńki,	Come now, come, my loved one,
Bo ja adna u chaci."	There's no-one in the house but me.[25]

No. 5. *Zašumieła u boru sasonka* (In the forest the pine murmurs).



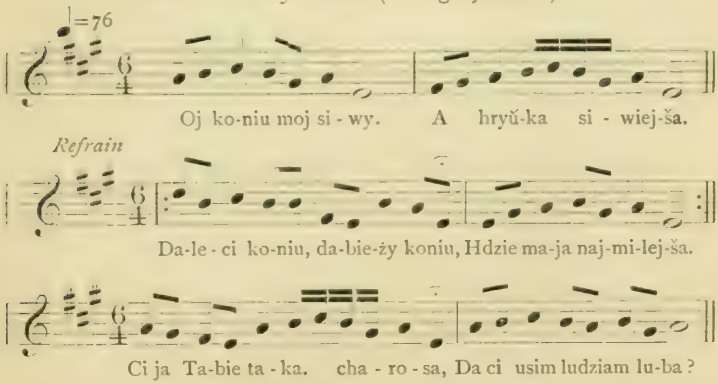
Zašumieła u boru sasonka.	In the forest the pine murmurs.
Zašumieła u boru sasonka.	In the forest the pine murmurs.
Zabaleła Maryli hałoŭka.	Mary's[26] head was heavy.
Zabaleła Maryli hałoŭka.	Mary's head was heavy.
Zažadała zamorskoho ziołka.	She sought for a herb from over the sea.
Zažadała zamorskoho ziołka.	She sought for a herb from over the sea.
Chto Maryli zieleńka dastanie?	Who will get that herb for Mary?
Chto Maryli zieleńka dastanie?	Who will get that herb for Mary?
Chto z Maryloj na kabiercy stanie?	Who will stand in the church with Mary?
Chto z Maryloj na kabiercy stanie?	Who will stand in the church with Mary?
Adazwoŭsia Jasieńka z za dwora,	John answers her from the hall.
Adazwoŭsia Jasieńka z za dwora,	John answers her from the hall.
"Ja Maryli zieleńka dastanu,	"'Tis I who will get that herb for Mary.
Ja z Maryloj na kabiercy stanu.	And I who will stand in the church with Mary.
O jest w minie try koni na stajni.	O three horses have I in my stable.
O jest w minie try koni na stajni.	O three horses have I in my stable.

[24] Her father. [25] See note 16, p. 103.

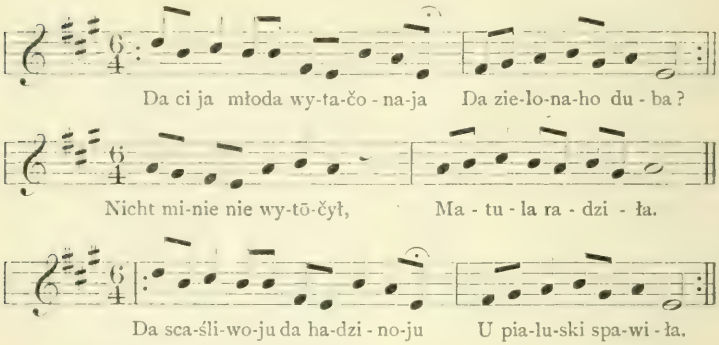
[26] If the woman who sings this song happens to be called Mary, she will always substitute the word *dzieŭčyna* (maiden) throughout the song.

Adzin konik jak oreń carnieńki.	The first horse is black as the eagle.
Adzin konik jak oreń čarnieńki.	The first horse is black as the eagle.
Druhi konik jak lebiedź bieleńki.	The next horse is white as the swan.
Druhi konik jak lebiedź bieleńki.	The next horse is white as the swan.
Trejci konik jak hałub siwieńki.	The third horse is grey as the dove.
Trejci konik jak hałub siwieńki.	The third horse is grey as the dove.
Carnym koniom da mora dajedu.	With the black horse will I reach the sea.
Carnym koniom da mora dajedu.	With the black horse will I reach the sea.
Biełym koniom more pierejedu.	With the white horse will I cross the sea.
Biełym koniom more pierejedu.	With the white horse will I cross the sea.
Siwym koniom da zielja dajedu.	With the grey horse will I get the herb.
Siwym koniom da zielja dajedu."	With the grey horse will I get the herb."
Stoŭ Jasieńka zieleńka kapaci,	When John began to pick the herb,
Stoŭ Jasieńka zieleńka kapaci,	When John began to pick the herb,
Stała nad jim ziaziula kawaci.	A cuckoo sang overhead.[27]
Stała nad jim ziaziula kawaci.	A cuckoo sang overhead.
"Kidaj Jasiu zieleńka kapaci.	"Stop, John, picking the herb.
Kidaj Jasiu zieleńka kapaci.	Stop, John, picking the herb.
Jedź da domu Marylu wienčaci.	Go home and marry Mary.
Jedź da domu Marylu wienčaci."	Go home and marry Mary."

No. 6. *Siwy Koniu* (The grey horse).



[27] There is a belief, as there is also in England, that the number of calls the cuckoo gives on the first occasion in the spring, indicates the number of years that will elapse before the hearer marries.



"Oj koniu moj siwy,
A hryŭka siwiejša.
Daleci koniu, dabieży koniu,
Hdzie maja majmilejša.
Daleci koniu, dabieży koniu,
Hdzie maja najmilejša."

"Ci ja Tabie taka charoša?
Da ci usim ludziam luba?
Da ci ja młoda wytačonaja
Da zielonaho duba?
Da ci ja młoda wytačonaja
Da zielonaho duba?

Nicht minie nie wytočył,
Matula radziła.
Da sčaśliwoju da hadzinoju
U pialuški spawiła.
Da sčaśliwoju da hadzinoju
U pialuški spawiła.

Spawiwała minie maci
Da u šełkowyje pialuški,
Kap zajehdżali dy żachodzwali
S čužoje staranuški.
Kap zajehdżali dy zachodżwali
S čužoje staranuški.

Biła minie matula,
Da bierozowym prutom.
Da niezadajsia maje dzietočki
Da z hetym biłamutom.

"O my grey horse,
With your mane so grey.
Go swiftly, my horse, gallop
To the home of my beloved.
Go swiftly, my horse, gallop
To the home of my beloved."

"Dost thou think me so pretty?
Doth everyone love me?
And am I a maiden
Carved from the green oak?
And am I a maiden
Carved from the green oak?[28]

No one has carved me.
My mother gave birth to me,
And in a happy hour
She wound me in swaddling clothes.
And in a happy hour
She wound me in swaddling clothes.

My mother swaddled me
In silken swaddling clothes,
So that on foot or horse,
Travellers would stop here.
So that on foot or horse,
Travellers would stop here.

Then my mother struck me,
With a birchen bough.
"My child have no dealings
With any gay fellow.

[28] The original of these two lines is rather obscure, but the meaning is probably as above, since the oak is often used as a symbol of youth and vigour.

Da niezadajsia maje dzietocki	My child have no dealings
Da z hetym biłamutom.	With any gay fellow."
Da biła minie maci,	And my mother struck me,
Da dwuma kułakami.	With both her hands.
Da nie zadajsia maja córeńka	My child have no dealings
Da z tymi dwarakami.	With any such lordlings.
Da nie zadajsia maja córeńka.	My child have no dealings
Da z tymi dwarakami."	With any such lordlings."

H. Iwanowska.
H. Onslow.

(To be continued.)

Waterford Folk-Tales, I.

The following folk-tales have been collected by a boy of twelve years of age in a remote region of the Decies without Drum, County Waterford. Its populous centre is a hamlet of half a dozen low lime-washed thatched cottages which straggle down a moorland hollow. Round about it the heather lies like a pall over a score of lapsed holdings, and fringes the little fields of oats, potatoes, turnips, and pasture for a dozen cows and a few sheep, goats, and donkeys. From the crests of neighbouring hills the settlement looks like a counterpane of square bright pieces flung flat upon a tract of wild brown or purple desolation backed by the blue Comeragh hills. These little fields have become the cottiers' property under the Land Purchase Act. They are beautifully kept, and their stone enclosures, two to five or even six feet across, are lasting memorials of the patient labour whereby countless generations have converted the sour peat into rent, rates, potatoes, bread (baked in a flat pan under wood ashes), and tea. From this tiny hamlet sixty people have emigrated in as many years, others have fallen victims to consumption, and others again to insanity, while outside work at even eight or nine shillings a week is accepted as an escape from local conditions. Yet, at the Sunday dance at the cross-roads, in spite of heavy boots and empty stomachs, eight young couples go

through the courtly "sets" to the sound of a flute in a space of about twelve feet square. The old people sit under the hedge, the men silently smoking, and all watching the light feet fly. "Goo-o-d, well done, well done," is the way in which some observant old woman voices applause from all. Equally sociable in their work, they lend each other animal or implement, and help as a matter of course to get each other's harvests in, after which they dance again.

From the starved life of struggle with the stubborn soil the minds of these brave friendly people have taken refuge in imaginings of unseen and supernatural beings, and the district is covered with sites associated with those beings. Above the hamlet is the thorn-grown *lios* (pronounced *liss*) where fairies dwell, and where, once upon a time, they lit their beacon fire. Across the pool is that other *lios* which carried the signal on. (See the first tale). On the skyline of a low ridge can be seen the broken gateway where a peasant-girl, like a classical hero of eleven centuries ago, saw the Badbh (pron. Bibe), the ancient goddess of death and destruction.[1] Just above and beyond that spot, in the heather of which the Danes used to make beer, is the *Poll a mhóna* (pron. Pólavauna), a moorland pool on the moss-grown marge of which the *Sluagh* (pron. Slua), or the "Host of the Dead," plays hurling matches at night. Every locality has its *Sluagh*, but this desolate region boasts the largest *Sluagh* in Ireland! During the still midnight watches the living shudder at the tramp of former friends and neighbours who pass along the weedy runnelled highway, where the water never dries, because there the ghosts come to drink! This road runs through the *Poll Cam* (pron. Pole Kowm), or "crooked hill," where the scene of some of our tales is laid.

It is most difficult to say how far the narrators themselves believe the stories. My own impression is that the clue is given by an Irish greeting,—"What wonders have you to tell me to-day?" (See No. 28, "The Sticky Spirit.") However this may be, the tales were taken down verbatim at the time of telling. Those dealing with *Clutharacáns* were chiefly contributed by the elderly. It was an old-age pensioner who received "the fireside visitors"

[1] Cf. vol. xxi., pp. 180, 187, *n.* 21.

(No. 7), and who told about the *Abhacs* (No. 14). The wife of a small holder told the experiences of her neighbours (Nos. 4 and 16), who, along with Kate Caher (Nos. 2, 15, and 31), and the Hackett brothers (Nos. 17 and 23), are all middle-aged peasants of the glen; so is the widow who described Pelticoat-loose. A farmer's sister, living on a desolate hill-top above the *Poll a mhóna*, told Nos. 3 and 12. Stories turning on local history and classic legend came from an old book-lover, Nos. 24, 25, 29, 30, and 32 being probably compounds of oral and printed lore. He also gave No. 26. No. 27 was told in Connaught Irish by a very old man, and translated by a bystander, through the medium of Munster Irish, into English. "The Sticky Spirit" (No. 28) was told by one of the Hackett brothers, and No. 22 ("The Origin of Jacky-the-Lantern") came from an old cowherd. Prof. Maarstrander has traced the history of the last tale through western Europe for a thousand years.[2]

To avoid an identification disagreeable to the reciters I have altered the names of places and persons.

E. Ussher.

20 Glenmore Road, Hampstead.

1. *The Wickedness of the Clutharacáns.*

The *Clutharacán*[3] is a very small little object. He wears a red cap and a moustache and carries a purse called *sparán na scillinge*.[4] And every one who'd meet a *Clutharacán* would be trying to knock *sparán na scillinge* off him. And before he'd give you the *sparán na scillinge*, he'd bear any sort of hicing you'd be giving him. And he'd tell you:—"Look behind of you," he'd say, and if you took your two eyes off him you'd never again see him.

A *lios* is supposed to be the name of the place where the fairies live. And every place there's one, there must be another in view. For in the old times their signal was to light a fire so that it could

[2] "Deux Contes Irlandaises," in *Miscellany Presented to Prof. Kuno Meyer.*

[3] Pronounced *Clooará caun*, literally "one who lives in the shade." Cf. "The Cluricaune," T. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (1825), Part i., pp. 149-216.

[4] "The purse of the shillings,' pron. *sparaun' nascill'inga.*

be seen from one *lios* to the other, and it travelled almost as fast as a telegram There was always one out on the watch for these fires, as there was no other way to convey messages. The average number of *Clutharacáns* in each *lios* is about five or six.

There was a man as went out late one night, and he was passing beside a certain *lios* when he met the little man, and he was sitting down on a little-een chair on the *lios*. The man went over to him then, and says to the little man :—"*Tabhairim sparán na scillinge!*" says he, ["Give me the purse of the shillings."] "Well," says the little *Clutharacán*, says he, "*Tabhairmé du duch ór*, [I'll give you a keel of gold], but leave me *sparán na scillinge*," says the *Clutharacán*, says he. "I won't take the *duch ór*, but I want *sparán na scillinge*," says the man. Now another *Clutharacán* came behind the man then, and the first *Clutharacán* was pointing to the man to look behind him, and, when he looked behind him, the *Clutharacán* and *sparán na scillinge* were gone. And when he looked before him, the first was gone too, and the man said :—"I'm a lost poor man now. The *sparán na scillinge* is gone, and the keel of gold is gone, and I'm a poor man for ever."

2. *The Clutharacán's Stick.*

The *Clutharacán* is the smallest man in the world. His eyes are only as big as the fly's eyes, and the hat he wears is so small that it wouldn't fit the smallest child. He wears a little red jacket and a short little breeches, and yet a leggings and low white shoes and red gloves on his hands from the cold. And he has terrible big pockets in the coat for to keep *sparán na scillinge*, and the *sparán na scillinge* would be full of all sorts of sovrans and silver, and it is a black long *sparán* with clasps on it. And he keeps it in those pockets, and if we find him we'll be never in want or need of any shillings, for there'll be a shilling in it every time you open it. He lives underground in a *lios* which is covered around with stones, and outside it are briars growing around it. And if ye'd happen to be there at the right hour ye'd meet him, but nobody knows the right hour, and, faix! if we did, we'd have plenty of money! But when we can't we must manage without it.

About two years ago, Kate Caher was passing through the plantation above the glen. What should she see but a big tall *Clutharacán* and a big red hat on him, and he having a stick in his hand. She told me after,—"I thought that I could catch him to take *sparán na scillinge* from him, but faix! as I was coming near him, the stick fell from him, and, just as I went by it, it tripped me, and faix! I cursed and swears as I fell over it, and the *Clutharacán* disappeared, and no sign of him did I see any more. And, begar! I was that sorry to fall and to lose the money that I thought my heart would fall out!"

Now there was a man looking for his cows one night, and he see a little *Siabhra*[5] coming out of the ditch, and he with a pipe and smoking, and bejapers! he ran away home as quick as he could lay his legs on the ground, for he was terrified of his life before the little man with the *drúidín*, [pron. *dthroodthheen*, "a pipe"].

3. "*Nothing to the feller behind him.*"

The *Clutharacán* is a small little man with a black hardy[6] hat and a red coat and small little breeches, and, when you go up to him, he'll run away, for you can't catch him. And if you could catch him you could get little money from him, but you couldn't keep up to him at all. But begar! if you could catch him, you'll take *sparán na scillinge* from him.

There was a farmer went out for his cows on a morning, and he had used to be always hearing that there were *Clutharacáns* about the place, but had never seen one, and was always wishful to see one of them for the hope of getting *sparán na scillinge* from him. So this morning he met one of them, mending shoes by the side of the ditch. He said then,—"Well, begar," says he, "ye're a great cobbler," and got ready to stop the little man from running away, should he wish to run away. So the *Clutharacán* said,—"I'm nothing to that feller behind ye," says he. So he looked back to see who it was behind him, and thinking, maybe, he would have two *sparán na scillinges*. But as soon as he took his eyes off the *Clutharacán* he disappeared.

[5] Pron. *Sheivra* ("a fairy"), another word for the local *Clutharacán*.

[6] Probably meaning a hard or top hat.

4. *Tim Kelly, Mike Connor, and the Clutharacán.*

Tim Kelly was one day in the woods picking some firing, for the coal was very dear. So he was working away, as hard as ever he could, when he heard some terrible noise behind him in the bushes. So he looked behind him, and to his great surprise he see a little man about two feet high with a big tall red hat on him and small little breeches he had on him. So he looked behind him and he said,—"Begob! I'm done for now," says he. And he made an attempt to hunt him, and instead of that the *Clutharacán* made a grasp at him, and he had every tooth as long as him. And they had a tough tustle in the middle of the bushes. And the *Clutharacán* was getting the best of him, and Tim shouted as loud as he could, and his shouts were heard all over Ireland, his screams were. So the Connors heard him, who were living down below him. So up comes Mike Connor, and he was as slow in coming as an old camel. So when he came up, instead of helping poor Tim that was roaring and bawling, away with Mike Connor back again! You can be sure there was life in him going which wasn't in him coming, and away with the *Clutharacán* after him. So Mike fell, because he was an awful kind of a feller like that, and up with the *Clutharacán* with one spring upon his back. And he commenced to choke him. So Mike shouted, and he said,—"Well," says he, "spare me my life!" says he, "and I'll give all ever I had." So the *Clutharacán* said he would if he'd offer him twenty pounds away there on the spot. "I couldn't," says Mike, "because I havn't it. But I'll give ye the two best cows I have, and then I'll be a poor man after you then. But, no matter; spare me my life!" And Mike went away off home.

So soon as Tim came to himself, he made his way home; and he was so far gone that his wife nor nobody could know him. So begar! he told his wife what he went through, and what he suffered since. So he told her anyway to put down a hot cup o' tea for him. So he took the cup o' tea, and he went away off to bed, and he fell off asleep, and begob! when he got up in the morning, he never thought he ever met a *Clutharacán* and he was as gay as a lark and went whistling away up the road, in the field, harrowing the oats. So ever since, he never thought that he ever saw a *Clutharacán* in his life, but he wouldn't go alone in the woods again.

And the next few days there were a big crowd of *Clutharacáns* came to Mike Connor, a heap of them, little men and little womens and short little red petticoats on the womens and little white caps on them, demanding their cattle. So Mike had the cattle removed, and he was too clever for the *Clutharacáns*. So the *Clutharacáns* had to go without the cows, and they gave Mike a good thrashing before they went.

5. *Humps off,—humps on!*

There was a *lios* in a certain place and there used to be great noises heard in the *lios* by the people who were living around. Well, there was a little man who was a hunchback as was passing by, and he heard a woman inside. And she was singing, and it was a curious sort of song she had. The song was "*Dia Luain, Dia Márt,*" ["Monday, Tuesday"], and she kept it up like that. Well the little man got the music on his tongue, and he said "*Dia Luain, Dia Márt, Dia Céadaoin,*" ["Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday"]. Well, that added to the song and improved it altogether, and she sent out to see who was abroad that helped her with her song. So the messenger that came out said it was a little man with a hump on his back. So the woman inside, who was the queen of the fairies, sent for the little man. So he went, and the hump was taken off of him, and he was made a straight man. He came home then, and everyone was surprised to see him without his hump. So he told the tale to everybody,—what had occurred and how he got rid of the hump.

Well, there was another man that had a hump in the same neighbourhood, so he said he'd try his luck. So he went out, and he heard the song, and what she was singing now was,—"*Dia Luain, Dia Márt, Dia Céadaoin.*" So he ups and says,—"*Dia Luain, Dia Márt, Dia Céadaoin, Diardaoin*" ["Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday"]. So this spoilt the music of her song, and she sent out to see who was abroad that spoilt her song. And the little man was brought in, an' the hump that was taken off the other man was put on to him, so he had to go home with the two humps on his back.[7]

[7] Cf. the well-known Breton story.

6. *The Fairy Linen.*

There was an old woman that had three sons, and she lived in a place (as was in Donegal) where there was any amount of *Clutharacáns* to be seen. Well, one morning, when she was after getting up, she went down into the garden, and she found three shirts that just fitted the three boys lying on a bush in the garden. So she examined the shirts, and she had never seen any material like them before. Well, she was impatient to show them to somebody, so the next woman that came into the house she showed them to her. So the rumour went out about the shirts, for, when one woman will hear a thing, she'll tell it round to every other woman around. So the whole country round came to see the shirts, and nobody had ever seen anything like them before. So the clergyman at last came to see the shirts. "Well," says he, "you're in for luck," says he, "unless you've lost it through some fault of ye," says he. "Why?" says she. "What am I after doing?" "Well, I'm afraid," says he, "ye have no right to expose the matter to yer neighbours," says he. Well, she waited for years for her luck, but it was clean gone, where she had the foolishness to expose the secret; and maybe she is still waiting!

7. *The Fireside Visitors.*

I was one night in a house where they had all gone to a wake and the man and the woman were sitting at the fire, and a little-een man came out of the corner, and he had a pipe in his hand. And the woman got afeared,—she got in dread of him, ye know,—when she saw the small little-een thing coming out of the corner. And a small little-een woman, smaller again than the man, came out of the corner, and they both lit their pipes and had a smoke. "Whisht," says the man, "they'll be having a smoke." The small little-een woman had a fiddle, she had, and she caught hold of the little man and danced a double (jig) all around the floor of the house. Then they caught hold of the man and the woman, and asked them out for a dance. When they were after dancing, then they shook hands with the man and with the woman, and ran back into the corner. They ran into the corner then, and the man and the woman ran away out of the

door, and they didn't come in till morning, and the two small fairies went away into the corner, and never more were seen and "no more about them for ever."[8]

8. *The Mysterious Disappearance of Butter at Kilmurran, and how the Butter Thief was mastered.*

There was a man called William Power who lived down in the country place called Kilmurran. Well, he could not make any butter, for there was an evil spirit as took the milk out o' his cows and all the water out o' his well, so that he could not make the butter. Well, he had a fine lot o' cows, but they were not any good to him, and he had a fine big well, but the devil a drop o' water would it give. So he tried everything. He brought priests, and he brought everyone to know could they stop the thing. So he was directed to go to a woman, who was a neighbour o' his and had a great mastery entirely over evil spirits, and to know from her was there any good to be done, and if she didn't know of anything, then there was nothing as could be done. Well, the woman came and told him to put up a churn the night before the first of May, (which is a lucky day), and that, if the thieving spirit was disappointed that night, it wouldn't be able to do any more mischief during the following twelve months. So she sent the farmer out to the spring well to watch that no water was stolen from the well, and she sent his boy out into the field to watch the cows to see that the mischievious little fairy did not take any milk from the cows. Well the farmer saw nothing, but he was certain sure that there was something like a bird, (which must have been the evil spirit), hovering and fluttering around o' him all night, and the same fluttering was heard by the boy watching the cows. Well, after that, the cows gave plenty o' milk, and the well began giving any amount o' water. And so they had plenty o' butter. And the dirty little divilish little spirit was no more seen.[9]

9. *Another Disappearance of Butter.*

There was a man dying, and his son went to fetch the priest to anoint him. And the priest returning from the man's house on

[8] "*Ná se finisalha inis agum.*" [9] Cf. vol. xxii., pp. 339-40 (*Clare*).

horseback was reading his office, and he had the reins thrown loose on the horse's neck, when he was passing by an iron gate into a field where there was a large number of cattle. Then the gate got a great rattle, and the horse shied and nearly threw him off. So he went back to the gate to see what it was as frightened the horse, and he saw a small keg rolling out into the road. So he got off his horse to examine the keg, and he found inside of it a small woman and the keg filled with butter. So he threatened to kill this woman if she didn't tell him where she got the butter. So she told him the whole truth, and told him of all the neighbours around that she'd taken the butter from. So he promised he wouldn't say a word about it if she'd promise to return the butter to the people she'd been after taking it from, and all the money she'd ever got for stolen butter, and she said she would, and that the money was hidden under a rafter in the thatch o' her house.

10. *The Breeches full of Butter.*

The police in Killbarrack, near Bunmahon, were coming in of a morning after a patrol, and they sat down in the ditch to take a smoke. And they saw a little object,—legs and a little body and no head,—running along through the field. So one of them fired at it, and it fell, and when they went to see what it was, what should it turn out to be but a man's breeches full of butter!

11. *How Patsy Crotty saw the Sluaigh Modelligo.*

Sluaigh Modelligo is supposed to come out on Saturday evenings and play football and hurling on the Big Inch, which is a field near Modelligo, and that field is never cultivated and nothing grown on it, for the *Sluaigh* would put blights on it. They have other meeting places as well, and one of them is the *Poll a mhóna* (as means "turf hole."). *Sluaigh Modelligo* is the strongest *Sluaigh* in Ireland as they say. The words mean that they are the dead people of Modelligo. An old man used to have a house as was on this field, the Big Inch, and he used to hear their hurling sticks be butting up against the walls of his house, and their footballs would be knocking against them, and he was in dread of his life of them. Patsy Crotty of Knock na

crooha on one occasion was coming at a late hour from Dungarton, and was crossing by the pond called the *Poll a mhóna* when his horse suddenly got frightened and plunged, and Patsy also got terrible frightened, for he knew the *Sluaigh* used to meet there, and he seed a world of people there playing hurling, and they stopped and stared at him. His horse ran away, and jumped over the fence and away home with him as fast as ever he could run. The next morning the horse was a lather of sweat,—and so was Patsy,—and was quite stiff and could not move. The horse perished entirely, and the man did'nt get all right till he died, and people until this day are afraid to pass the pond at any late hour.

One night, about 20 years ago, the *Sluaigh* was on the way to the *Poll a mhóna* at about twelve o'clock in the night. And we couldn't sleep with them at all [in the glen], for they were passing the house and a big crowd along with them, and we could hear them talking all night. I am certain sure I heard a lot o' my dead neighbours in the crowd, for I could hear them talking, and they often passed the same road (for the *Poll a mhóna* must be their playground), and were heard by a great number o' the glen people from time to time.

12. *The Dead Funeral.*

There was an old man as was seeing a funeral passing him during the night time, and he saw a foxy man among them who he knew to be a dead man, and he was the last of the lot. And he said to the foxy man,—"What brought ye here?" says he. "Mind ye'er own business, and dont be a minding o' me!", says the foxy man. And then the old man ran away, for he knew that he had seen the *Sluaigh*, and he nearly died with the fright.

13. *The History of the Holy Well at Modelligo.*

The well at Modelligo is supposed to be removed from the place where it was formerly to where it is now. It had used to be in Scart above Modelligo, in the land of a man called Mr. Healy. Well, there were a lot of people used to come to the well to be cured of bad eyes and any sort of blindness in the eyes, and Mr. Healy used to hear all the people that was cured at this well

talking about the well. So he told his steward to take a blind horse he had to the well. But the steward wouldn't take the horse, so he had to take him himself to the well. So the horse got his sight back there and then, and Mr. Healy, who had had the impudence to take a dumb animal to the well, was struck blind himself, and the well disappeared. So there was no trace of the well to be found where it was. But after some days the well was found where it is at present, up a *boreen* under the chapel of Modelligo.[10]

14. *The Abhacs.*

An *Abhac*[11] is a very small little man with a head bigger than any other man, though he be ten feet high, and he have short legs and little short shoes for them to be in, and he is a very strong little man and a great worker. And any family that would get hold of him wouldn't need to do any work, for the *Abhac* would do all the work and would never sleep, for he would work night and day. And when one of the *Abhacs* would get upon a horse to be riding of him, his legs would not come down to the stirrups or near them; and the *Abhacs* would be cuter than any big men, and they have more brain than any ordinary men, and for their size they are awfully strong,—and wicked, because they think everybody is looking at them. And if there was a crowd of people coming against them, they'd go inside of the fence in order to escape them, and they'd be great for milking cows or driving donkeys.

There was once an *Abhac* as was a small little-een man with a big head, and he did have thirty women going about him, and all the thirty women were hunting him for his money. And they caught him, and, when they caught him, they took him down to the river and had a fighting battle for him. "Be japers! I'll have him!" says one. "Be gar!" says another one, says she, "You're a liar!" says she, "Get out of my sight!" says she,—and had him. They all went away then, and no more about them. They wouldn't see him any more, and the woman as had the *Abhac* took and drownded him in the river because she wanted his money.

[10] According to an older version of this legend the desecrator of the well was Cromwell. Cf. vol. xxii., p. 212 (*Clare*).

[11] Pron. "*owk*," a dwarf of unnaturally small person.

Now there was another *Abhac* as was a small little-een man with his head bigger than his body. He was very rich, and had *sparán na scillinge*, ye know. He had no wife, and there was nine of them hunting him because he was so rich and had *sparán na scillinge*. Well, one of the women was at him then, trying to get *sparán na scillinge*, and he would not give it to her. "Well," he said, "I won't give ye *sparán na scillinge*," he said, says he. "Well, if ye won't give me *sparán na scillinge*," says she, "I won't have ye at all," says she, "when ye wouldn't give me *sparán na scillinge*," says she. "Go away with ye and never come back again to look at me or to speak with me, for I won't have ye at all, and ye are only a small little-een man and its not ye I want, but its *sparán na scillinge* I want!" says she. And she went away and was never seen again. And the other women went away, and they were never seen again.

15. *The Badhb.*[12]

A *Badhb* is a big tall woman dressed in white, about ten feet in the height. She has hair about four feet long, and she goes along clapping her hands and tearing her hair, and she saying "*Ochón! Ochón!*"[13] And, when she comes to the house, she disturbs the fowls and kills all the birds and their eggs, and very soon after that you hear somebody is dead.

About twelve years ago, one evening at half-past seven, indeed, faith, as Kate Caher was standing at her own gate, she see a big tall woman, dressed in white, and she had terrible long foxy hair, and she clapping her hands. "*Ochón! Ochón!*" she was saying. Faix! ye might say she was frightened, and she went to call out her mother, and, just when she came out, no sign of her could be seen. She was gone off like a flying fox. A cousin of hers, a young girl, died soon after in about three months.

[12] Pron. *Bibe.* Cf. note 1. Now regarded as a kind of banshee by the peasantry.

[13] Pron. "Ohone," a cry of lamentation.

(*To be continued*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society at Oxford.

(*Supra*, p. 6.)

A meeting of the Anthropological Society of Oxford, to which members of the Folk-Lore Society and of the Royal Anthropological Institute are invited, will take place on Thursday, May 14th, from 4-30 to 6 p.m., in the hall of Christ Church. Tea will be followed by the reading of a paper by Prof. Gilbert Murray on "Folk Influence in Early Greek Literature." The Pitt Rivers Museum will be open for the day, and members can return to London by a dining train leaving Oxford at 7-20 p.m.

F. A. Milne, *Secretary.*

Modern Greek Folk-Tales and Ancient Greek Mythology: Odysseus and Saint Elias.

(Vol. xxiii., p. 486.)

In the note in *Folk-Lore* at the reference above, I ventured to dispute the claims of certain modern Greek folk-tales to an ancestry in ancient Greek mythology. Mr. W. R. Paton has since been good enough to draw my attention to an indisputable instance of survival, the case of the sailor who is told to put his oar on his shoulder and march on until he comes to a land where they say that it is a baker's peel. This story Mr. Paton remembers hearing from an old woman in Calymnos some years ago: his notes of it have unfortunately been mislaid. To my

friend Mr. F. W. Hasluck I am indebted for tracing the published versions. Two are given by Polites in his Παραδόσεις,[1] and Mr. Hasluck has himself found the legend localised at a church of St. Elias in Bithynia.[2] Of the second of Polites' versions I will give a rough translation :—

"St. Elias was once upon a time a sailor. What with pulling and pulling at the oar, (there was no spare time for meals in those days ; they ate as they rowed), the poor man was tired of it. He took his oar on his shoulder and went off to go and find a place where they didn't even know the name of the thing. He goes to the village and asks,—"What do they call this?" "An oar," they say to him. He goes to the other village and asks,—"What do they call this?" "An oar." Och! The devil! He was in despair! Here, there, and everywhere he asks his question until he comes to a village on the top of the mountain. "What do they call this?" he asks. "A bit of wood." Glory be to God! He sticks the oar upright, he builds a hut, and determines to remain there for the rest of his life. And that is why they place St. Elias on all the mountain tops."

Polites naturally refers to the prophecy about Odysseus' end, in which the hero is told to put his oar on his shoulder and travel until he comes to a land where the natives are ignorant of the sea. A wayfarer will meet him who mistakes his oar for a winnowing shovel. That will be the sign. There he is to stick his oar upright in the ground, perform sacrifices to Poseidon, and thence return home and offer hecatombs to the immortal gods.[3]

In this case the most hardened sceptic will find it difficult to dispute the genealogy of the story. And the natural presumption that the incident is directly derived from ancient Greek tradition is strengthened by the fact that the incident is apparently unknown elsewhere. I ventured to take advantage of M. Cosquin's vast knowledge of the contents of folk-tales, and he kindly informs me that neither in East or West can he remember seeing this incident

[1] Polites, Μελέται περὶ τοῦ βίου καὶ τῆς γλώσσης τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ λαοῦ, vol. i., No. 207 and notes. One version is from Aegion (Vostitza). The other was told by a sailor ; the locality is not given.

[2] Hasluck, *Cyzicus*, p. 65. [3] *Odyssey*, xi., 125 and xxiii., 267.

repeated.[4] He adds with Socratic modesty that this may be due to his ignorance of folk-tales, but the presumption against its diffusion elsewhere is strong. At the least it cannot be common or popular. In this instance, therefore, the conditions of establishing the case for survival appear to be fulfilled. In essentials the ancient and modern versions correspond, and the episode appears not to occur outside the area in which it does occur both in ancient and in modern times. If subsequently it is found to occur outside this area, further investigation will be necessary to determine the mutual relations between the ancient and modern Greek versions and the *tertium quid.* But until then we may safely assume that it is a survival in the direct line from ancient Greek tradition.

It is perhaps worth noticing in conclusion the divergencies in the modern and ancient versions and the changes which the story has suffered at the hands of time and circumstance. The ancient version belongs to what we may call the folk-tale stratum of the Greek epic, which deals with the wanderings of a hero who is at perpetual enmity with the god of the sea. The details of the episode have a particular point. Odysseus is under a spell to wander until he worships the god of the sea in a land where men are ignorant of the sea itself. With the mistake of thinking his oar a "chaff destroyer" Miss Harrison has dealt in her paper on "Mystica Vannus Iacchi."[5] She has there given an illustration of the modern Cretan *θυρνάκι*, a winnowing instrument which may be described roughly as a shovel with prongs. Odysseus' oar, as it appears for instance on a well-known gem,[6] is much like a shovel without prongs. The mistake was easy. But, further, the word *θυρνάκι* is a modern form of the ancient Greek *θρῖναξ*, a trident. With the trident we come back to Poseidon, whose symbol and instrument it was particularly supposed to be. It is just possible that some feeling of appropriateness in the similarity of a winnowing shovel and a trident helped to fix the detail of the story of the mistake.

[4] M. Cosquin is, of course, not responsible for my opinion that the episode is a survival from classical tradition.

[5] *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxiii., pp. 301-5.

[6] It is probably most readily accessible in the reproduction in Monro, *Homer's Odyssey*, *Books xiii.-xxiv.*, p. 260.

The modern versions on the other hand belong to popular hagiology, and supply an aitiological account of why it is that, as a matter of fact, the tops of mountains throughout Greek lands are dedicated to St. Elias and adorned with little churches in his honour. The *motif* of the enmity with the sea-god has naturally disappeared. St. Elias is just a worn-out mariner, so tired of the sea that he wishes to get right away from it. The details of the story tend to lose their individuality in the less complex setting. Mr. Paton's story retains the picturesque in the mistaking of the oar, not indeed for a winnowing shovel, but,—very plausible and good,—for a baker's peel. The two versions given by Polites are duller. "A bit of wood" (ξύλο) is the form of the desired response.

The habitual dedication of mountain tops to St. Elias appears to have excited popular curiosity. In the Argolid it is explained that Mahomet was chasing him and indeed almost caught him in the plain, but up the mountain he was unable to follow, and at the summit the saint found a safe refuge.[7]

The learned have a different answer to the riddle.[8] This St. Elias, who, ecclesiastically speaking, is either the prophet Elijah of the Old Testament or a Christian hermit of the fourth century A.D., is "merely the Christian successor to Helios, the Sun." Indeed almost every modern Greek saint has by now been declared to be the avatar of an ancient Greek god. In many cases, however, the arguments for these identifications are none too strong, and in every case they demand careful examination before the conclusions are accepted. At present I will do no more than confess that the alleged identity of St. Elias and Helios appears to me possible rather than probable, and certainly very far from proven.

W. R. HALLIDAY.

[7] Polites, *op. cit.*, No. 208.

[8] Polites, ὁ Ἥλιος κατὰ τοὺς δημώδεις μύθους, pp. 45 *et seq*; J. C. Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, p. 44. The question is also dealt with in Miss M. Hamilton, (Mrs. Dickins), *Greek Saints and their Festivals*, pp. 19-24.

Rust'haveli's Georgian Epic, *The Man in the Panther's Skin.*

(Vol. xxiv. p. 403.)

To Dr. F. C. Conybeare's review of the late Miss Wardrop's translation of Rust'haveli's Georgian Epic, *The Man in the Panther's Skin*, the following bibliographical note might be added: The poem was rendered into German, as the first translation in a European language (from the eighth edition of the original printed at Tiflis in 1888), by Arthur Leist in "*Der Mann im Tigerfell*, von Schota Rustarveli, aus dem Georgischen ubersetzt, Dresden, 1889." The preface of his translation, a copy of which lies before me, was written and signed by Arthur Leist at Tiflis in May, 1889.

H. Krebs.

Oxford.

Working Evil by a Duck's Foot.

In the village of Sandford, near Crediton (Devon), are the ruins of a cottage which collapsed about five or six years ago. A woman lived there who was said to be unpopular with some of her neighbours, and the fall of her dwelling was the last of a series of misfortunes which fell upon her after somebody had placed a duck's foot upon her doorstep. This action is regarded with horror, because it is a particularly potent charm, and has to be worked with great secrecy.

I should be glad to know if this practice is known elsewhere, and what explanation is given of the deadly significance of a duck's foot.

Amy Montague.

REVIEWS.

FESTSKRIFT TILLEGNAD EDVARD WESTERMARCK. I anledning av Hans Femtivårsdag Den 20 November 1912. Helsingfors: J. Simelii Arvinjars Boktryikeriaktiebolag, 1912. 8vo, pp. vii + 304.

THAT a *Festschrift* should be presented to Prof. Westermarck on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday was no more than a deserved honour, and we take the opportunity of wishing him many more years of activity in the studies to which he has so markedly contributed. The book consists of fourteen essays, mostly by Prof. Westermarck's pupils. Of these, six are in Swedish, and we regret that our linguistic limitations prevent us from criticizing them. The rest, with one exception (K. R. Brotherus on *Die Stellung der anthropogeographischen Synthese in der Soziologie und Geschichtsphilosophie*), are in English, and include contributions by Dr. A. C. Haddon and Dr. W. H. Rivers. The former, in a learned discussion of the houses of New Guinea, tries to bring some order into that most chaotic subject, and comes somewhat tentatively to the following conclusions (pp. 55 *et seq.*): (1) The ground-houses, at least in the west and south-west of the island, are not borrowings from Melanesia, but "essentially belonging to the true Papuan culture." (2) The characteristic pile-houses are found side by side with segregation of the sexes,—men's houses, sometimes women's houses also,—but not with totemism, except in regions where this was already in existence. Indeed this culture is anti-totemic in its tendencies. But whether it was the culture of one race or several is one of the questions which with our present knowledge it is impossible to answer. Dr. Rivers has written a most interesting essay on the disappearance of certain

useful arts, namely those of pottery-making, navigation, and archery, in various localities in Oceania. The second of these is the most important for the general study of ethnology, as, if it can be supported by examples from other parts of the world, it may lead to a revision of our views of the provenance of the populations of several countries, notably S. America, which have long been standing puzzles and have led to much postulating of sunken continents and other land-bridges. The discussion of the passing of archery, which it is suggested (p. 122) went out of fashion owing to the sentimental fondness of the Polynesians for the club and the curiously ceremonial and to our ideas unpractical methods of waging war in those parts of the world, may well be connected with an essay by Rudolf Holsti (pp. 137 *et seq.*), in which a convenient summary is given of superstitious customs, ancient and modern, connected with warfare. The examples are for the most part very well known, and the classical ones show a certain lack of complete familiarity with that department of research. The thesis is, that war has not among savage races acted as a factor for promoting the survival of the fittest, because its intimate connection with magico-religious beliefs has kept it from being a satisfactory trial of the relative strength of the contending parties, the stronger nation or tribe being often in quite provable instances worsted through its own superstitious fears.. This, we think, is to some extent beside the point. It is clear that war has not always meant the survival of the most *physically* fit nation; but the history of Rome alone shows clearly how frequently these very superstitions have brought out the superior mental and moral fitness of the conquering people. A nation which would not join battle because its sacred chickens would not feed was certainly at a disadvantage as against one which had no such scruples; but, when it could produce a general who, the secular conditions being favourable, was capable of advancing on the strength of a false report about these same chickens and assuring the *pax deorum* by letting the originator of the report be slain; or another who travelled in a closed litter lest any ill-omened sight should stop him; Rome's destinies were in safe hands so far as military efficiency went.

Of considerable theoretical interest for the study of early ideas

of the afterlife is G. Landtman's paper on "Wanderings of the dead in the folklore of the Kiwai-speaking Papuans" (pp. 59 *et seq.*). The picturesque group of legends which it contains not only point to an attitude of affection, as opposed to fear, towards the dead on the part of these people (see p. 75 especially), but provide a fresh example of the ease with which two or three quite inconsistent ideas of so important a matter as the fate of the dead may prevail simultaneously among the same population. If these Papuans can hold, some of them that the dead go on a long journey to the west, some that they live underground, especially it would seem beneath their own graves, and some (p. 79) that they continue to dwell near the living,—and apparently all these beliefs may be held together,—the old criterion of different forms of *Jenseitsglaube* for determining the existence of different strata in a population clearly loses much of its cogency.

We have no space to do more than mention the methodological papers of K. R. Brotherus and G. C. Wheeler. B. Malinowski, in "The economic aspect of the Intichiuma ceremonies" (pp. 81 *et seq.*), points out in criticism of Frazer that, although the actual economic value of such rites is practically nil, their potential value, in accustoming the minds of the people to continued organized work for a common end, and so laying the foundations of the organization of labour, is very considerable. R. Elander ("The clan as a local unit in society," pp. 131 *et seq.*) replies to some criticisms of his published views on that subject, and further develops the idea.

A word of praise is due to the printers, who have produced in a most clear and easily-read form, without serious misprints and with only two or three minor slips, so considerable a body of material in a language which was not their own. We wonder if a book of Swedish essays would be so well done in London or New York?

H. J. Rose.

ΛΑΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ· δελτίον τῆς ἑλληνικῆς λαογραφικῆς ἑταιρείας· τόμος γ–τόμος δ', α'-β'. ἐν Ἀθήναις, τύποις Π. Α. Σακελλαρίου, 1911-13. [LAOGRAPHIA: The organ of the Greek Anthropological Society; Vol. iii.–Vol. iv. 1–2, 1911-13. Athens: P. A. Sakellarios.]

THE Greek Anthropological Society is to be congratulated on the general high level of its publication, for which much of the credit is due to the Editor, Prof. Polites. One of his articles, that dealing with St. George and the Dragon, we have reviewed below. The others treat for the most part of popular beliefs and practices of the modern Greeks and their ancient and mediæval parallels. (Dream-omens, vol. iii., p. 3; pyromancy, p. 345; modern churches in their relations to ancient temples, vol. iv., p. 12; besides notes and minor articles). His general attitude to the subject is that in these modern ideas we may trace ancient beliefs preserved through mediæval times in spite of or with the connivance of the official Church. So far as mediæval times go he has little difficulty in proving his point; see especially the very interesting *nomocanon* which he publishes in vol. iii., p. 381, much of which reads almost like an index to some modern work on popular Greek beliefs. But for ancient times we know of no field of research where, without fairly compelling evidence for the particular point in hand, we would be more chary of assuming an actual survival. Thus empyromancy is well established for ancient Greece, and some resemblance between the methods of ancient diviners and those of the modern peasant can be readily made out. But a similar resemblance can be made out if we compare what we know of ancient divination with the popular practices of almost any country; and against the supposition that the actual classical Greek rites have survived we must set the fact that mediæval Greece was subjected to a very powerful foreign influence. To take a concrete example, we know that the modern Greek peasants divine from the crackling or movements of objects placed on the fire; we know that this goes back to the Middle Ages; but, when it comes to ancient times, we are left with a chance remark of Aristotle and a doubtful passage in the *Phoenissae* of Euripides for all evidence,—the passage of Suidas quoted by

Lawson[1] having nothing to do with the matter, as Polites shows in vol. iii., p. 355. It is therefore open to anyone to assume that the ancient empyromancy died out completely and was replaced by a foreign custom. Still, the opposite theory is, as he says, "by no means improbable," and other customs may be more clearly traced.

Beside Prof. Polites' scholarly articles the elaborate essay of A. Adamantios on chastity-tests (vol. iii., pp. 51, 390) looks very amateurish. It contains indeed some good collections of material on this interesting if not very novel subject, but we note several weaknesses. Thus the discussion rests partly on the interesting passage in Numbers, ch. v., vv. 11 *et seq.*, on the "water of bitterness"; but the author handles this in a way which indicates that he had neither consulted any Hebrew scholar nor noticed Robertson Smith's discussion of it.[2] Later, when he speaks of the Roman "worship of Talassio," tries to emend a perfectly plain passage of Polybios[3] in a way which would make shipwreck of the grammar, and finds a sufficient source for the magico-religious importance of virginity in family pride, we see that neither his scholarship nor his anthropological training is sufficient for the task he has undertaken.

But most of the contributions are, as we have said, of a high order. Many are naturally of interest chiefly, if not entirely, to the specialist in Byzantine and Modern Greek; but the majority are of wider importance. We would especially notice G. A. Megas' description of a sacrificial rite surviving in Thrace and reminding one decidedly of pre-Christian customs (vol. iii., p. 148); a number of interesting variants of popular songs; another article by Megas on buried treasure (vol. iv., p. 22); and two contributions consisting of popular compositions, the work of unlettered peasants, referring to incidents of the past year, such as the murder of the late King. These present a most curious combination of old and new, since their form is of almost immemorial

[1] *Modern Greek Folklore etc.*, p. 237.

[2] *The Religion of the Semites* (1907), p. 180.

[3] III. xxv., 6; διὰ λίθον for Δία λίθον. E. Harrison (*Essays presented to Wm. Ridgeway*, p. 97) has the same suggestion; but ὄμνυμι does not take διὰ + acc.

antiquity, while their contents include references to such up-to-date things as telegraphs, Board schools or their Greek equivalent, the public and private virtues of M. Venezelos, and the straight shooting of certain Greek troops. Certainly folklore is not killed by modern progress in Greece at any rate.

In conclusion we must note that *Laographia* is one of the few sources from which really reliable information about modern Greek customs can be obtained. The English and German books on this subject are often inaccurate, and a number of corrections of them are made in passing, particularly by Prof. Polites.

H. J. Rose.

Drachen und Drachenkämpfer. Von Géza Róheim. (An off-print, with enlargements, from *Jung-Ungarn*, 1911.) Berlin, 1912. 4to, pp. 56.

τὰ δημώδη Ἑλληνικὰ ᾄσματα περὶ τῆς δρακοντοκτονίας τοῦ Ἁγίου Γεωργίου. [Greek Popular Songs on St. George and the Dragon.] Reprinted from *Laographia*, vol. iv. By N. G. Polites. Athens, 1913.

These two works handle from different points of view a portion of the vast collection of known tales of dragon-fighting heroes. M. Róheim's little work, confessedly not nearly a complete treatise on so gigantic a subject, endeavours to steer clear of the hasty assumptions and unjustified generalizations which have marred the labours of many of his predecessors. He combats especially the tendency to reject without sufficient investigation the astral explanation of the myth. We think that he goes too far in the other direction; but we most heartily agree with his protest against the tendency to refer to one source all myths, or for that matter all customs, which happen to have a family resemblance to one another. There is, as he well reminds us, such a thing as convergence in folklore as in biology (p. 55), and, as in the latter case whales have modified their structure until they closely resemble fishes, so in the former we may have myths from totally different sources following a similar line of development and coming to appear almost identical.

He distinguishes several types of dragon, using the word in the wide sense of any bestial enemies of heroes of popular legend. We have in the first place water-demons (p. 6); naturally enough, as dragons are mostly of reptilian shape, and snakes live for the most part in or near water. Hence we get dragons of mountain torrents, and hence of mountains in general. (We should say that the presence of serpents on rocky hills was alone enough to account for this; indeed Róheim owns as much.) Hence dragons of volcanoes (p. 9); dragons of trees and woods (*ibid.*). All these arise more or less directly out of actual snakes, and hence the frequent *motif* of the bird which fights or helps to fight the dragon. This bird develops into a totemic ancestor of bird-form, and hence into an anthropomorphic hero. We object here to this free and easy use of the word "totemism," which is still unfortunately prevalent on the Continent, and also to the assumption that the theriomorphic hero belongs to one stratum and the anthropomorphic to another.

Less directly connected with natural history are the dragons of sickness, a particular species of the theriomorphic demons of disease (p. 13); the dragon who develops out of the belief that the dead appear in snake-form and hence is a guardian of buried treasure and later the warden of Hades (pp. 15 *et seq.*). The combination of soul-serpent and soul-bird gives us the flying dragon (p. 23). (We doubt this.) Finally we have the huge variety of celestial dragons, developed out of such things as the dark half of the moon which devours the light half, the monster which causes eclipses or sunset by devouring the luminary; the cloud- or rain-dragon, who has affinities with the river-dragon, and so on. The heroes who fight these miscellaneous monsters are of equally varied character, such as the sorcerer who destroys the dragon of sickness (p. 24); the Sun which conquers the storm-dragon (p. 35),—this we can be sure of from the numerous cases in which "*nicht der Erklärer, sondern die Mythe selbst von Sonne und Mond es erzählt*," and so forth.

All this is amply illustrated with a series of references to the literature of folklore, and we agree with the general conclusions. We would, however, take a further step in the analysis, and insist that the general trend of the legends of the particular people

whose dragon-myth we may happen to be considering should be carefully examined before attempting to explain the myth itself. Then, if we find a fair proportion of astral myths, for example, we may acquiesce in M. Róheim's dictum that in this case "*mutato nomine de Sole fabula narratur*" (*ibid.*). If, on the other hand, we find a predominance of the cult of the dead, or of river-spirits, we may put the dragon and his slayer into the corresponding classes. Thus we would cheerfully accept a Modoc sun-dragon-slayer; but, when the myth originates in Greece, we look rather for a river-, spring-, or earth-deity of some sort who has taken dragon form.

M. Polites draws our attention particularly (pp. 207 *et seq.*) to the prevalence of the water-guarding dragon in Greek myth, ancient and modern. He instances the Hydra, Python, and others, and suggests that the churlish Amykos, who prevents the Argonauts from watering until Polydeukes overthrows him, is developed out of a similar monster. To this type St. George's dragon conforms. By an acute analysis of a number of variants of a popular song on the subject,—a song by the way which is not without a certain beauty of its own,—he arrives at the conclusion that the legend is not taken from the ecclesiastical lives of the saint, into which indeed it intrudes quite late, but is due to a relic of the Perseus myth, preserved in popular traditions, most likely those of Anakou or Eneghi in Cappadocia. Like M. Róheim and most other writers, he sees in the exposed princess a relic of actual human sacrifice.

H. J. Rose.

Despre Cimilituri. By G. Pascu. Part I., Philological Study. Jasi, 1909. 8vo, pp. xi + 276. Part II., Folkloric Study. Bucharesti, 1911. 4to, pp. 220.

The literature of riddles is very scanty, and Roumanian literature is little accessible. From both points of view, therefore, it may prove of interest to draw attention to the publications above, which have appeared in Jassy and Bucharest. Dr. G. Pascu made the study of Roumanian riddles the subject of his Doctorate Dissertation, but under his hand the work has grown from a small

dissertation to two large volumes, one published in Jassy, and the second taken up by the Roumanian Academy, and published in its *Memoirs* in the year 1911.

The author follows quite original lines in his investigation. He studies in the first volume the linguistic side, and in the second the folklore side of the problem. Scarcely any one has preceded him whom he could follow as a guide. In the first part he had no one. For the second part he follows more or less the indications given by me in my *History of Roumanian Literature* as far back as 1887.

It is an extremely interesting attempt to fix the linguistic forms, names, and meanings of riddles,—(in Roumanian there are a good many names for riddles),—the importance of the riddle for dialectic and archaic forms of language preserved in riddles, the transformation and adaptation by assimilation and dissimilation, and the creation of new words in the language. It is not here the place to discuss this extremely important part of the study, which might prove profitable for similar researches in other languages, as everywhere riddles are cast in a peculiar formula. They are rhythmical, full of alliteration and abbreviations and amplifications, which, so far as I am aware, have hitherto not been utilized for the study of the language. A number of words etymology of which has baffled the investigator are now explained by Dr. Pascu through the use to which they have been put in the popular riddle.

To the student of folklore the second part is certainly the more attractive. We have here for the first time an exhaustive investigation of the rules and principles which lie at the root of the formation of riddles. The author has utilized all the existing collections, including those of Gorovei and Pamfilie. He has studied all the variants, not only from Roumania proper, but also from the Bukowina, Transylvania, and even as far south as the Kutzo Vlachs in Macedonia, but has not attempted, except on rare occasions, comparison with the riddles of other peoples.

The work undertaken by Zane in twelve huge volumes for Roumanian proverbs remains still to be done for Roumanian riddles by some one who will follow up Dr. Pascu's lead. The former collected all the Roumanian proverbs, attempted

their interpretation and the study of their origin, and at the same time endeavoured to give all the parallels available in other literatures. Dr. Pascu has been satisfied with a more modest programme. He has limited himself to a detailed study of the origin. He has introduced system and method into the classification of the riddles according to their metaphorical and paraphrastic sense. He has endeavoured to fix those which seem to belong to the whole of the Roumanian people, and to determine more closely the character of those of a local origin. He has grouped together all the subjects of riddles according to the classes into which he has divided them. He devotes, furthermore, a chapter to the criticism of the collectors who have preceded him, such as Anton Pann and Ispirescu. Then, in another chapter, he discusses the rise, change, and disappearance of riddles with the subjects which have also disappeared owing to modern changes, social and political. Dr. Pascu recognizes the ethnographical value of the close examination of riddles, and he shows the connection of riddles with children's games, proverbs, and incidents in fairy tales. He perceives clearly the literary origin of a good number of proverbs, and he quotes a number from the texts published by me in my *History of Roumanian Popular Literature*, and in my *Roumanian Chrestomathie*; such are "Questions and Answers," which is the Roumanian parallel of the western "Lucidarius," and "Arkir and Anadam," the Roumanian form of the famous "History of Arkirios,"[1] "The life of Bertoldo," the Roumanian parallel of the western "Solomon and Marcolphus," the history of Aesop attributed to Planudes, and one or two more collections published by me in abstracts.

Dr. Pascu has, however, not recognized sufficiently the great importance of these literary sources, for not only are those few the oldest that can be traced in Roumanian or in any other literature, but they must also have served as models for those created by popular art and ingenuity, and must have given the first impulse to such plays of the mind. He also has been a little hard on his predecessors, whom he charges with having altered the form of some of these riddles. He forgets that they belonged to a period

[1] See my publication of this Roumanian version in *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, April, 1900, pp. 301-19.

antecedent to the modern science of folklore. They wrote only and solely for the purpose of amusing the people. But, if they had not written, Roumanian literature would have been much poorer in many directions. It was reserved to our time to gather up the material, to classify and to study it in a methodical and scientific manner, and to draw new conclusions of which those who lived in the beginning of the eighteenth century had not even dreamt.

Dr. Pascu has done his work on the best approved scientific lines, systematically and methodically, and he has placed the students of riddles as well as of Roumanian folklore under a special debt of gratitude. His books are, moreover, beautifully printed.

M. GASTER.

HAUSA FOLK-LORE CUSTOMS, PROVERBS, ETC. By R. SUTHERLAND RATTRAY. Preface by R. R. MARETT. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1913. 8vo, pp. xxiv. + 327, 315. 30s. *n.*

MR. RATTRAY is already well known to students who are interested in Bantu peoples by his tiny, but excellent, collection of folk-lore of the Anyanja in the original language, with translation and notes. Entering the Government service in Nigeria,—he is now Assistant Commissioner in Ashanti,—he has utilized his new field of experience for the study of natives belonging to a different race and with quite different customs. The two fine volumes before us are the first-fruits of his labours, and he has been lucky enough to secure a preface by his former tutor, the President of the Folk-Lore Society. The President's writing is always attractive, though it was hardly necessary to commend work which bears on its face its own sufficient credentials.

The plan adopted was to get a learned native *malam*, or scribe, to write down the tales and other texts in Hausa. These were then transliterated and translated by Mr. Rattray; and the original texts are printed on one page, with the transliteration and translation on the opposite page. The primary object of the book is instruction for students in the Hausa language; but it has been made to serve also the needs of students of Hausa culture and

institutions. From the point of view of the latter something has necessarily been sacrificed. Only those who are interested in linguistics, or have practical ends to serve in the study of Hausa, need the text in Arabic characters, which has added so greatly to the size and cost of production, and therefore to the price. The notes too are chiefly directed to grammatical questions, whereas students of culture would have been glad to have the observations of so good an observer and enquirer as Mr. Rattray on more matters of custom and tradition.

The stories are well told. Many of them belong, as we might expect, to the common stock. Brer Rabbit, the Wicked Stepmother, the Envious Friend who tries to perform the feat or gain the reward of another, and so forth will easily be recognized. It is interesting to find Chaucer's tale of January and May in a closely similar version. The common tale of the monster that swallows men, animals, and other objects (only to be at last killed and cut open, when its victims come forth unhurt), appears in three different variants. None of them is identical with one given by Major Tremearne in his lately published *Hausa Superstitions* (p. 363), notwithstanding that one of them relates, like his, to a Dodo, a terrible bush-spirit,—an excellent example of the fluidity of folk-tales.

A long historical tradition on the origin of the Hausa nation and its conversion to Mohammedanism is instructive on the question of the authenticity of the history conveyed by tradition. Mr. Rattray comments: "In this history we have undoubtedly historical facts interwoven with mythology, as is common in most histories or traditions of barbaric and savage peoples; nor are the historical facts of less value, or to be rejected, because the historian has sought to fill up the gaps he finds in authentic records, by resorting to his own imagination or to myths and traditions common among his people." With the former sentence I cordially agree: but it is impossible to assent to the latter without qualification. The difficulty is to discover the historical facts. We cannot do this by merely rationalizing the marvellous. We may be able to identify incidents by the help of external evidence; but where we cannot do this it is rash to accept them as historical. Moreover, the influence of a foreign culture is subtle. Undoubtedly historical events connected with the foreign element may become identified

with incidents of native tradition without the slightest historical warrant. This is the sort of danger to which a native illiterate people coming in contact with an influence such as Islam in the form current among the Hausas,—an influence partially literary but consecrated by religion,—is peculiarly liable. Thus the names of Abubeker and his successors are historical, but that will not justify us in believing that the transactions in which they are here represented *ever* took place. Quite the contrary, the religious importance and fame of the first four Caliphs should put us on our guard. Imagination alone plays strange tricks with memory; and, when religious glamour is added to it, they are together "capable de tout."

The second volume contains an account of customs, arts, and institutions well worth study as being by an intelligent and to a certain extent educated native. Mr. Rattray explains the custom of taking a false bride to the bridegroom's dwelling as "intended to distract the attentions of any evil spirits from the true bride." Is it possible that this is of Mohammedan introduction? All the Hausa customs have been much modified by Islam. The accounts here may be profitably compared with Major Tremearne's accounts and observations in the book already referred to. Mr. Rattray's *malam* naturally gives the orthodox rites; Major Tremearne endeavours to get behind them. And in this connection it may well be remembered that the Hausas have not all accepted the religion of the Prophet.

The author has included a native account of how the famous Benin castings were made, with figures of specimens of the work at different stages which he has been fortunate enough to obtain. The native account, though not without interest, is hardly intelligible without Mr. Henry Balfour's explanation quoted in the notes from the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute.* Each volume has also a frontispiece of other castings. Another hand than the *malam* who is responsible for the bulk of the work has contributed a collection of Hausa proverbs. His definition of a proverb may be commended to students of that branch of tradition: "This is the beginning of words which are taken and jumbled up (that a man may not know their meaning), and such is called a *habaichi*, proverb."

E. Sidney Hartland.

HAUSA SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS. An Introduction to the Folk-Lore, and the Folk. By Major A. J. N. TREMEARNE. John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 1913. 8vo., pp. xv + 548. Map + 41 pl. + 200 text figs. 21s. *n.*

WHEN the author sat down to write this volume he was full to overflowing of knowledge relating to the Hausas and their folk-lore, and hence it is not surprising that his pen gushed forth such a sparkling and limpid stream of information about that interesting people that no one at all curious about folklore can afford to ignore it.

The book is divided into three parts. Part. I. contains several chapters in which the stories related in Part. II. are analysed, and a fascinating account is given of native life and thought. There is scarcely any department of human life missing, so that the reader after a perusal of this work will have a clear and sympathetic understanding of a people who, though black, are by no means a negligible part of that Empire to which they have rendered such good service as soldiers. Part III. is composed of useful explanatory notes on words, phrases, etc. used in the stories.

It is interesting to me to meet so large a number of similarities between life in Hausaland and Congoland, and the space now available could be filled many times over with such parallels. Some writers, with only a superficial and distant acquaintance with Africa, think that polygamy makes for large families and for morality; and it is therefore worthy of note that the author, from his wide knowledge of the polygamous Hausas, writes: "Sterility is common among the Hausas," (p. 96); "the late chief told me that there was not a virgin over ten in the whole township" (p. 88); and, again (p. 89), "I do not suppose that there is a single woman who has not had relations of some kind." Such also was the result of my investigations among the Congo people, only "not over five" would have to be substituted for "not over ten."

The 'types' set out in the first edition of the Society's *Handbook to Folklore* for the classification of folk-tales are applicable almost solely to European collections, and leave unprovided for the enormous mass of African stories recently recorded. It may be of some little assistance to students, therefore, in constituting fresh types and in comparative study, if I give a brief note of

some of the parallels between these hundred Hausa tales and the tales from Congoland which I have published elsewhere, the particular Congo volume being indicated by A or B.[1] Hausa story No. 15, (p. 212); A, pp. 388, 429. From the Hausa tale it appears that a long neck is regarded as a sign of beauty, and the same opinion is held on the Congo. No. 19, (p. 220); A, p. 46, for the second trial of the three slaves' sons. No. 23, (p. 227); A, p. 391. No. 24, (p. 229); A, p. 77. No. 37, (p. 266); A, p. 401,—where, however, the Crow, who claims all the animals killed by the Dove, is trapped by claiming the body of the chief huntsman (accidentally shot by the Dove), and so has to defray the great expenses of burial. No. 74, (p. 361); A, p. 122, a puzzle story with a different plot but centering round a precocious babe. No. 82 (p. 394); B, p. 205, for the incident of the basket which must not be opened. Nos. 86-7 (p. 408); B, p. 200, where appears Ngombe the Swallower of People, similar to Dodo in the Hausa stories.

Not only are there resemblances of the kind cited between Congo and Hausa tales, but, while reading the latter, I was frequently reminded by a phrase here, and a little trick there, of a bit of a Congo story. In Boloki stories still in my hands in Ms. there are instances of the ogre husband smelling his wife's sister who is hidden in the house, of tricking each other by interchanging children, of animals left to guard the camp being tied up one after the other and the camp looted, of captured animals escaping by pretending that the captor has only got hold of a stick, of shape-shifting, (*e.g.* of the Gazelle into a beautiful girl to deceive the Leopard), and of a cunning one (often the Tortoise) eating up all the food in the saucepan and replacing it by dirt, etc.

Folklorists are greatly indebted to Major Tremearne for this carefully arranged and very valuable contribution to their study, and will wish for it the success it so fully deserves. The photographs are interesting; the two hundred accurately produced drawings enhance the value of the book, and the lady who executed the originals is greatly to be congratulated on her work.

J. H. Weeks.

[1] A, *Congo Life and Folk Lore*, (Religious Tract Society); B, *Among Congo Cannibals*, (Seeley, Service & Co.).

MYTHS OF THE MODOCS. By JEREMIAH CURTIN. Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co., 1913. Cr. 8vo, pp. viii + 389. 12s. 6d. *n.*

THIS book is in some ways so valuable that we wish a little more trouble had been taken to increase its value. The Modocs are a small tribe, originally situated in the valley of Lost River, Oregon, but removed thence by the U.S. Government in 1872. In 1884 Mr. Curtin gathered a number of their legends, which are now published with a preface by M. A. Curtin and a few notes. The preface unfortunately tells us almost nothing about the people, save a sketch of their treatment by the whites, which seems to have been abominable. Nothing at all is said of their language, racial affinities, or material culture; no specimens are given of the myths in the original; we are not even told whether Mr. Curtin's informants used their own language or English, although the former seems more probable, and we have no means save internal evidence of judging how literal his version is and whether he has modified any of the tales. The notes consist of a few trite remarks, such as "a beautiful myth. The mind that conceived it was full of poetic thought," and some parallels, not always apposite, together with summaries of some of the stories and several attempts to make out that the bulk of the characters are personified natural forces. There is no glossary, its place being inadequately taken by a translation of the proper names prefixed to each story, and there is no index; neither is there any reference to the existing literature, if any, dealing with the tribe. Hence the reader is continually finding himself in need of some explanation of the numerous local customs alluded to. Thus, we hear several times of polygynous marriages, while on p. 145 we have two men with one wife between them. Also, p. 199, the husband of one sister seems to be *ipso facto* wedded to the other also. Which of these corresponds most closely to actual Modoc custom? A birth-tabu affecting the father is several times alluded to; a few words of explanation would be in point.

These deficiencies are the more to be regretted because the book is full of interesting material. The time at which the events take place is the remote past before the appearance of the human

race, frequently referred to as "the people who are to come" or the like. The chief characters in the opening stories are the creator, Kumush, and a great hero, Isis, who after his birth is re-born, somewhat after the manner of Dionysos, from Kumush's knee. Kumush, as is generally the case with savage creators, goes away when his work is done (p. 45). Natural forces play a large part in these and later myths, and are conceived as vaguely human and anthropomorphic. The same applies to the various animals, several myths ending with a curse on some species to the effect that they shall "not be people any more." As usual in such cases, the inconsistencies are glaring. Thus (p. 243), the daughter of Lok, the bear, rejects the attentions of Wus, the fox, because the latter, although in human form, has hairy, *i.e.* animal, feet. It is a fresh example of the hopelessness of trying to make a sharp distinction between anthropomorphic and theriomorphic strata in primitive myth or religion. Several of the nature myths are also instructive, as they are by no means mere allegories of natural phenomena. Thus, the second tale gives an account of a character called Gáukos (Moon) who runs away from his sister (? Day), but meets *en route* with a number of adventures which it would be hopeless to try to identify with any actual phenomena connected with the moon. Several times the animals, on the other hand, display characteristics which suggest close connection with the heavenly bodies; *e.g.* it is a bear devouring the moon which causes it to wane (p. 82). Several interesting myths deal not with the creation but the modification of natural phenomena; *e.g.* (pp. 60 *et seq.*) the comparative mildness of the weather at present is accounted for by the killing of five out of the ten Sun-brethren,—five is a mystic number and has a magical or religious significance in several passages. P. 77, the same or a similar result is achieved by the slaying of the North and South winds, leaving only their spirits. The latter, however, are invariably conceived of as differing comparatively little from the living person.

A number of familiar folk-tale themes appear, such as the clever youngest brother or sister (*passim*), the swan-maiden (p. 127), and the powers of the name or the word in general. Some are rather less well-worn; *e.g.* on pp. 139-140 a variant of the external soul is found in the case of a fox-hero who leaves his body behind,

sending on his skin and his mind to attack an enemy. The unspoken thought often acts as a charm, and a few characters can hear thoughts but not words. Several mythical beings appear, more or less common in Indian legend, such as the Stone-people, a one-legged monster who wrestles with all comers, and gigantic spirit-forms. One would like to know what relation, if any, exists between the animal characters and Modoc totems.

H. J. Rose.

Short Bibliographical Notices.

28th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. Washington, 1912. Royal 8vo, pp. 308 + xxxv. 103 pl. + 68 figs.

This report is mainly concerned with the excavation and history of the Casa Grande and neighbouring ruins in Southern Arizona, but also contains (pp. 42-52) a few Pima stories about a cultus-hero regarded as chief of the Casa Grande and including creation and flood tales.

L'Art Rustique Français. L'Art Provençal. By C. de Danilowicz. Paris: Champion, 1913. 4to, 72 pp. Ill. 3 *fr.*

Peasant arts are receiving much attention on the Continent, and folk museums are becoming numerous there. The great Provençal poet who passed away a few weeks ago devoted his Nobel prize to the Arles Museum, and from its contents have been produced the beautiful illustrations in this very cheap account of Provençal peasant art. Amidst the numerous carvings and cultural objects are illustrated masks and figures used at fêtes, and there is a short section (xiii.) on amulets and charms. When will our laggard British local museums cease to be gatherings of odds and ends, and become records of local life and art?

Books for Review should be addressed to
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c/o Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson,
3 Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.

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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.] JUNE, 1914. [No. II.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the Rev. R. Burn and Mrs. Holland as members of the Society was announced.

The resignations of Miss L. W. Faraday and Mr. Charlton Walker were also announced.

The President announced that the Meeting arranged by the Oxford Anthropological Society, to which members of the Folk-Lore Society and Royal Anthropological Institute had been invited, would be held in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, on the afternoon of Thursday, May 14th, when Prof. Gilbert Murray would deliver an address on "Folk Influence in Early Greek Literature." Tea would be served at 4.30 p.m., and the meeting would last an hour, so that there would be ample time for members desiring to return to town to catch the 7.33 p.m. dining car train to Paddington.

The President also announced that the Clarendon Press had undertaken to publish a work by Mr. M. W. H. Beech

entitled "Studies in Ki-Swahili," if a sufficient number of purchasers could be found, and that it appeared from a report of Mr. A. C. Hollis that the work was distinctly of interest to the folklorist.

Mr. E. S. Hartland exhibited, and presented to the Society, a smock frock made at Newent on the borders of Herefordshire and Gloucestershire more than thirty years ago, which had been worn by a shepherd named Charles Steward until quite recently. The frock was purchased for the donor by Miss Barwell, headmistress of the Gloucester High School for Girls, through one of her scholars, a daughter of Charles Steward's employer.

Miss Werner read a paper entitled "Folklore in East Africa," and in the discussion which followed Mr. Hartland, Dr. Gaster, Mr. Wright, Miss Burne, and the President took part. The paper was profusely illustrated by lantern slides.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Werner for her paper.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1914.

DR. H. B. WHEATLEY IN THE CHAIR.

IN the absence of the President, Dr. H. B. Wheatley was voted to the Chair.

The minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Secretary read a letter from Dr. Marett regretting his inability to be present at the Meeting. The resignation of Mr. G. H. Hampton was announced.

Mr. E. Lovett delivered a lecture on "The Folklore of London," which was profusely illustrated by lantern slides; and in the discussion which followed Miss Burne, Mr. Johnston, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Wright, Dr. Frazer, Mr. Clodd, Mr. Tabor, and the Chairman took part.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Lovett for his interesting and instructive lecture.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CEREMONY, AND AN ENQUIRY INTO ITS ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE.

BY J. H. POWELL, M.A.

(*Read at Meeting, December 17th*, 1913.)

FROM such records as are available it would appear that within comparatively recent times "hook-swinging" was a rite of common occurrence in certain parts of India; but, with the advance of a higher civilization and under the influence, direct and indirect, of British rule, there has not only arisen an increasing reluctance to practise it in the presence of Europeans, but in many places where in former years the ceremony was regularly observed it has now been altogether discontinued, or, as will appear, replaced by a milder form from which all elements of cruelty have disappeared. But that there are even now villages, and those not necessarily far removed in jungle fastnesses, where the rite is still being carried out in most of its original barbarity, is not open to doubt.

What follows will be the better understood if at this point it is made clear that the term "hook-swinging" is a misnomer which appears to have had a tendency to mislead those who have attempted to understand the ceremony. In the vernaculars of the country "hook-swinging" is variously known as *charak-puja*, *pota-puja*, *khidi-mari*, *bhokta-puja*, *chata-parab*, *soodaloo*, and *silloo*. I am not competent to deal with or even translate all these phrases, but I might perhaps say that in Hindustani *charak* means

wheel or something that revolves, and that the literal translation of *charak-puja* would perhaps be the "wheel form of worship," or "revolving ceremony." "*Swinging*" postulates movement of a suspended body in a vertical plane as an important, if not essential, feature of the rite, whereas, not only as carried out at the present day is it a *rotatory* movement only that is practised, but from descriptions of older forms of the ceremony it would appear that *swinging* never occurred, but that suspension on hooks and *rotation* in some form or other were the peculiar and characteristic notes of the ceremony. Even where rotation was absent, swinging does not appear to have taken its place. I emphasize the fact that it is a rotatory and not a vertical motion that is practised, not only because it is necessary to the understanding of my description and the photographs accompanying it, but because it is in itself an important point to which I shall have occasion to revert later.

So far as I am aware, "hook-swinging" in the forms in which it is recorded and in which it still takes place is a purely Indian custom, and, therefore, so far as possible, its origin and significance are mainly and most profitably to be sought, not in ceremonies of remote if not entirely fancied affinity and resemblance in some widely separated part of the world,—assuming, as is very possibly the case, that such exist,[1]—but in India itself. I therefore propose, firstly, to describe a "hook-swinging" festival of which I was recently an eye-witness; secondly, to collect, examine, and compare such other descriptions and data as are available; and, thirdly, in the light thus afforded to suggest the origin and significance of a ceremony which has so far almost escaped serious notice. Indeed, the fact that the rite has not yet been at all closely analysed by others constitutes my only excuse for attempting to deal with it.

[1] Some North American Indians perform a Sun Dance which has certain features in common with the "hook-swinging" ceremony.

Plate I.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 1.)

To face p. 148.

Plate II.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 2.)

To face p. 149.

Plate III.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 3.)

To face p. 148.

Plate IV.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 4.)

To face p. 149.

When, in various parts of India, we see men submitting themselves, on almost a wholesale scale, to suspension and rotation by means of hooks thrust through the fleshy part of their backs, we may rest assured that, either in the rite itself there is or has been some imagined efficacy, or that it is a rudimentary and modified form of some earlier rite.

The accompanying photographs were taken by me at a hook-swinging festival held in a small village in the Manbhum district of Chota Nagpur on May 1st, 1912. The village in question is situated near the Damodar river in about lat. 23·50 N. long. 88·40 E., and was one of several in the same neighbourhood in which a similar festival took place about that time. It will be seen that, by means of a rope fastened to two hooks passed through the fleshy portion of either side of the victim's back, he is suspended thirty or forty feet above the ground from the longer end of a stout pole pivoted on a firmly planted upright round which it is free to revolve and on which it may also, when necessary, be moved in a vertical plane, the only object of the latter movement being to allow the victim, before rotation commences, to be raised well clear of the staging on which the lashing to the horizontal pole takes place. Photograph No. 1 (Plate I.) shows the man being thus gently raised. To the opposite or shorter end of the horizontal pole a sort of platform is hung, and this is sometimes occupied by just as many persons as are necessary to effect a correct balance, and maintained by them at such a height that their feet can reach the ground and cause the necessary rotation. This method of rotation and balance is sometimes varied by men running round holding the ropes by which the platform is suspended, photographs Nos. 2 and 3 (Plates II. and III.) indicating more or less clearly what occurs. Photographs No. 3, 4, 5, and 6 (Plates III., IV., and V.) show the platform upon which the man is bound and the ladder by which he ascends to it. In No. 6 (Plate V.) the victim has his back to the camera, and is

the second figure from the left. Having explained the method by which rotation is effected, I now proceed to describe the actual insertion of the hook and suspension from the pole, together with other details of the ceremony. As shown by photographs Nos. 7, 8, and 9 (Plates VI., VII., and VIII.), a portion of the fleshy part of the victim's back is pulled taut by being held between the thumb and fingers of the left hand of the chief operator,—the man who is to insert the hook,—while another portion about three inches higher up or lower down, (depending upon whether the hook is to be inserted in the right or left side), is held in a similar way by his assistant. Photographs 7 and 8 (Plates VI. and VII.) show the hook being inserted into the left and No. 9 (Plate VIII.) into the right side of the back, the hooks pointing outwards, as seen in photographs 10, 11, and 12 (Plates IX., X., and XI.). The flesh being thus held, the chief operator takes a careful aim and inserts the hook with a single lightning-like thrust. The hook itself is blunt, and its passage is facilitated by an extremely sharp false point, socketed at one end to allow of its being placed on the hook. As soon as this point with the hook attached to and following it have been passed through the flesh, the former is taken off for use in inserting the second hook by an exactly similar process through the other side of the back directly opposite to the first one, as seen in photographs 10, 11, and 12 (Plates IX., X., and XI.). When the primitive conditions under which this is carried out are borne in mind, the precision and expedition with which the insertion of the hooks is effected are remarkable, and a comparison of what I may call the finished job in this part of India with that shown in the illustration facing page 493 of E. Thurston's *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India* is very interesting. To the shanks of the hooks several feet of rope are attached, as seen in photographs 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 (Plates VIII., IX., X., XI., and XII.). Garlands of flowers are next hung round the devotee's head and neck, others

are placed in his loin cloth (for purposes that will appear later), a circlet of bells is fixed on either ankle, and he is then taken up to the ricketty scaffolding already referred to, where two or three men are waiting to bind him to the cross pole. Photographs No. 10, 11, and 12 (Plates IX., X., and XI.) were taken while one of the victims was thus on his way. The method of binding is shown, unfortunately somewhat out of focus, in photograph No. 13 (Plate XII.). The rope attached to the hooks (*vide* photographs No. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13) is wound several times very tightly round the pole, but was not, in the cases I saw, even once passed round the body of the man himself, whose whole weight was carried by those portions of the flesh through which the two hooks had been inserted. During the binding process the victim bends slightly backwards across the pole, so as to leave as little play as possible between it and himself, and in one or two instances I noticed that during the first two or three revolutions the weight on the hooks was to some slight extent eased by allowing his arms to rest along the pole as seen in photograph No. 14 (Plate XIII.), but for the greater part of the time they are free as shown in photographs 2, 3, and 4. [Here I digress for a moment to remark that, in so far as the method of suspension admits of the arms resting on the cross pole, it would appear to be less cruel than the Madras one illustrated in photograph No. 15 (Plate XIV.), and referred to in detail later on.[2]] The binding having been completed, the victim is gently raised from the platform in the way already described, and is then rotated for from two to five minutes, during part of which time petals of the flowers with which he has been provided are carelessly strewn on the ground and spectators below. One man while on the pole played a primitive wind instrument of the flute type, while another shielded himself from the sun with an umbrella. The devotee remains suspended

[2] *Infra*, p. 160.

either until he himself signals or until, in the opinion of those rotating him, he has had his share, and, as soon as he has been taken down, lies on his stomach for the hooks to be extracted by the man who inserted them. The latter, as soon as this is effected, places his big toe between the puncture marks on either side, and presses with considerable force to close the wound. So far as my personal observation went, the only act noticed of a possibly ritual nature was that prior to the insertion of the hooks the chief operator touched the ground sharply with his hand, a point that will be considered later.[3] At the village at which the accompanying photographs were taken eighteen men were "swung" between about 8 a.m. and noon, when the people dispersed, to gather again at night for the village dance with which the festival ended. These eighteen devotees were said to have been chosen by the priest from among a larger number of applicants.

I endeavoured to obtain one of the hooks and some of the rope that had been used, but they were refused me, and it was only after a certain amount of persuasion had been brought to bear, and those in authority were satisfied that I had no unfriendly motive, that the photograph (No. 8) of the chief operator was allowed to be taken. Incidentally I might mention that the inhabitants of the village did not strike me as taking more than a very mild interest in the ceremony, and my friend and I with our cameras certainly exercised a strong counter-attraction, as did also the "band" illustrated in photograph No. 16 (Plate XIV.).

What follows is based upon information obtained either on the spot, or subsequently; it was given in all good faith, and on points of fact may be accepted as correct.

In the neighbourhood I write of, "hook-swinging" is performed annually as a New Year ceremony on, or as near as possible to, the last day of the month Chaitra, but all villages do not celebrate it on the same day, one of the reasons

[3] *Infra*, pp. 195-6.

(5)

(6)

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photographs Nos. 5 and 6.)

To face p. 152.

Plate VI.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 7.)

To face p. 153.

given for this being that, as there are only a limited number of men qualified to insert the hooks, the same official is in demand in several places. This office is said to be an hereditary one, devolving upon a member of the blacksmith (*lohar*) caste.

For three days prior to the "hook-swinging," the victim is in a state of tabu. During this period he is not allowed to eat, and may drink water only once a day. He is required to absent himself from his wife and family, and may speak to no-one. As soon as the hooks have been withdrawn after the ceremony the first thing allowed is a drink of water sweetened with sugar.

The rite was explained in the neighbourhood as having been instituted by the god Siva and his wife Durga. As given to me, the story goes that Siva and Durga were not born as children, but came into the world as grown man and woman, in a place called Kailas-parbad. This supernatural arrival was made known only to a poor Brahman and his wife who were childless. Siva told them he was a god and that they must worship him, a statement the Brahman was inclined to disbelieve, and asked for some proof of it to be shown. Siva correctly informed him that although he had been married fifteen years he had no children, and would continue childless until he carried out his (Siva's) wishes. He said that he was the god who gave children and rice crops. The Brahman replied that if he would give him a child as well as rice he would be his follower, to which Siva consented, and told him that he would have to perform the *charak-puja* ("hook-swinging") according to the methods which he then showed him. The Brahman thereupon returned to his own village, and told the people that a god, Siva, and his wife, Durga, had appeared to him, and related all that the former had said. The people of the village decided to make trial of Siva's power, so erected a staging and carried out the instructions given as regards hook-swinging, the Brahman acting as priest while

the lower castes of the people were being "swung." While this was in progress Siva appeared to the Brahman, with whom he was very angry for having started the ceremony without permission, whereon the Brahman asked forgiveness and pleaded ignorance, saying he did not know when the god wanted the *puja* to start. Siva extended his forgiveness, and told the Brahman to look at his (Siva's) head, out of which he would notice a white flower growing. The fall of this flower to the ground was to indicate that the time for the performance of the *puja* had arrived. Three days after this the Brahman's wife gave birth to a child. It is thought that Durga safeguards the ceremony from beginning to end, and does not allow any harm to befall those who are "swung."

It is said that only the lower caste people are "swung," the higher ones, who are already in the god's favour, being exempt. The men who are "swung" are known as *Bhugtas*, *i.e.* men who have no children, but who will beget them after carrying out Siva's instructions. These men, even after children have been granted them, have to "swing" every year in order to remain in Siva's favour, lest in his displeasure he should take their children from them. During the period of tabu already mentioned the *Bhugtas* are supposed to watch the spirit of Siva, the vehicle of which is a more or less oval log of wood about three feet six inches in length and one foot six inches across, which is, of course, painted red.

I am informed that the people of the neighbourhood, among whom Santals, Bauris, Bhumij, Bhuiya, Kurmis, and Hindus are to be found, worship the four goddesses Bhadu, Manasa, Kali, and Durga, and the god Siva. Of these Bhadu is especially regarded as the goddess of children, Manasa as the goddess of snakes and scorpions, (by means of which she is supposed to kill those who are disrespectful to her), and Kali is the goddess of such epidemics as cholera, plague, etc., whereas Siva and Durga are said to be

Plate VII.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 8.)

To face p. 154.

Plate VIII.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 9.)

To face p. 155.

the god and goddess of the *charak-puja* or "hook-swinging." Each village supports a separate priest called the Degharia, who is said to be a Hindu Brahman, and under him is an assistant known as the Laya.

As to what occurs during the dance which, as I have said, is held on the evening of the day on which the hook-swinging takes place, I can obtain no reliable information beyond that it is in honour of Durga and Siva, and that women go only to see the fun. The suggestion that there is any sort of promiscuity or licence allowed between the sexes is indignantly denied, although the man from whom much of my information was obtained would wish to have it clearly understood that the wives of the *Bhugtas* or men who have been swung have children after this ceremony.

The earliest reference to hook-swinging in literature that I have been able to trace, is that of Duarte Barbosa, who, writing of the marriage customs among the people of the interior of the Malabar Coast at the beginning of the sixteenth century, gives the following account :—

"There are amongst them young girls who desire to marry some man for whom they have a liking, and one of these will promise her idol to do it a great service if she should marry such a one whom she wishes for. And if she marries that one, she then says to him, I have to make a feast for such a god, and I have to offer my blood before I deliver myself to you. And so they appoint a day for celebrating that feast. And she takes a large waggon with oxen, and they fix it in a very high crane, such as those with which they draw water, and they fasten to it an iron chain with two iron hooks, and she comes out of her house with great honour, accompanied by all her relations and friends, men and women, with much singing and playing of instruments, and many dancers and jesters; and she comes wrapped very tightly round the waist with her white stuffs, covered from the waist to the knees, the rest bare, and at the door of her house, where the car stands, they lower the crané, and stick the two hooks into her in the loins between the skin and the flesh, and put into her left

hand a small round shield, and a little bag with lemons and oranges. They then raise the crane with great shouting and sound of instruments, firing guns, and making other festal demonstrations: and in this manner the car begins its march on the way to the house of the idol to which the promise was made, and she goes suspended by those hooks fastened into her flesh, and the blood runs down her legs. And she continues to sing and shout for joy, and to strike upon the shield, and to throw oranges and lemons to her husband and to her relations, who go with her in this manner to the door of the said house of prayer, where they take her down, and cure, her, and deliver her to her husband; and she gives at that place great alms to the Bramans and offerings to the idols, and a great feast to as many as accompanied her."[4]

Caspero Balbi thus describes a hook-swinging ceremony as presented at St. Thome, near Madras, in the year 1582:—

"These Gentiles are very different in their adoration, for some worship the image of a man, some of a cow, others of serpents; others the sun or moon; some a tree, or the water, and other things. They are accustomed to celebrate many feasts; but in the month of September I saw one: the people planted a tree in the ground like the mast of a ship, with the main yard across, upon which main yard were two hooks fastened; and there are many which desire to free themselves from trouble or misery, who make a vow to the pagod, to hook or ganch themselves; and for this there are some appointed that stand there, who seeing anyone that will ganch themselves for devotion, they first make an offering, and then they loosen a cord and let down the hooks, and with them they fasten the shoulders of him that will hook himself, and then they hoist him up aloft, making him turn his face to the pagod and salute it three times with his hands in a suppliant manner before his breast, and make him play with a weapon which he carrieth in his hands while he is drawing up: and after awhile they let him down and colour the tree with his blood, saying they

[4] Duarte Barbosa, *A description of the coasts of East Africa and Malabar in the beginning of the sixteenth century*, trans. by the Hon. H. E. J. Stanley, Hakluyt Society, 1866), pp. 95-6.

Plate IX.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 10.)

To face p. 156.

Plate X.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 11.)

To face p. 157.

do it in reverence to the pagod; and then they let him down and put a rope through the holes which the hooks had made, and fastening that cord to the pagod they draw him by little and little to the statue by that cord; then the women of the pagod conduct him to the statue to reverence it, and after this they take care to heal him if they can. And this they do by a vow or promise to the pagod to obtain any thing, or in sickness to recover health."[5]

Hamilton, who witnessed the ceremony at Karwar, on the Kanarese coast, early in the eighteenth century, thus quaintly describes it:—

"There is one trick that the priests yearly put upon the people in this country, that would puzzle the best merry-andrews in Europe to imitate, and that is, about the latter end of May, or the beginning of June, there is a feast celebrated to the infernal gods, with a divination or conjuration to know the fate of the ensuing crop of corn. The ceremony I saw here, and at other places on the coast of Canara. The priests having persuaded some fools to bear a part in the farce, proclaim the feast to be on such a day, at a certain grove, where several thousands of people assemble, and in the middle of the grove is placed a black stone of 3 or 400 weight, [*sic*] without any designed shape, but some places bedaubed with red lead mixed in oil, to serve for a mouth, eyes and ears, with a little earthen pot of fire placed before the stone, and a girl about ten years of age to attend to it.

Some priests, all naked, except a bit of cloth to hide their privities, run and dance round the stone and fire for half an hour, like mad-men, making strange distortions in their phizes, and now and then bellowing like calves. This was the first scene. Those priests had erected a scaffold on two axle-trees, that had trucks fitted for them like the carriage of ship guns. In the middle of the scaffold (which might be about 15 feet long, and as broad) was erected a piece of wood about 15 feet high, with a notch cut in the upper end, like the cheeks of a ship's pump, with holes bored for a bolt to pass through, as pump cheeks have. A tree hewn for their purpose, about 40 feet long, was laid about the

[5] "Gaspero Balbi's Voyage to Pegu," in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels*, vol. ix., p. 398.

middle in the notch, and a bolt passing through the cheeks and that tree, like a pump-brake. At the end of the tree were placed two cross pieces, one at the very end, and the other about four feet without it. Each of these cross pieces were about four feet long, and, at the other end had a rope fastened to it. And this was the vehicle for the actors to hang on for a mile or two.

The actors presenting themselves to the priests, being four in number, dressed as the priests were; only on their heads, crowns were made round their temples, of sugar-cane leaves, open at the top, like ducal crowns. The priests brought two tenter-hooks, such as the butchers in Britain hang their meat on, for each actor, and, after some ridiculous ceremony, hooked them on each side of the back-bone, a little above the kidnies. Those hooks had cords fast to them, so they went dancing round the stone, and the priests holding their strings fast, and, after two minutes dancing, they came tamely to the end of the tree, where the cross pieces were fastened, and one was tied up to each end of the cross pieces, and the mob was ready to hale down the other end, and fastened it to the end of the scaffold, . . . and hauled it over ploughed ground, above a mile, to another grove; and the girl with the pot of fire on her head, walking all the way before. When they came to the end of their journey they were let down, and going into the grove, where was placed another black stone pagod, the girl set her fire before it, and run stark mad for a minute or two, and then fell in a swoon, and in that she lay sweating and foaming at the mouth prodigiously. When she grew mad, the men fell flat on the ground before the image, and then arose after she fell in her trance. She continued immoveable about a quarter of an hour, and then awoke, and seemed to be very sick. The priests interrogated her about what she had seen and heard from the terrestrial gods, and she gave them a satisfactory answer, on which they all bowed to the image, and put their hand on a cow that was there ready, dedicated to the image; and so all departed satisfied."[6]

The next account we meet with is that of Sonnerat, whose description of the ceremony as performed at the

[6] "Hamilton's Account of the East Indies," in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels*, vol. viii., pp. 360-1.

Plate XI.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 12.)

To face p. 158.

Plate XII.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 13.)

To face p. 159.

latter end of the eighteenth century is also worth quoting *in extenso.* He writes :—

"Those who imagine they have received great benefits from Mariatale, or wish to obtain them, make a vow to suspend themselves in the air. The ceremony consists in passing two iron tenter-hooks, tied to the end of a very long lever, through the skin of the votary's back. This lever is placed at the top of a mast twenty feet high. As soon as the votary is hung on the hooks, they press the other end of the lever, and lift him up in the air. In this state they turn him round as often as he chooses. He commonly has a sword and shield in his hands, and makes the motions of a man who is fighting. He must appear cheerful, whatever pain he may feel: for, if tears escape him, he is driven from his caste, but this seldom happens. The votary who is to be hung up drinks some intoxicating liquor, which makes him almost insensible, and looks upon this dangerous preparation as a pastime. After turning him several times round, they take him off, and he is soon cured of his wounds. The quickness of the cure passes for a miracle in the eyes of the zealots of this goddess. The Brāhmans do not assist at this ceremony, which they despise. The worshippers of Mariatale are of the lowest castes." [7]

In the early part of the nineteenth century Mr. Elijah Hoole was present at a hook-swinging ceremony at Royapettah in the city of Madras, and thus describes it :—

"A pole thirty or forty feet high, was planted in the ground perpendicularly, having an iron pivot on the top, on which rested the middle of an horizontal yard or cross pole, which might also be about forty feet in length. This latter was managed by a rope attached to one end, reaching down to the ground, by means of which it could be made to turn upon the centre as fast as the people could run. Near the other end of the cross-pole, attached to a short rope, were two bright iron hooks, and at the extreme end was a short rope, about the length of that to which the hooks

[7] Sonnerat, *Voyage to the East Indies and China, 1774 and 1781.* For this extract and translation I am indebted to E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, p. 490.

were attached. By slackening the rope for the management of the cross pole, the other end, to which the hooks were attached, was lowered to a platform higher than the heads of the assembled multitude, from whence, when it was raised, was borne into the mid-air a man, with no other dress than a waist cloth, and supported only by the muscles and flesh of the middle of the back, into which were thrust the iron hooks. When the cross pole, thus laden, had regained its horizontal position, it was quickly turned on the pivot, by the persons holding the rope at the other end moving round with it at a good pace. . . . Others, more bold and hardy, made no use of the rope, and, as though happy as well as fearless, thrust their hands into their cloth, and, taking out a profusion of flowers, provided for the occasion, showered them abroad amongst the people, who struggled to catch and preserve them as though they had been blessings from heaven. . . . Swinging is neither practised nor sanctioned by the Brāhmans; at least they have disavowed it to me; and I never observed any besides the lower classes of the Hindus conducting or participating in the ceremony. It is said to be observed in consequence of vows made in time of sickness or danger, in expiation of an offence, or for the obtaining of children or some other desired object."[8]

Photograph No. 15 (Plate XIV.) is taken from a set of mica paintings depicting the life and customs of the Madras Presidency at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it will be noticed that the man is suspended in the way described by Sonnerat and Hoole. An examination of this photograph clearly shows that the horizontal pole is intended to rotate on the central pivot, the arrangement in this respect being very similar to that employed in Bengal.[9]

[8] Elijah Hoole, *Personal narrative of a mission to the South of India, 1820 to 1828*, quoted by E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, pp. 491-3.

[9] The mica paintings from one of which this photograph was taken were brought from India early in the nineteenth century by General Robert Bell, Royal Madras Artillery. They are now in the possession of his granddaughter, Miss Poynter, Oxford, to whose kindness I am indebted for permission to make this use of them.

Plate XIII.

"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photograph No. 14.)

To face p. 160.

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"HOOK-SWINGING" IN INDIA. (Photographs Nos. 15 and 16.)

To face p. 161.

The Abbé Dubois refers to the custom as *Chidi-mari*, but does not specifically state that he was ever an eye-witness of it. He is writing of the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century, and gives the following information :—

"*Chidi-mari* is another torture to which devotees submit themselves in honour of the goddess Mari-amma, one of the most evil-minded and bloodthirsty of all the deities of India. At many of the temples consecrated to this cruel goddess there is a sort of gibbet erected opposite the door. At the extremity of the crosspiece, or arm, a pulley is suspended, through which a cord passes with a hook at the end. The man who has made a vow to undergo this cruel penance places himself under the gibbet, and a priest then beats the fleshy part of the back until it is quite benumbed. After that the hook is fixed into the flesh thus prepared, and in this way the unhappy wretch is raised in the air. . . . After swinging in the air for the prescribed time the victim is let down again, and, as soon as his wounds are dressed, he returns home in triumph." [10]

In 1853 the Government of Madras called upon the Chief Magistrate and Superintendent of Police, the District Magistrates, and the Agent to the Governor at Kurnool, to report whether the swinging festival was being still generally observed within their several jurisdictions, and from the replies it would appear that, with the single exception of the Malabar collectorate, the practice at that time prevailed over the whole of the Madras Presidency.

In the Trichinopoly district it was an annual festival celebrated in about ten villages and chiefly by the lower castes of Hindoos, such as the Pullars, Pullies, and Pariahs.

The Chief Magistrate and Superintendent of Police reported that the festival had been held yearly at various places which he enumerated, but that, with the exception of Royapuram, where it took place on the sea-shore, some

[10] J. A. Dubois (trans. H. K. Beauchamp), *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies* (3rd ed.), pp. 597-8.

distance from all houses and roads, it had been stopped by the police on the ground that it was a nuisance and offensive to passengers on the public thoroughfares.

In Ganjam it was being generally observed, and the performance did not appear to be less frequent or attractive than formerly.

In North Arcot the ceremony was still taking place, but with decreasing frequency. The acting magistrate of this district submitted an interesting tabular statement showing the various villages etc. in the district where the festival had been, or was still being, celebrated, and the intervals at which it had been usually observed. He enumerated twenty-five villages, in four of which the ceremony had been discontinued during the last twenty years or less, two of which, however, contemplated its revival. In one village it was celebrated once in the course of ten years, in nine others once in the course of three, four, or five years, and in the remainder it was of annual occurrence. The festival was in all cases said to be held in honour of a goddess.

From the Salem district it was reported that the swinging festival was still generally observed, and that two men had very recently been killed in consequence of the pole from which they were suspended having accidentally snapped.

Throughout the district of Cuddapah the festival was being largely celebrated, and the Magistrate reported that it was not only as frequent and attractive as ever, but that the lower classes would be unwilling to submit to its suppression.

In the Vizagapatam district it was being generally observed.

In Tanjore it was being celebrated in seventy-eight places, having been more or less recently discontinued in forty-seven others.

The District Magistrate of Tinnevelly reported that it

was still observed in certain villages, but was said to be less frequent and attractive than formerly.

In Coimbatore hook-swinging was less frequent than formerly.

In Rajahmundry it had lost none of its former attraction or frequency.

In the Kurnool district the observance of the ceremony appeared to be less frequent, and it was at times confined to a few villages only.

Forty villages in the Guntoor district still held to the rite.

The Magistrate of Nellore described four varieties of the ceremony, viz.:

1. Gaulaupooseedy, *i.e.*, a man hung to the end of a cross-beam fixed on a post by the skin etc. of his back with iron hooks.
2. Gumpaseedy, *i.e.*, a man sitting in a basket or on a plank hung to the end of cross-beam of ditto.
3. Puccaseedy, *i.e.*, iron hooks fixed in the sides of a man who has to walk round a pagoda.
4. Tallaseedy, *i.e.*, a man hung to a post by a rope tied to his waist.

In one or other of these forms the festival was being celebrated in 119 villages of the district, once a year in some, and in others at intervals of from two to thirty years. In twenty-two villages it had been postponed for periods varying from ten to eighty years, owing to disinclination and inability on the part of the villagers to celebrate the festival.

The Magistrate of South Arcot reported that the swinging festival had in his district neither declined nor increased in attraction, and it was observed in only a few places.

In Masulipatam the practice of swinging prevailed in several villages spread over the greater part of the district. The Magistrate reported that it was somewhat on the decrease, more on account of want of funds to encourage and recompense performers than because the exhibition

had lost any of its attraction. Indeed, in certain villages the practice had been revived, an interesting case in point being that of Goodoor, where the old custom had been recently re-introduced by a pensioned *subadar*, whose father's sister had performed suttee (*sati*) there seventy or eighty years earlier. A temple had been erected to her memory, and in commemoration of her immolation a swinging festival was annually held. This had ceased for many years until the return of the *subadar*, when, out of respect to her memory, he restored the temple and re-established the swinging ceremony at his own expense. The ceremony in this district was not practised exclusively at any particular festival. The magistrate cited a case in which, owing to the party who was accustomed to pay the swingers having left, the villagers, afraid lest a discontinuance of the practice should be productive of calamity, had taken to swinging sheep and pumpkins. He also stated that in case of famine, cholera, or other calamity a swinging exhibition took place for the purpose of propitiating the deity, when a number of goats, sheep, pigs, fowls, and sometimes male buffaloes, were sacrificed. The rite was also practised in expiation of vows, the higher castes sometimes swinging by low-caste proxies to whom they paid a sum of from one to four rupees. In the village of Weyoor statistics of the number of people swung had been kept for 38 years. The lowest number in any one year was 10, and the highest 313, the average for the whole period being 78. The figures show a gradual decrease. As the result of being present at a swinging festival at Canara the magistrate reported that it was combined with the slaughter of a large number of animals, and that the pole was erected in the close vicinity of a high heap of reeking heads which was constantly receiving additions.

In the Madura district 16 villages were in the habit of celebrating the festival at this time.

The magistrate of Bellary reported that in his jurisdiction

the festival was still observed, but that it had never attracted much attention.

In Canara the festival was still frequently observed, and the magistrate in submitting his report quotes one of his subordinate officers to the effect that it formed no part of the religious worship of the Hindoos, but was merely the fulfilment of a vow made in time of extreme sickness; further, that the practice was confined to the most important classes of the native community.

In Chingleput only 33 villages celebrated the festival.

In Tanjore the practice had up to that time prevailed at 78 pagodas, the managers of which had, under the influence of the magistrate, given a written engagement to discontinue it.

Of the twenty officers within whose jurisdiction the festival was more or less regularly and frequently celebrated, only five assigned any cause for its performance, one reported that "it was not a religious ceremony for the Hindoo," while the remaining fourteen ignored this aspect of the matter entirely. Indeed, broadly speaking, it may be said that the only interest taken in it was an official and, in some instances, also a humanitarian one, and, this being the case, the chief, if not the sole, value attaching to the reports is statistical. Beyond all possibility of question they prove the extreme prevalency of the practice at that date over nearly the whole of the Madras Presidency.

Various explanations accounting for the performance of the rite were put forward by the five officers who touched at all upon this side of the question, viz. :—

1. In North Arcot the festival was celebrated in honour of the village goddess.
2. In South Arcot those who were swung were generally acting under a religious vow.
3. In Masulipatam the festival took place for the purpose of propitiating the deity.

4. In Chingleput it was connected with the religious feelings of the people.
5. To the Magistrate of Canara it was reported that the ceremony formed no part of the religious worship of the Hindoos, and was merely the fulfilment of a vow made in times of extreme sickness.

It will be seen that from four districts it was reported as being directly or indirectly connected with religious customs and practices, and from one only was it said to be undertaken merely in fulfilment of a vow.

In summing up these reports, in *Selections from the Records of the Madras Government* (Madras, 1854), the opinion was expressed that the swinging festival was on the whole less frequently observed than formerly, and that it did not seem to be in any way connected with the religion of the observers, but to be performed in fulfilment of vows. Why these two motives were regarded as being mutually exclusive does not appear; nor is it in the least obvious why, in the face of the evidence, even to anyone so viewing them, the latter rather than the former should have commended itself for acceptance. The fact is, of course, that the Government of Madras were concerned only in putting down a practice which they considered to be "revolting in its nature and so injurious in its effects on those who witness it," and, as a result of the moral and indirect pressure that was brought to bear throughout the Presidency, the custom of hook-swinging, although not made illegal, began rapidly to decline.

In *The Cochin Tribes and Castes*, Mr. L. K. Anantha Iyer gives the following account of "hook-swinging" as practised in that part of India :—

"There are two kinds of hook-swinging, viz. *Garuda thookkam* (Brahmini kite-swinging) and *Thony thookam* (boat-swinging), and the ceremony is performed in fulfilment of a vow to obtain

some favour of the deity Kali, before whose presence this is performed. The performer of the ceremony should bathe early in the morning and be in a state of preparation either for a year or for forty-one days by worshipping the deity Bhagavathi. He must strictly abstain himself from meat, all kinds of intoxicating liquors, and from association with women. During the morning hours, the performer dresses himself in a garment tucked into the waistband, rubs his body with oil, and is shampooed particularly on the back; a portion of the flesh in the middle is stretched for the insertion of a hook. He is also taught by his instructor to perform various feats, called *payitta*. This he continues till the festival, when he has to swing in fulfilment of the vow.

For kite-swinging, a kind of car resting on two axles provided with four wheels is used. On it there is a horizontal beam resting on two vertical supports. A strong rope tied to a ring attached to the beam is connected with the hook which passes through the flesh on the back. Over the beam there is a small roof which is tastefully decorated, and the inside of which is spacious enough for two or three persons to swing at a time. There is a different arrangement in some places; instead of the beam and supports, there is a small pole, on which rests a horizontal beam provided with a metallic ring at one end. The beam acts as a lever so that one end of it can be either raised or lowered so as to give some rest to the swinger. The rope tied to the ring is connected with the hook and the waistband. For boat-swinging the same kind of vehicle without wheels is in use. For kite-swinging, the performer has his face painted green, and he has to put on artificial lips and wings similar to those of a kite. He wears long locks of hair like those of an actor in a *Kadha kali* and the feats are in harmony with the tunes of the musical instrument. As he swings, the car is moved three, five, seven, nine, or eleven times round the temples. In boat-swinging he has to put on the same kind of dress, except the lips and the wings, and there is the covered car without the wheels. It is carried round the temple with the swinger performing his feats on it to the accompaniment of music, as above mentioned.

Pillaveduthu thookkam is a kind of swinging with a child by the swinger in fulfilment of a vow. The child, that has to be swung,

is taken to the temple by his parents, who pay to the temple authorities thirty-four *chakrams* [a *chakram* is a coin worth seven pies] in Travancore and sixty-four *puthans* [a *puthan* is a coin worth ten pies] in Cochin. The child is then handed over to the swinger who carries the child as he swings. These performances are sometimes made at the expense of the temple, but more generally of persons who make the outlay in fulfilment of a vow. In the latter case, it costs as much as one hundred and fifty rupees for the kite-swinger, but only thirty rupees for the boat-swinger. During the festival they are fed in the temple, owing to their being in a state of vow.

It is the Nairs, Kammalans (carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.), Kuruppans, and Izhuvans who perform the swinging in fulfilment of a vow. In the fight between the goddess Kali and the demon Darika, the latter was completely defeated, and the former, biting him on the back, drank his blood to gratify her feeling of animosity. Hook-swinging symbolises this incident, and the blood-shed caused by the insertion of the hook through the flesh is intended as an offering to the goddess."[11]

In the *Wide World Magazine* for September, 1899, the Rev. R. T. Knowles described an elaborate performance of the hook-swinging ceremony in honour of the goddess Bhadra Kali at the Kollangudu temple in Travancore. A car was used as already described by Mr. Iyer, and the devotees would appear to have been suspended by means of ropes passing under their arms and round their chests. To some of these ropes were fastened hooks which were inserted into the backs of the victims, but from Mr. Knowles' description it would appear that the weight was partly, if not wholly, taken by the ropes passing round the chest. The car, with the votary suspended thereon, was dragged round the temple, in some cases three or four times. One devotee was swung with an infant in his arms. In other cases he carries a sword and shield. At this

[11] L. K. Anantha Krishna Iyer, *The Cochin Tribes and Castes*, vol. i., pp. 323-4.

particular festival certain children concerning whom their parents had made vows, having first prostrated themselves before the image of Kali, had wires put through the fleshy part of their sides, and, this having been done, they were led several times round the temple.

Mr. Knowles had also seen a hook-swinging festival at Madura where the devotee was swung with his weight taken by the hooks alone, and here a platform, instead of car, was in use.[12]

E. Thurston describes a pseudo hook-swinging ceremony as witnessed by him in Chennapatna in Mysore, the chief feature of which seems to have been that a man was swung, or rather rotated, in effigy, from an apparatus very closely resembling that depicted in photograph No. 15. The figure of the man was provided with sword and shield. Cradles containing children were sometimes tied to the beam from which the figure was suspended, and occasionally men fastened to the cross pole by ropes were hoisted. This festival usually lasted three days; on the first day Māriamma was worshipped by Brahmans only, and on the following days by other castes, who made offerings of sheep and goats.[13] Prior to the swinging the goddess (Māriamma) in her shrine and the effigy (Sidi Viranna) were conducted to a tank where they were worshipped and then brought in procession to the scene of the ceremony.

Thurston also refers to another pseudo performance of a somewhat similar nature at Kumulan in South Arcot where, as a substitute for a human being, a sheep was used.[14]

Before leaving the Madras Presidency, it is worth noting that, "Quite recently the Governor of Madras was approached by a ryot (agriculturist), on behalf of the community, with a request for permission to revive the

[12] For these two references I am indebted to E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India.*

[13] E. Thurston, *op. cit.*, pp. 500 *et seq.*

[14] *Ibid.*, p. 501.

practice of hook-swinging in a certain village of the Madura district. He represented, with all earnestness, that, since this ceremony had been stopped, the rainfall had been deficient and the crops scanty; cholera had been prevalent; and in families where there were five or six children ten years ago, there were now only two or three."[15]

Turning now to the Bombay Presidency, it is recorded that at Yellama, a hill of pilgrimage, in the Belgaum district, "hook-swinging was commonly practised at the shrine of the goddess Yellama, and that 175 persons were swung so recently as 1834. The shrine from which the hill is named is situated in the bed of the Saraswati stream, and is locally said to be two thousand years old, but the present one was not built till the seventeenth or eighteenth century. In the early days of British rule women resorted thither naked to pray for children or for the cure of skin diseases."[16]

There is ample evidence for the more or less widespread performance of the rite in the Bengal Presidency. Sir W. W. Hunter, referring to it as the *pótá* festival, states that it was still being practised in 1865 among the Northern Santalis in April-May, that the festival lasted about a month, and that young men used to swing with hooks in their backs as in the *charak-puja* of the Hindus.[17]

Ball, writing of the Santals in 1869, says that

"Among other requests, they asked me to give them permission to perform the *Churuk puja*, better known to English readers as the swinging festival, which has been forbidden in British India. They said that in consequence of the *Bhut*, or evil spirit, not being appeased, their women and children were dying from sickness, and their cattle were being killed by wild beasts. When I replied that I had no authority to give them such permission, they then became most urgent that I should send a petition to the Government,

[15] E. Thurston, *op. cit.*, p. 498.

[16] *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. xxii., p. 148.

[17] Sir W. W. Hunter, *The Annals of Rural Bengal*, vol. i., p. 463.

representing the hardships they suffered in consequence of the prohibition, and praying for its repeal. I did not attempt to argue with them, as I knew it would be useless. In their estimation the evidence afforded by the losses in their families and flocks would have been conclusive against anything which I might urge. Both in Manbhum and the Daman-i-Koh I frequently saw the old timbers of the *Churuk* set up near villages, and I often observed in the small of the back of the men who preceded me to point out the road in my daily rambles the old scars left where the hooks used in the swinging festival had penetrated.[18]

At Tarakeswar in the Hooghly district hook-swinging used to take place in honour of Siva on New Year's Eve in April, the festival being known as the Chaitra Sankranti. At that time the temple is visited by people who come for penance or to lead a temporary ascetic life, in fulfilment of vows made to Siva at some crisis of their lives. At the present day the people who wish to be swung are suspended by a belt.[19]

In parts of Manbhum, in the month Chaitra, on the last day of the month and of the Bengal year, is celebrated the Bhokta or Charak hook-swinging festival. This, though essentially in honour of the Hindu Mahadeva and organised by a Brahman priest, is most popular with some of the aboriginal or semi-aboriginal castes, and the devotees are almost invariably drawn from among these classes, the higher castes and orthodox Hindus being content to look on. "As a rule, the hooks are merely inserted in the fleshy part of the back, and the devotee or victim swung with his weight taken by a cloth bound round his chest, and not by the ropes attached to the hooks."[20]

In the Santal Parganas hook-swinging used to be largely in vogue, but suspension is now carried out by means of ropes, not hooks. The festival is known as the Chata Parab,

[18] V. Ball, *Jungle Life in India*, p. 232.

[19] *Imperial Gazetteer of India, Provincial Series, Bengal*, vol. i., pp. 336 *et seq.*

[20] *Bengal District Gazetteers, Manbhum*, pp. 96, 75.

thus being regarded as a corrupt form of the Hindu *charak puja*, and at its celebration "the young people, Santals and Hindus, spend one night in gross immorality."[21]

The compiler of the Midnapur district *Gazetteer* writes :—

"A former District Officer states that hook-swinging still goes on, in spite of all efforts made to stop it, and that he has seen hook-swinging marks in the backs of six out of eight *pālki* bearers collected by chance."[22]

In the *Bankura Gazetteer* is quoted an account of hook-swinging which appeared in the *Indian Methodist Times* for June, 1900. There is nothing remarkable about it. The arrangements were much the same as those witnessed by myself. When questioned as to why it was done, some said it was for the fun of the thing, others because they wished to return thanks for benefits received, and a few said they did it out of devotion to Siva.[23]

In the same district hook-swinging was practised until the last few years in many of the villages near Sarenga. The Santalis were as eager to swing as the Hindus, and at one recent festival six swings were "kept busy from early morning until the sun was well nigh overhead," and "so anxious were the people to secure their turn that frequently two men were lashed together on to the arm of the revolving cross bar."[24]

The information afforded by the compilers of the *Bengal Gazetteers* is of much the same nature as, but perhaps of less value than, that of the Madras officers. The former dealt with the ceremony more casually and incidentally, so to speak; whereas the reports of the latter were furnished in response to a specific official request. We have no information as to the relative extent of the practice in the two Presidencies at any given date, but from the evidence of the Bengal officers it is clear that at one time or another

[21] *Bengal District Gazetteers, Santal Parganas*, p. 130.

[22] *Ibid., Midnapur*, p. 68.

[23] *Ibid., Bankura*, pp. 54-6.

[24] *Ibid.., Bankura*, p. 77.

"hook-swinging" has been practised in various parts of that Presidency.

I find only one reference to the performance of the hook-swinging ceremony in other parts of India. Crooke tells us that formerly at Hoshangabad men used to swing themselves from a pole, as in the famous Bengal *charak-puja*, but that within British territory it is now uncommon as the village headmen, afraid of being held responsible in case of accident, swing a white pumpkin.[25]

The writers upon Hinduism and the religions of India generally are, with one or two exceptions, which I shall notice, silent upon the subject. Wilson, writing in 1832, and referring among other tortures inflicted upon themselves by the followers of Kali to hook-swinging, states that, the practices "have become familiar to Europeans from the excess to which they are carried in Bengal at the *Charak Púja*, a festival which, as a public religious observance, is unknown anywhere else, and which is not directed nor countenanced by any of the authorities of the Hindus, not even by the *Tantras*."[26] I expect that, so far from being unknown anywhere else than in Bengal, hook-swinging was at that date in a very flourishing condition throughout Madras. However, the fact that Wilson's observations appear to have been made over a very limited area does not in any way detract from the importance and value of the concluding portion of the quotation, to which I shall have occasion to revert later.

Wilkins, in *Modern Hinduism*, refers to the *charak-puja* as taking place in the month Chaitra. "It is said," he proceeds, "that an ancient king, by reason of his great austerities, obtained an interview with Siva, in commemoration of which this festival is held. The peculiarity of the worship consists in the fact that the devotees of Siva

[25] W. Crooke, *The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. ii., p. 175.

[26] H. H. Wilsón, *Works*, vol. i., p. 265.

belonging to the lower castes assume the profession and dress of Sanyasis for a week or ten days and march about the streets soliciting alms from the people."[27] Criticism of this may safely be left to the reader.

To Dr. M. Phillips we are indebted for the information that hook-swinging is performed after the consent of the goddess Máriamma is obtained. If a lizard is heard chirping at her right side it is regarded as a sign of her consent.[28]

Tavernier, writing in the seventeenth century, describes a ceremony which would appear to be closely related to hook-swinging. He tells us that at Malde (? Malda) on the 8th April devotees go out of the city and fasten iron hooks to the boughs of several trees. Then come a great number of poor people, and hang themselves, some by the sides, some by the brawn of their backs, upon these hooks, until, the weight of the body tearing away the flesh, they fall of themselves.[29]

Such, then, are the data we have at our disposal. My search, although not exhaustive, has at least been an extensive one, and I have no reason to suppose that the carrying of it further would result in finds of any greater value than have already come to light.

Before proceeding to adumbrate my own theory of the origin and significance of the ceremony, I must, however diffidently and reluctantly, criticise the only serious attempt that up to the present time has been made to deal with it. I allude, of course, to that of Dr. Frazer, in the third edition of *The Golden Bough*. With all deference to his authority and acumen, dare I say that he has not gone to the root of the matter? I make bold to do so because I am forced to the conclusion that he has in all probability been misled, or

[27] W. J. Wilkins, *Modern Hinduism*, p. 235.

[28] M. Phillips, *The Evolution of Hinduism*, p. 123.

[29] J. B. Tavernier, *Travels in India*, ed. by V. Ball, trans. from French Edition of 1676, vol. ii., p. 254.

at least confused, by the English term "hook-*swinging*" applied to the ceremony.

His treatment of it is to be found in a note on "Swinging as a magical rite," appended to *The Dying God,* the thought underlying the note being clear, I think, not only from that portion of the volume of which it is, so to speak, an expansion, but also from its opening sentence, which reads as follows:—"The custom of swinging has been practised as a religious or rather magical rite in various parts of the world, but it does not seem possible to explain all the instances of it in the same way." Illustrations are then given of people swinging in order to procure a plentiful supply of fish and game as well as good crops, the notion appearing to be that the ceremony promotes fertility, though why it should be supposed to do so Dr. Frazer confesses himself "unable to explain." He goes on to say that "There seem to be some reasons for thinking that the Indian rite of swinging on hooks run through the flesh of the performer is also resorted to, at least in some cases, from a belief in its fertilising virtue," and in support of this view a summary of Hamilton's description of the Karwar ceremony is given.[30] "Sometimes," says Dr. Frazer, "this custom of swinging on hooks, which is known among the Hindoos as *Churuk Puja*, seems to be intended to propitiate demons," and the case is then cited in which certain Santals asked to be allowed to perform it because their women and children were dying of sickness, and their cattle being killed by wild beasts, believing that these misfortunes befell them because the evil spirits had not been appeased.[31]

The theory that the Karwar ceremony may have taken place in order, as it was thought, to promote fertility I am not concerned to refute, for that it was very closely connected with the crops is unquestionable. Nor do I deny that the Santalis may in the instance referred to by Dr.

[30] *Supra*, pp. 157-8.

[31] *Supra*, pp. 170-1. J. G. Frazer, *The Dying God*, pp. 277-9.

Frazer have been actuated by a desire to propitiate demons. While agreeing generally with Dr. Frazer's conclusions I do not draw them from the same premises, for I fail to comprehend why the Indian rite of "hook-swinging," (not "swinging on hooks" as Dr. Frazer styles it), should be dealt with in a way suggesting that it is to be included among or explained from the analogy of simple swinging festivals held elsewhere, the rationale of which is to be sought in magic. I suspect that Dr. Frazer has allowed himself to be misled by the term "hook-swinging," and, without due enquiry, has taken for granted that "swinging on hooks" is its equivalent, and that *swinging* is the all-important feature, if not the very essence, of the rite. In Hamilton's description, of which Dr. Frazer makes use, there is certainly nothing suggestive of such a view, especially when read in the light of other descriptions of similar ceremonies. So far as the part played by the victims can be abstracted from the rite as a whole, they were first of all crowned with sugar-cane leaves, and then, with hooks inserted in their backs, they went dancing round the stone, presumably led by the priests by means of the cords attached to the hooks. After two minutes of this they were fastened to the cross pieces attached to the "tree," and, when duly hoisted, the whole apparatus was dragged for about a mile to the spot where the ceremony was concluded so far as the part played by these particular victims was concerned. There is no hint here of swinging, nor is there any reason to suppose that the Santali rite referred to by Dr. Frazer took other than the usual form.

Outside Dr. Frazer's treatment of it we have the explanations offered by Iyer[32] and Wilkins,[33] the former of which as an aetiological one is not uninteresting; neither, however, are of any practical value in an endeavour to trace this ceremony to its sources. W. Crooke, *en passant*, refers to "hook-swinging" under the heading, "human sacrifice;

[32] *Supra*, pp. 166-8. [33] *Supra*, pp. 172-3.

cannibalism," but does not trace any connection therewith, nor does he seem to refer to it for any other purpose than to show that, just as other rites in the progress of civilisation come to be substituted for human sacrifice, so the swinging of a pumpkin has been found to answer the same purpose as the "horrid rite" of swinging a man in the *charak-puja*.[34]

Many years ago, when the study of comparative religion was in its infancy, Robertson Smith wrote:—

"No doubt men will not habitually follow certain practices without attaching a meaning to them; but as a rule we find that while the practice was rigorously fixed, the meaning attached to it was extremely vague, and the same rite was explained by different people in different ways, without any question of orthodoxy or heterodoxy arising in consequence. In ancient Greece, for example, certain things were done at a temple, and people were agreed that it would be impious not to do them. But if you had asked why they were done, you would probably have had several mutually contradictory explanations from different persons, and no one would have thought it a matter of the least religious importance which of these you chose to adopt. Indeed, the explanations offered would not have been of a kind to stir any strong feeling; for in most cases they would have been merely different stories as to the circumstances under which the rite first came to be established, by the command or by the direct example of the god. The rite, in short, was connected not with a dogma but with a myth."[35]

This principle is now so thoroughly established and accepted that I make no excuse for brushing aside as of comparatively little value such explanations of the rite as have been offered by the people who actually practise it. Why this particular and peculiar rite and no other, is just what they are absolutely incapable even of suggesting. When reasons for its performance were asked from those

[34] W. Crooke, *Things Indian*, p. 265.

[35] W. Robertson Smith, *Lectures on the Religion of the Semites*, pp. 16-7.

among whom my photographs were taken, including some of the men actually "swung," it was impossible to form any other conclusion than that they were, generally speaking, uninterested in anything beyond its bare performance, and that it was carried out principally, if not indeed wholly, from force of custom. The priest who was in charge of the ceremony could or would at the time throw no light on it further than that it was good for those who took part in it, and that their god (symbolised by a piece of wood painted red and draped with a bit of cotton cloth of the same colour) was pleased with it. One man who had been through the ordeal said that, so far as he himself was concerned, two of his children had died and the performance of this rite would save the rest of his family from a similar fate. By some it was explained as being penitential, by others as expiatory, while others again regarded it as an expression of gratitude to their god (or goddess) for benefits received. It seemed not improbable that some of those taking part in it were impelled only by a spirit of bravado or the power of *dustoor* (custom), and that of those who were really actuated by any definite or indefinite spiritual or religious motive it might almost be said *Quot homines, tot sententiae.*

As for the myth related by the people among whom my photographs were taken,[36] it seems, as might be expected, to bear unmistakeable traces of manufacture by or for a mixed population of aborigines, semi-aborigines, and Hindus, such as is to be found inhabitating that particular part of the country. In it, in my view, the cloak of Hindu respectability and prestige has been thrown over a rite which, as I hope to show later, was in all probability an aboriginal one; and upon Siva has been fathered a practice that was no doubt in vogue long prior to the time at which he became a recognised member of the village pantheon. Indeed, if "hook-swinging" was, as it will later appear it

[36] *Supra*, pp. 153-4.

may have been, and to some extent still is, the all-important annual religious ceremony of these parts, by the side of which other periodical festivals were insignificant, it may be the case that in this myth we can trace the introduction among the aborigines of one of the principal gods of the Hindus, upon whose behalf the one great claim made was that it was he who first instituted the "hook-swinging" ceremony, and to whose wife Durga is now assigned the important function of presiding over it. So far as the myth is of any evidential value in an enquiry into the origin and significance of the ceremony it purports to account for, it points to "hook-swinging" as a rite intended to promote not only the fertility of the crops, but also that of the people themselves. As we proceed further in our enquiry we shall find ample support for the former aspect of it,[37] while, as regards the latter, traces of it appear still to remain, as witnessed to by the man who said he was "hook-swung" because some of his children had died and he wished the lives of the survivors to be preserved.[38]

Having, so to speak, cleared the ground somewhat, I propose to consider how far there is reason to believe that the Indian ceremony spoken of in English as "hook-swinging," had its origin in a form of human sacrifice, and to show from an examination of

1. Its geographical distribution,
2. Its similarity to a certain common form of human sacrifice, and
3. The internal evidence and attendant circumstances of the rite,

that this theory does at least account more or less adequately for the main features of it, and that it is perhaps the most satisfactory one that can be framed. Doubtless important clues have been lost, and it may well be that at the hands no less of its performers than its exploiters "hook-swinging" has suffered many things tending to obscure the

[37] *Infra*, pp. 185-91. [38] *Supra*, p. 178.

original ritual, and in course of time been overlaid or even partially superseded by other rites foreign to its nature at its point of departure from human sacrifice. But for all that its main features stand out fairly clear, and it is hardly open to doubt that the authorities I have cited are referring to ceremonies so very closely related that they may for our present purpose be regarded as essentially and in origin one and the same. It is perfectly certain that the Madras rite illustrated in photograph 15 and the Bengal one depicted in photographs 1–14 are different only so far as regards unimportant details, and that the other Southern form, described by Anantha Iyer and Hoole, in which the victim is suspended from a scaffolding erected on a car or trolly which itself is drawn round a temple,[39] is very closely allied to them and either an "early" or "late" form of the ceremony, or, as is equally likely, a local variation. Duarte Barbosa,[40] it is true, makes no mention of any rotatory movement, but, if my theory be correct, he has either omitted to record this or, which I regard as perhaps still more probable, we have here a case of pre-nuptial sacrifice performed on the pattern of a commuted form of human sacrifice offered for other purposes,—a pattern that had become more or less stereotyped. Gaspero Balbi,[41] again, makes no reference to any rotatory movement, but in the case described by Hamilton,[42] it would appear that the victim, after having the hooks inserted in his back, was made to dance round the black stone for two minutes prior to being suspended. Nor, it is true, does the Abbé Dubois[43] describe a circular movement, but, as I have already observed, he does not say that he personally witnessed the ceremony, and it is probable that he did not. The term "hook-swinging" is so very generally used, even by those who have never seen the ceremony itself, that although, as has been pointed out, a misnomer, it has probably been current from the time when the rite

[39] *Supra*, pp. 166-8, 159-60. [40] *Supra*, pp. 155-6. [41] *Supra*, pp. 156-7.
[42] *Supra*, pp. 157-8. [43] *Supra*, p. 161.

first came to notice of the English, and it is surprising that the accounts we have of it have not been more coloured by its particular connotation. On the whole we may say that the differences not only in the ceremony as actually performed in different places at different times but also in the accounts we have of it are no greater than in the circumstances might be expected.

As regards the geographical distribution of "hook-swinging," all recorded cases come from what for the purpose of this paper I may style Dravidian India, that is to say, from that part of India where the Dravidian race either preponderates or forms a large element in the population, and the assumption that it is an aboriginal or Dravidian ceremony is supported by both positive and negative evidence. From the whole of the Madras Presidency, from certain of the Kolarian districts of Bengal, from the Belgaum district of Bombay, from the Malabar coast, from Hoshangabad in the Central Provinces, the ceremony has been reported, and it cannot be doubted that it has been certainly more widely, if not indeed more frequently, practised than the record would indicate; for when we know that in 1853, with one exception, the rite was a very common one in every district of Madras, we cannot for one moment suppose that its practice suddenly stopped at the political boundary of that province. There are also other indications that the rite has been widely performed. In some parts it may have ceased earlier than in others; in some places it may be a ceremony of comparatively recent importation; all I am concerned here to establish is that over a large tract of Dravidian India the ceremony has at one time or other been a fairly common one. Not only is this the case, but it is not recorded from any other part of India, and there is no mention of it in the sacred books of the Hindus, not even in the Tantras.[44] Further, it will have been noticed that several writers gratuitously remark that

[44] *Supra*, p. 173.

it is peculiarly a ceremony of the lower classes, among whom, of course, the aboriginal or semi-aboriginal element often predominates. Sonnerat tells us that the Brahmans do not assist at but despise the ceremony,[45] and Hoole states that swinging is neither practised nor sanctioned by the Brahmans, and that he never observed any but the lower classes of Hindoos conducting or participating in the ceremony.[46] Again, in the reports furnished to the Madras Government in 1853 two of the Magistrates recorded that it was a festival of the lower classes.[47] In the myth purporting to account for the institution of the custom in the part where my photographs were taken it is expressly stated that only the lower castes are required actually to swing.[48] On the contrary, there is only the statement of the compiler of the *Bankura Gazetteer* to the effect that the Santalis are as eager to swing as the Hindus.[49] Respectable Hindus from the Punjab, Bengal, and the Central Provinces to whom I have spoken about the ceremony have professed complete ignorance even of the existence of such a rite, and I suspect that, when the Brahman or high caste Hindu has any finger in the pie, it is inserted in the hope of extracting therefrom not so much spiritual benefit as something of a more tangible and concrete nature.

We have in "hook-swinging" a ceremony of more or less common occurrence in Dravidian India, apparently unknown in other parts, unmentioned in the sacred books of the Hindus, and reported to be a ceremony of the lower castes or classes even in the parts where it is best known. The general conclusion that, whatever its origin, it is an aboriginal rite would appear then to be established. That periodically, or in times of special personal or tribal crisis, human sacrifices have been offered on a far larger scale and at a very much later date by the aboriginal peoples than the Aryan ones is hardly matter of controversy. We

[45] *Supra*, p. 159. [46] *Supra*, p. 160. [47] *Supra*, pp. 161-2.
[48] *Supra*, p. 154. [49] *Supra*, p. 172.

are then not unlikely to meet with rudimentary forms of it among the Dravidians, and, if among them we do succeed in finding what upon intrinsic grounds we suspect to be such, the fact that we do find them there and not elsewhere will greatly strengthen our suspicions. But, apart from the fact that the ceremony in question is in all probability an aboriginal one, *are* there other and intrinsic grounds for supposing that it is traceable to or a commutation of a form of human sacrifice? This is the question I now proceed to consider.

The classic human sacrifice of the aboriginal tribes of India is, of course, the *Meriah* of the Kandhs, so well-known and elsewhere so fully described.[50] Although there is room for difference of opinion in regard to the interpretation of certain of its features, it is not necessary to my purpose that I should touch upon controversial matter. Whatever may have been its ultimate origin, whatever may have been the precise nature of the thought underlying it or the feelings by which it was prompted, it will, I think, be generally admitted that it was not always, everywhere, and of absolute necessity in the eyes of its performers a fertility sacrifice pure and simple; in other words, the people who offered a *Meriah* did not always do so with the avowed object of influencing the crops and only the crops. "Human sacrifices," we read, "were offered to the Earth Goddess by tribes, branches of tribes, or villages, both at periodical festivals and on extraordinary occasions."[51] Again, "besides these periodical (meriah)

[50] *E.g.*, J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and Wild*, vol. i., pp. 245 *et seq.*; E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, pp. 510 *et seq.*; E. Westermarck, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. i., pp. 444–7; together with original authorities referred to and quoted by these writers, *e.g.* Major Macpherson. An account of the religion of the Kandhs appears in *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xiii., No. 2.

[51] J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and Wild*, vol. i., p. 246; on the authority of Major S.C. Macpherson, *Memorials of Service in India*, and Major-General John Campbell, *Wild Tribes of Khondistan.*

sacrifices, others are made by single mootahs, and even by individuals, to avert any threatening calamity from sickness, murrain, or other cause."[52] I draw attention to this feature of the *Meriah* sacrifice, not mainly because it is perhaps apt to be overlooked, but because if, as I suspect to be the case, there is any connection between the *Meriah* sacrifice and "hook-swinging," it is important that it should not be forgotten that there was much the same irregularity of time and variety of motive in the performance of what have been described as *Meriah* sacrifices as we find to be the case with "hook-swinging." In other words, I wish to anticipate the possible objection that, because "hook-swinging" cannot be shown to be always an annual fertilisation ceremony, therefore it can have no relation to the *Meriah*, by pointing out that the latter was often offered from other than fertilisation motives. That the sacrifice was carried out in different ways is, of course, well known, but I suspect that the ritual varied with locality and the idiosyncrasies of the performers rather than with the occasion, and that *Meriah* or human sacrifices for other purposes than the benefit of the crops were performed on the fertility sacrifice pattern. We have it recorded that

"one of the most common ways of offering the sacrifice in Chinna Kimedi is to the effigy of an elephant . . . rudely carved in wood, fixed on the top of a stout post, on which it is made to revolve. After the performance of the usual ceremonies, the intended victim is fastened to the proboscis of the elephant, and, amidst the shouts and yells of the excited multitude of Khonds, is rapidly whirled round, when, at a given signal by the officiating Zanee or priest, the crowd rush in, seize the Meriah, and with their knives cut the flesh off the shrieking wretch as long as life remains. He is then cut down, the skeleton burnt, and the horrid orgies are over. In several villages I counted as many

[52] Mr. Russel's report in *Selections from the Records, Government of India*, No. V., "Human Sacrifice and Infanticide" (1154), quoted by E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, p. 511.

as fourteen effigies of elephants, which had been used in former sacrifices."[53]

A post of this kind is now in the Madras museum, and is obviously designed to facilitate the rotation of the victim, presumably in order that everyone might have an equal chance of getting a share of the sacred flesh. If, as I suspect, "hook-swinging" is the lineal descendant of human sacrifice, we appear to have here a form which, in process of time, might easily fine down to it; and in the course of the process it is not inconceivable that the intended victim may have been given a chance of defending himself, and that the shield and sword with which, as we have seen, the hook-swinging devotees are in many places provided, weapons which even find their way into the hands of the effigy Sidi-Viranna,[54] may be thus accounted for. We are told that in Chinna Kimedi this was a "most common way" of offering the *Meriah*. Elsewhere something closely resembling it was probably neither unknown nor unpopular, for such an equitable arrangement as the rotation of the victim could not fail to commend itself, and it may well be the case that the popularity of this particular method accounts for the fact that rotation in some form or other is a common feature of nearly all our hook-swinging accounts.

In another form of the *Meriah* sacrifice,

"the victim is dragged along the fields, surrounded by a crowd of half intoxicated Khonds who . . . with their knives cut the flesh piecemeal from the bones, . . . till the living skeleton, dying from loss of blood, is relieved from torture, when its remains are burnt, and the ashes mixed with the new grain to preserve it from insects."[55]

This was, of course, a fertilisation rite, and an examination

[53] Col. Campbell, *Personal Narrative of Service among the Wild Tribes of Khondistan*, quoted by E. Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, pp. 514 *et seq.*

[54] *Supra*, p. 169.

[55] E. Thurston, *op. cit.*, p. 515, on authority of Colonel Campbell, *op. cit.*

of the Karwar ceremony[56] shows that that also was very intimately connected with the fate of the crops. In both cases the victim was dragged across the fields, and it is difficult to form any other conclusion than that in the rite performed at Karwar we have a commutation, with possible accretions, of the earlier sacrificial offering of a human being.

There may possibly be some connection between hook-swinging and certain other forms of *Meriah* sacrifice. In Jeypore three human beings were offered, two to the sun to the east and west of the village, and one in the centre, with the usual barbarities of the *Meriah.* A stout wooden post about six feet long was firmly fixed in the ground, (one presumably for each sacrifice), and to the top of the post the victim was firmly fastened by the long hair of his head. After certain ceremonies and invocations he was decapitated, and then left to be devoured by wild beasts.[57]

Again, Malkanagiri in the Vizagapatam district is described as having been a hot-bed of the *Meriah* sacrifice. Four victims were annually offered at the four gates of the fort, and six were killed triennially.[58]

In these last two cases, which are no doubt more or less typical of others, it is at least conceivable that, owing perhaps to a shortage of human victims or a growing disinclination to take human life, the sacrifice of several men at various points of the village and towards different directions might in the natural course of things ultimately have been, even if it never actually was, succeeded by the killing of one man only, whose efficacy was, so to speak, made to go as far as possible, either by leading him round prior to dispatch, or by rotating him after the manner already described, either of which processes would have been a step towards "hook-swinging." For we have already seen that the victim does not always rotate while actually suspended. At Karwar,

[56] *Supra*, pp. 157-8.
[57] E. Thurston, *op. cit.*, p. 516, quoting Colonel Campbell, *op. cit.*
[58] *Madras District Gazetteers, Vizagapatam*, vol. i., p. 281.

for example, he was led round a black stone prior to suspension, while in other cases he is hung from a car which is drawn round a temple or other area, a performance that points to just the possibility that, if the sacrifice of several victims at Malkanagiri had ever been replaced by the sacrifice of one, he might perhaps first have been taken round on a car to the various points. At Jeypore, where it would appear that the idea was partly to offer in different directions, the rotation of one victim occurs as a possible substitute for the sacrifice of a larger number. It is interesting here to note that at Rayagada in the Vizagapatam district there was a black slab called the *Janni pothoro* or priest's stone, on which human sacrifices are said to have been offered and which the hill people still regard with awe and refuse to touch.[59] This perambulation of the altar by the victim could, no doubt, be very freely paralleled elsewhere. In Baroda, for example, "at the worship of Vagh Deo, the tiger god, a man is covered with a blanket, bows to the image, and walks round it seven times. During this performance the worshippers slap him on the back. He tries to escape to the forest, pursued by the children, who fling balls of clay at him and finally bring him back, the rite ending with feasting and drinking."[60] At Salamis, in historical times, the victim ran thrice round the altar at the temple of Diomede before being stabbed by the priest.[61]

Other minor points of resemblance between the *Meriah* sacrifice and hook-swinging are perhaps worth noting. It was a feature of the former that the victim should be purchased, and we find that in the Kistna district the swingers were paid from one to four rupees, and when the man who was accustomed to pay them left the village the practice of hook-swinging had to be discontinued. This is in striking

[59] *Ibid.*, p. 302.

[60] J. A. Dalal, *Census Report, Baroda*, 1901, cited in article "Dravidians," *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. v., p. 16.

[61] J. G. Frazer, *Adonis Attis Osiris*, vol. i., p. 145.

contrast to the procedure in certain other places, where the victims freely and gladly offered themselves. Again, the *Meriah* was generally adorned with garlands, and the hook-swinging devotee was frequently, if not always, similarly decorated. Garlands certainly were a very important and noticeable feature of the ceremony I was present at, and that at a time and in a locality where flowers would have to be obtained from elsewhere, possibly by purchase.

I think it will now be agreed that there are sufficient points of resemblance between hook-swinging in one or other of its forms and certain well authenticated types of human sacrifice to support the assumption that the former is a survival of the latter, and it now remains to be seen whether, apart from such similarity, there is either in the rite itself or its attendant circumstances anything pointing to this view.

We find it as a ceremony occurring annually or at longer intervals, and clearly in some cases performed as or descended from some form of fertility rite. How else can we explain the throwing of the oranges and lemons in the description of Duarte Barbosa,[62] or the flowers showered among the people in the instances witnessed by Hoole and myself?[63] The close connection of the Karwar ceremony with the fate of the crops has already been fully noticed.[64] When performed as annual rite it would appear, as in the case of the *Meriah*, often to have been regarded as a rite of general and all-round efficacy,[65] and in some cases to have been connected, incidentally as it were, with the approach of the rains upon which, in a country like India, so very much depends. In the pseudo hook-swinging ceremony,

[62] *Supra*, p. 156. I am aware that such practices have been regarded (*e.g.*, by Crawley, *The Mystic Rose*, p. 325), as originating "in the idea of giving food to the evil influences to induce them to be propitious and depart," and that the authority mentioned would probably consider the oranges and lemons to be thrown with this intention.

[63] *Supra*, pp. 151, 160. [64] *Supra*, p. 186. [65] *Supra, passim.*

described by Thurston, the goddess Māriamma and the effigy were first conducted to and worshipped at a tank,[66] and I am inclined to suspect that the date at which the ceremony is generally performed in Bengal, coupled with the fact that Sir W. W. Hunter used to hear vague rumours among the aboriginal tribes to the south-west of Beerbhoom of human sacrifice being resorted to with a view to procuring the early arrival of the rains,[67] lends colour to the theory that it is, or was, in part intended to influence the coming of the rainy season, which normally arrives about six weeks later. I am partly drawn towards this view by the fact that the self-same people whom I saw performing the ceremony hold what is obviously a rudimentary form of a fertility ceremony more directly connected with the earth about four months earlier, when, at a certain sacred spot at the junction of the Damodar and Gowai rivers, they bury one or more men to the neck in the ground, leaving them there for two or three hours, and sprinkling the surface in the immediate neighbourhood of the victim with red paint in imitation of blood.[68] That the *Meriah* itself was held to influence the monsoon season is, of course, well known,[69] and if any doubt about this

[66] *Supra*, p. 169.

[67] Sir W. W. Hunter, *The Annals of Rural Bengal*, vol. i., p. 128.

[68] This ceremony also is said to be in honour of the god Siva, who at this time takes up his abode in a small round stone lying among the rocks at the confluence of the two rivers. The stone in question is thought or said to appear only once a year on the date of the ceremony, after which it is supposed to vanish. The red paint is poured round the necks of those who are buried in order that they may appear to be beheaded. There is great rejoicing, dancing, and drinking indulged in by both men and women. The ceremony, so far as my information goes, is a Santali one, but is frequented by all the people of the neighbourhood, irrespective of tribe.

[69] J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild*, vol. i., p. 248, referring to a form of the *Meriah* sacrifice described by Macpherson, *op. cit.*, p. 130, in which "the victim was put to death slowly by fire. A low stage was formed, sloping on either side like a roof; upon it they laid the victim, his limbs wound round with cords to confine his struggles. Fires were then lighted and

remained it would be dispelled on reading the words that were often chanted by the victim :—

> "As the tears stream from thine eyes,
> So may the rain pour down in August;
> As the mucus trickles from thy nostrils,
> So may it drizzle at intervals;
> As thy blood gushes forth,
> So may the vegetation sprout;
> As thy gore falls in drops,
> So may the grains of rice form."[70]

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not arguing for the view that the hook-swinging of Bengal is or was only or even primarily a rain-producing ceremony. I go no further than to suggest that it is not an altogether unwarrantable assumption that its date of celebration, when and where such celebration is an annual one, was not improbably fixed under the influence of its supposed efficacy upon this particular need, and in support of such assumption I point first to the fact that the *Meriah*, with which I conceive hook-swinging to be closely related, was not uncommonly regarded as directly bearing upon the fall of rain, and, secondly, to the testimony of Sir W. W. Hunter to the effect that human sacrifices for rain were not unknown among the aboriginal people of that part of India,[71] and, thirdly, to Colonel Dalton's evidence that among the Bhagots it was an annual custom to

"Make an image of a man in wood, put clothes and ornaments on it, and present it before the altar of a Mahádeo. The person

hot brands applied, to make him roll up and down the slopes of the stage as long as possible; for the more tears he shed the more abundant would be the supply of rain." Again, using Colonel Campbell, *op. cit.*, p. 182, as an authority, Dr. Frazer, *op. cit.*, pp. 248-9, writes: "In some places each man carried his portion of flesh to the stream which watered his fields, and there hung it on a pole." See also Col. Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, p. 288.

[70] H. H. Risley, *The People of India*, p. 62.

[71] *Supra*, p. 189.

who officiates as priest on the occasion says :—"O, Mahádeo, we sacrifice this man to you according to ancient customs. Give us rain in due season, and a plentiful harvest." Then, with one stroke of the axe, the head of the image is struck off, and the body is removed and buried. The Gonds make a similar offering to their Baradeo, and it is not always in effigy that the human sacrifice is made. There are grounds for concluding that the practice was observed by all the peoples of Davidian origin."[72]

It is hardly necessary, or perhaps relevant, to point to the evidence of human sacrifice for rain which we meet with in other parts of the world. At Lagos, for example, it was the custom soon after the spring equinox to impale a young girl, in order that the goddess presiding over the rain might thereby be propitiated.[73] A somewhat similar sacrifice took place in Benin, where a young woman was lashed to a scaffolding upon the summit of a tall blasted tree where she was devoured by the turkey buzzards.[74] In the same place, if there was too much rain, a woman was clubbed to death and then placed up in the same tree.[75] Again, in the Bible we read how, after a three years' famine, King David searched out the seven sons of Saul and delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, who "hanged them in the hill before the Lord at the beginning of barley harvest," where they remained, watched by Rizpah the mother of two of them, "until water dropped on them out of heaven," after which they were taken down and buried in the sepulchre of their fathers. These men, it will be noticed, were put to death at the beginning of harvest, and the fact of their having been retained on the gallows until the wet season points to the possibility of

[72] E. T. Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, pp. 258-9.

[73] J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild*, vol. i., p. 239.

[74] E. Westermarck, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. i., p. 449.

[75] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 444.

their execution having been, at least in part, intended as a rain charm.[76]

So much then for hook-swinging as a periodical rite. We also find it resorted to, as I have shown above,[77] in times and circumstances of personal or public crisis or calamity, in precisely those circumstances, that is to say, when the most potent sacrifices known would be offered. Even when carried out as an annual ceremony, its individual performers would appear often to regard it as of equal efficacy with sacrifice.[78] Again, the frequency with which a child is swung either alone or carried by another performer,[79] no less than the occasional accompaniment of animal sacrifices,[80] goes to support my view.[81] Where we find, as we sometimes do, that the suspension and rotation of a human victim is succeeded by that of a human being in effigy [82] or of an animal or even a vegetable product,[83] we can only conclude that all traces of its former sacrificial origin have been so far lost that nothing but the form, bare and meaningless, remains.

Whether, then, as a periodical or only occasional rite, I submit that tested by its own evidence hook-swinging has about it that which, supported by certain points of resemblance to a particular form of sacrifice and by the fact that we find it just where we might expect to find rudimentary remains of human sacrifice and not elsewhere, justify the assumption that in human sacrifice is the origin of this peculiar rite to be found. Each line of enquiry leads to the

[76] 1 Sam., chap. xxiv., v. 6. J. G. Frazer, *Adonis Attis Osiris*, vol. i., pp. 22-3.

[77] *Supra*, p. 164. [78] *Supra*, *passim*. [79] *Supra*, pp. 167-9. [80] *Supra*, p. 164.

[81] It is perhaps worth noting that the Kandhs in distress often sold their children for *Meriah* sacrifice, "considering the beatification of their souls certain, and their death, for the benefit of mankind, the most honourable possible." J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild*, vol. i., p. 245, quoting Major Macpherson, *op. cit.*

[82] *Supra*, p. 169. [83] *Supra*, p. 173.

same general conclusion, and the cumulative weight of the evidence is certainly strong, if not indeed irresistible.

It will be noticed that I have as yet made no attempt to account for the important fact that it is by means of hooks that the victim of the "hook-swinging" ceremony is suspended. The only hypothesis I am able to put forward seems hardly adequate support for such a curious and widespread practice. I therefore submit it tentatively and with diffidence. We know that in certain parts the *Meriah* sacrifice might on no account be bound or make any show of resistance, and that in order to prevent escape the bones of his arms and legs were sometimes broken.[84] Where the rotation of the victim was a feature of the sacrifice, as in the case where he was fastened to the proboscis of the wooden elephant,[85] some form of binding, it must be assumed, took place. But it is certain that in other parts this was strictly disallowed, and it is at least conceivable that, if rotation and a regulation against binding anywhere obtained *together*, as essential to the ritual, the use of a hook or hooks for the fastening of the victim is not improbable. If then it be the fact that hook-swinging is a commutation of human sacrifice, the use of hooks may possibly be traceable to an unrecorded form of the *Meriah* in which the victim not only had to be rotated, but at the same time was not permitted to be bound.[86]

[84] J. G. Frazer, *Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild*, vol. i., p. 247.

[85] *Supra*, p. 184.

[86] Dr. W. L. Hildburgh has very kindly suggested that the suspension by means of *iron* (hooks) may be due to a desire to insulate or isolate the hook-swinging devotee from impure or demoniacal influences, and thereby ensure his efficacy as a pure victim. He points out that in early pictures of the ceremony, of which photograph No. 15 is more or less typical, he was touched only by iron. This valuable suggestion is supported by the fact that there are many beliefs common to Southern India and Ceylon, and in the latter the idea is prevalent that iron is strongly anti-demoniacal, while coco-nut fibre (from which rope would often be made) is an unclean substance and consequently not used for certain purposes in connection with magic (cf. "Note on Sinhalese Magic," *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxxviii.,

Except in so far as signs of a fertility rite appear in it I have left untouched the extremely interesting case recorded by Duarte Barbosa,[87] partly because a fuller consideration of it would have been irrelevant to my main thesis, partly because adequately to deal with it would lead me far beyond the limits I have set myself. A few words about it may not, however, be out of place. We have in it an instance of a woman on the eve of marriage performing a ceremony the main features of which in this particular connection are of a very unusual and, *prima facie*, unmeaning nature ; a ceremony, however, so closely allied to one that we have seen to be practised very widely in other circumstances that we are forced to the conclusion that they are fundamentally the same. We know how very commonly in India, as elsewhere, a woman prior to her marriage or once in her life is called upon to sacrifice her virginity, and that in lieu thereof certain substitutes came to be accepted.[88] That an act of ritual prostitution was extremely common in this part of India at the time of which Duarte Barbosa is writing is abundantly clear from his own account,[89] and in the absence of any more direct connection between hook-swinging and marriage the natural conclusion would seem to be that it was a rite performed by a woman as a substitute for the surrender of

p. 151). It may be for this reason, says Dr. Hildburgh, that the victim was not bound to the cross-pole.

We have seen that in some parts a regulation against binding the *Meriah* victim was in force, and it may be that in this suggestion of Dr. Hildburgh we have the explanation of it, and that the use of the iron hook in the hook-swinging ceremony is due to the same cause which led to the prohibition against binding the *Meriah* victim, even although the hypothetical case in which the latter was suspended on a hook because of a regulation against binding *and* the practice of rotation were never both actually in force together.

[87] *Supra*, pp. 155-6.

[88] J. G. Frazer, *Adonis Attis Osiris*, vol. i., p. 60 ; E. S. Hartland, in *Anthropological Essays presented to E. B. Tylor*, p. 189 ; E. Westermarck, *The History of Human Marriage*, pp. 72-80.

[89] Duarte Barbosa, *op. cit.*, p. 96.

her person. She was under an obligation, Duarte Barbosa tells us, to offer her blood to the deity before marriage,[90] and, as from the nature of the case the notion of self-immolation is excluded, the offering of blood, whether by hook-swinging or in some other way, must have been analogous to the offering of hair that we read of elsewhere. As for the choice of this particular rite as a substitute for the sacred prostitution by which marriage was often preceded, I can only suggest that, if any importance is to be attached to the words which Duarte Barbosa puts into the girl's mouth, a blood offering, probably of menstrual blood, may well have been the first substitute for the act of prostitution; then any blood or sacrifice; later a pro-sacrificial rite. These would appear to be more or less natural stages of development by which the actual sacrifice of a woman's virginity to a male deity became the mock sacrifice of the woman herself. As for the choice of this particular pro-sacrificial act; if, as I surmise, hook-swinging was at one time a common and recognised substitute for human sacrifice, it would as such be the most efficacious propitiatory act known to its performers, and, therefore, on purely *a priori* grounds, not unlikely to be chosen in this connection. Although, at first sight, there would seem to be no genealogical connection between hook-swinging and pre-nuptial prostitution, the suggested lines of descent appear to me of as direct a nature as those connecting the hair offering with the sacrifice of virginity,[91] as to the existence of which, however difficult they may be to trace, there would appear to be no question.

It may have been remarked that in the hook-swinging ceremony of which I was an eye-witness, there are certain features which appear to have no counterpart elsewhere; such as the touching of the ground by the man who inserts

[90] Duarte Barbosa, *op. cit.*, p. 95.

[91] J. G. Frazer, "Artemis and Hippolytus," *Fortnightly Review*, Dec., 1904, pp. 985-6.

the hook,[92] the circlets of bells placed on the ankles of the victim,[93] the draught of sugar and water given immediately the swinging is over.[94] If any ritual importance attaches to the first of these, it points, of course, to a fertility ceremony or propitiation of the earth-goddess. Not only from the manner in which this particular act was performed am I inclined to the view that it does bear some lost ritual significance, but it is inexplicable on any other assumption. To the use of the sugar I attach little, if any, weight. It may have been given merely as a restorative. In certain parts of India, however, it is said to exercise a power over evil spirits, a view which is held to account for sugared water being put into the mouth of the dying Musalman of Kanara.[95] In the Deccan, on the day when the horse is worshipped, it is given sugar to eat, and in the same part of India the Chitpavan, when beginning to build his marriage booth, makes a square and puts sugar in it.[96] Instances of this kind could be multiplied, but to no purpose, as I do not suspect that there was any particular significance in the use of the sweetened water at the hook-swinging festival. Again, bells are so very common an accompaniment of religion and magical rites of all kinds that I refuse to believe that any special meaning is to be given to them in this ceremony. Nor, although there are not wanting proofs of its magico-religious use elsewhere, do I place the slightest value on the fact that an umbrella was carried by one of the devotees I saw "swinging."

Dr. Warde Fowler, writing of the Lupercalia, says:—

"It has long been clear to me that any attempt to explain the details of the Lupercalia on a single hypothesis must be a failure. If all the details belong to the same age and the same original festival, we cannot recover the key to the whole ceremonial,

[92] *Supra*, p. 152. [93] *Supra*, p. 151. [94] *Supra*, p. 153.

[95] Sir J. M'Leod Campbell, I.C.S. *Notes on the Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom* (unpublished).

[96] *Ibid.*

though we may succeed in interpreting certain features of it with some success. Is it, however, possible that these details belong to *different* periods,—that the whole rite, as we know it, with all the details put together from different sources of knowledge, was the result of an accretion of various features upon an original simple basis of ceremonial?"[97]

Of how many ceremonies may this, in whole or part, be said? *Mutatis mutandis*, it may apply with equal truth to that with which I have endeavoured, however unsuccessfully and incompetently, to deal; and it may be that any attempt to explain hook-swinging on a single hypothesis must be a failure. I make no greater claim for mine than that, I trust without false emphasis or distortion of the facts, it explains at least as much as it leaves in doubt, and dissipates possibly more difficulties than it raises. If, on examination at the hands of those better capable than I am of dealing with it, the evidence will not bear the interpretation I have put upon it, my collection of the facts for the disposal of others more capable may perhaps be pleaded in extenuation of my own temerity in endeavouring to understand them.

J. H. POWELL.

[97] W. Warde Fowler, *The Religious Experience of the Roman People*, p. 478.

"BRINGING IN THE FLY."

BY PERCY MANNING, M.A., F.S.A.

(Read at Meeting, March 19th, 1913.)

WE read in Anthony Wood's description of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, near Oxford, written in 1661, that once a year the Fellows of New College used to visit the Hospital on Holy Thursday,[1] "early in the morning, after their grave and wonted manner," and attend a short service in the chapel. This done, "they walked from thence to a well, called Strowell, at the upper end of the grove adjoyning, (which with the way from the chappell therto used anciently to be strewed with flowers)." Here, after the reading of the gospel and epistle, they joined in singing part-songs and then returned home.

In two notes, Wood first queries, "whether the bringing in of the fly doth not relate to this custome;" and then remarks that "many people resorted here; as the cooks bringing in of the fly, the boyes their at May Day to bring the first fruits of Flora."[2] No explanation is given of these somewhat mysterious allusions, which I daresay have puzzled others besides myself.

At the installation of the Earl of Pembroke as Chancellor of the University in 1648, the proceedings, says Wood, were so disorderly that "the rout or rabble of the City" declared openly "that they had often seen Sir Cranion or the Fly at Whitsuntide fetched in by the Cooks of Oxford

[1] "Before it was on May Day," says Wood in a note.

[2] A. Wood, *Survey of the Antiquities of the City of Oxford*, vol. ii., pp. 514-5.

from St. Barthelmew's [sic] hospital with much more grace and solemnity."[3]

Crosfield, of Queen's College, in his diary[4] for 1626, mentions what is evidently the same custom,—"May 30, Whitson-Tuesday, ye rideing of Cookes,"—but, here again, without any explanation.

The earliest allusion that I have yet found is in the Register of the University for 1463.[5] It is headed "Coquorum Annualis equitatio," and states that Thomas Dalton and Tibot Coke, proctors of the Guild (artis) of cooks of the University, lodged a complaint with the Commissary of the University, against one John Coke, "de domo S. Johannis extra portam Orientalem.'"[6] He had, they said neglected to provide certain wax candles, commonly called "Coke-lyght," in the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Oxford, and had neglected or broken a certain laudable custom, of contributing to a certain feast, which was wont to be held once a year in the month of May "on the day of the riding of cooks." Robert Coke of Hamton Hall and other witnesses proved that the custom was an ancient one, and that the College cooks and the cooks of the Halls each chose one proctor to collect subscriptions. There is no indication here of anything beyond the mixed religious and social festival which every medieval guild was accustomed to celebrate. But fortunately we have a description of the ceremony as it existed in Elizabethan times, shorn of its religious side, which points distinctly to a connection with those agricultural seasonal festivals which

[3] A. Wood, *The History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*, vol. ii., p. 563.

[4] Ms. in Queen's College Library. I am indebted to the Provost, the Rev. J. R. Magrath, for kindly allowing me to use his transcript.

[5] H. Anstey, *Munimenta Academica* ("The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," No. 50), vol. ii., pp. 701-2.

[6] Though Waynflete had obtained in 1457 a grant of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, with a view to incorporating it in Magdalen College, he did not begin his new buildings till 1471, and the old buildings, and doubtless many of the old servants of the Hospital, were utilized in the interval.

come within the province of the folklorist. This description is contained in an appendix to *Narcissus, a Twelfe Night Merriment, played by youths of the Parish at the College of S. John the Baptist in Oxford, A.D. 1602.*[7] It takes the form of a burlesque speech, put into the mouth of the College porter: the cooks, he says, "few of them will take rest this night, & suffer as few to take rest in the morning. They have sett a little porch before so great an house, and have called their show the flye. Some say because a maid comming to-towne with butter was mett by a cooke and by him deceaved in a wood neare adioyning, whose laments the dryades and hamadriades of the place, pittieng, turned her into a butterflie; & ever since the cooks are bound to this anniversary celebration of her metamorphosis; but soft, if the cooks heare that the porridgpott of my mouth runnes over soe, they will keele[8] it with the ladle of reprehension: therfore I will make hast away, onely asking this boone, . . . that your ladyshipps servant Monsieur Piers may ride to-morrowe with the fierye fraternitye of his fellowe cookes, & make upp the worthy companye of the round table, which they are resolvd not to leave till the whole house goe rounde with them."

Writing in 1686-7, Aubrey thus describes the festival as he remembered it in his undergraduate days: "before the Civill warres the custome was that some day of ye Whitsun-holydayes, . . . the Master-cooke (for that yeare) with the rest of his Brethren were marched in silke doublets on Horseback, and rode (I thinke) to Bartholomews or Bullington-green, fetch in the Flye: the sd master-cooke treated his brethren before they rode out. (At Exeter

[7] Ed. by M. L. Lee, 1893, pp. 32-3; the significance of the speech has escaped the notice of the editor.

[8] "Keele"—skim; cf. Winter's song in *Love's Labour Lost*:—

"Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keele the pot."

Coll. 1642) I sawe them drinke their mornings draughts, and on Michaelmas day they rode thither again to convey the Fly away."[9]

We have here, I think, several of the essential features of those Oxfordshire Maytide or Whitsuntide agricultural festivals, which survived into the middle of last century.[10] The company sets out on a May morning, with a great uproar, at or before the earliest hour of daylight. They are mounted on horseback, like the followers of the "Whit Hunt" in Wychwood Forest. They march up to Strowell, and there engage in a ceremony which reminds us of the Derbyshire custom of "well-dressing." The "little porch set before so great a door," *i.e.* before the College gateway, is evidently such a bower of green branches and May blossom, as Herrick describes in "Corinna's going a Maying":—

> "Come, my Corinna, come; and coming mark
> How each field turns a street, each street a park
> Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
> Devotion gives each house a bough
> Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
> An ark, a tabernacle is,
> Made up of white thorn neatly interwove."

In this bower, I take it, was held the customary feast at which the "company of the round table" drank till it did "goe round with them." Booths like this, made of, or decorated with, boughs, and known as "boweries," where unlimited eating and drinking went on, sometimes for several days together, formed the centre of the festivities at the Woodstock Whitsun Ale, the Kirtlington Lamb Ale, and many other such celebrations. The hint of lawless love-making, so common at these periods, finds its parallel in Herrick's poem.[11]

[9] J. Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, ed. J. Britten, p. 202.

[10] *Folk-Lore*, vol. viii., pp. 307-24.

[11] J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed.; *The Magic Art*, vol. ii., pp. 67, 104.

The central feature of these agricultural festivals with which I have compared our "fly" custom, is the carrying in procession and slaughter of a live victim, part of which is eaten by each member of the community in order to bring him good luck for the coming year. The victim in this case must be the "fly," an insect of some kind, either a butterfly, as the author of *Narcissus* states, or a "crane-fly," as Wood's epithet of "Sir Cranion" suggests. A parallel for the carrying of an insect in procession and the setting up of a bower is afforded by the Danish custom mentioned by Grimm: "A quaint procession of the erewhile amazons of the spinning-wheel at Schleswig, for fetching in of a *cantharis* or *maykäfer*, with green boughs, whereat the town-hall of this place was decked out with greenery."[12] It must be remembered, too, that the German name for the cockchafer, "maikäfer," *i.e.* "may-chafer" (cf. American "may-bug"), specially identifies the insect with May-tide, the season at which the "fly" ceremony took place.

The custom of dressing "Strowell" with flowers indicates that it was, or had once been, a "holy well." The intimate connection of our "fly" with this well is shown not only by the fact that the "fly" was brought in from thence; but also by Wood's epithet of "Sir Cranion," the "crane-fly," which, according to a seventeenth-century work on entomology, was a "water-fly."[13]

A "holy well" with a guardian fly existed at Kirkmichael, Banffshire, in the eighteenth century. It was dedicated to St. Michael, and its waters possessed sovereign virtues. Here the "winged guardian under semblance of a fly was never absent from his duty." Those who wished to know the fate of sick relatives or friends visited the

[12] *Teutonic Mythology of Jacob Grimm*, trans. by J. S. Stallybrass, vol. ii., pp. 693-4.

[13] "A Water-fly, which men call from the length of the feet or shanks . . . *Gruinam*; called therefore in English a Crane Fly." (T. Moufet, *Insectorum Theatrum*, English ed. 1658, p. 943; quoted by J. Murray, *A New English Dictionary*.

well; "every movement of the sympathetic fly was regarded in silent awe, and as he appeared cheerful or dejected," so would the event be favourable or not. "The guardian fly" was supposed to be immortal; "he might sometimes appear dead, but . . . it was only a transmigration into a similar form, which made little alteration on the real identity."[14]

We may, then, regard the Oxford "fly" as the guardian of Strowell, whose movements boded good or bad luck. But why should an insect be so important? I suggest that it embodied the godling or water-sprite of the well. The author of *Narcissus* says that the "fly" was a metamorphosed maiden, such a one perhaps as the Romano-British well-goddess Coventina, to whom a shrine was erected on the "wall of Hadrian."[15] The belief that sprites or disembodied personalities might appear in the form of insects is found in many parts of Britain and the Continent. In Cornwall, "the moths, which some regard as departed souls, others as fairies, are called *Pisgies*."[16] In Armagh "a girl chasing a butterfly was chid by her companions, saying, "that may be the soul of your grandfather.""[17] In Northumberland "red butterflies were killed, being accounted witches."[18]

Ancient Greek artists represented the human soul as a butterfly; in fact, one species of butterfly is described by Aristotle as ψυχή, soul.[19] Grimm states that "the dragonfly is called enchanted maid,"[20] that the demon-lovers of witches appear to them in the form of butterflies, and that

[14] Sir J. Sinclair, *Statistical Account of Scotland* (1794), vol. xii., pp. 464-5.

[15] *Archaeologia Aeliana*, 2nd S., vol. viii., *passim*.

[16] R. Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st S. (1865), p. 68.

[17] W. S. Mason, *A Statistical Account, or Parochial Survey of Ireland* (1816), vol. ii., p. 83.

[18] *The Denham Tracts*, vol. ii., p. 325.

[19] J. G. Frazer, *Taboo*, (1911), p. 26.

[20] Stallybrass, *op. cit*, vol. iii., p. 1029.

their joint offspring, the elves (elbe), wear the same shape.[21] In Servia, the soul of a sleeping witch leaves her as a butterfly; in Transylvania, as a fly.[22]

That insects were thought to bring good luck with them is shown by many facts. Cornish boys "always chase and try to kill the first butterfly of the season; and, should they succeed, they will overcome their enemies—I suppose, in football, etc."[23] The converse belief prevailed in Devonshire: "any individual neglecting to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season will have ill-luck throughout the season."[24] In France, too, it was lucky to catch the first butterfly: "qui veult estre marié dans l'an, prenne le premier papillon qu'il verra."[25] In the Department of Ille et Vilaine, "celui qui attrape le premier papillon blanc qu'il voit au printemps, trouvera un essaim dans l'année."[26]

If the parallel which I have drawn between the "fly" ceremony and other agricultural festivals is to be complete in every respect, it should appear that the insect victim was eaten. This I cannot show at Oxford, but, as Mr. Thomas points out,[27] there are traces both in Britain and on the Continent of the eating of insects at festivals. The natives

Ravilloles in Franche-Comté are nicknamed *les Burdaines*, or cockchafers, the story being circulated by their neighbours that on the day of the village fête dishes of these insects are prepared to regale the guests invited.[28] In North Lincolnshire "it is sometimes affirmed that the

[21] *Ibid.*, vol. iii., pp. 1073-4.

[22] J. G. Frazer, *Taboo*, pp. 39, 41.

[23] *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. v., p. 214.

[24] W. Hone, *The Table Book* (1827), vol. i., col. 678.

[25] E. Rolland, *Faune Populaire de la France*, vol. iii., pp. 315-16.

[26] *Ibid.*

[27] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xi., p. 259.

[28] C. Beauquier, *Blason Populaire de Franche-Comté*, quoted in *Folk-Lore*, vol. viii., p. 364.

reason house-flies disappear in the autumn is that they are all made into pies for Scawby feast."[29]

The Oxford ceremony survived into the eighteenth century, for J. Burman, writing in 1705,[30] includes "the custom of . . . the *Cook's* fetching in the *Flye* on *May-Day*" among those that Dr. Plot had omitted to describe in the first edition of *The Natural History of Oxford-shire* (1677).

I think it is evident that we have here another instance, like the Boar's Head ceremony at Queen's College, of a folk-custom adopted by and preserved in academic usage,—"a fly in amber."

PERCY MANNING.

[29] *Folk-Lore*, vol. viii., p. 365. Is it a mere coincidence that in the English mummers' play, which centres in the killing and resurrection of a human being at the winter solstice, one of the characters is made to say about the mock victim :—

> "I'll cut him as small as flies,
> And send him to the cook shop
> To make mince pies"?

[30] *The Natural History of Oxford-shire* (2nd ed.), p. 218.

COLLECTANEA.

Notes on Spanish Amulets (Third Series).

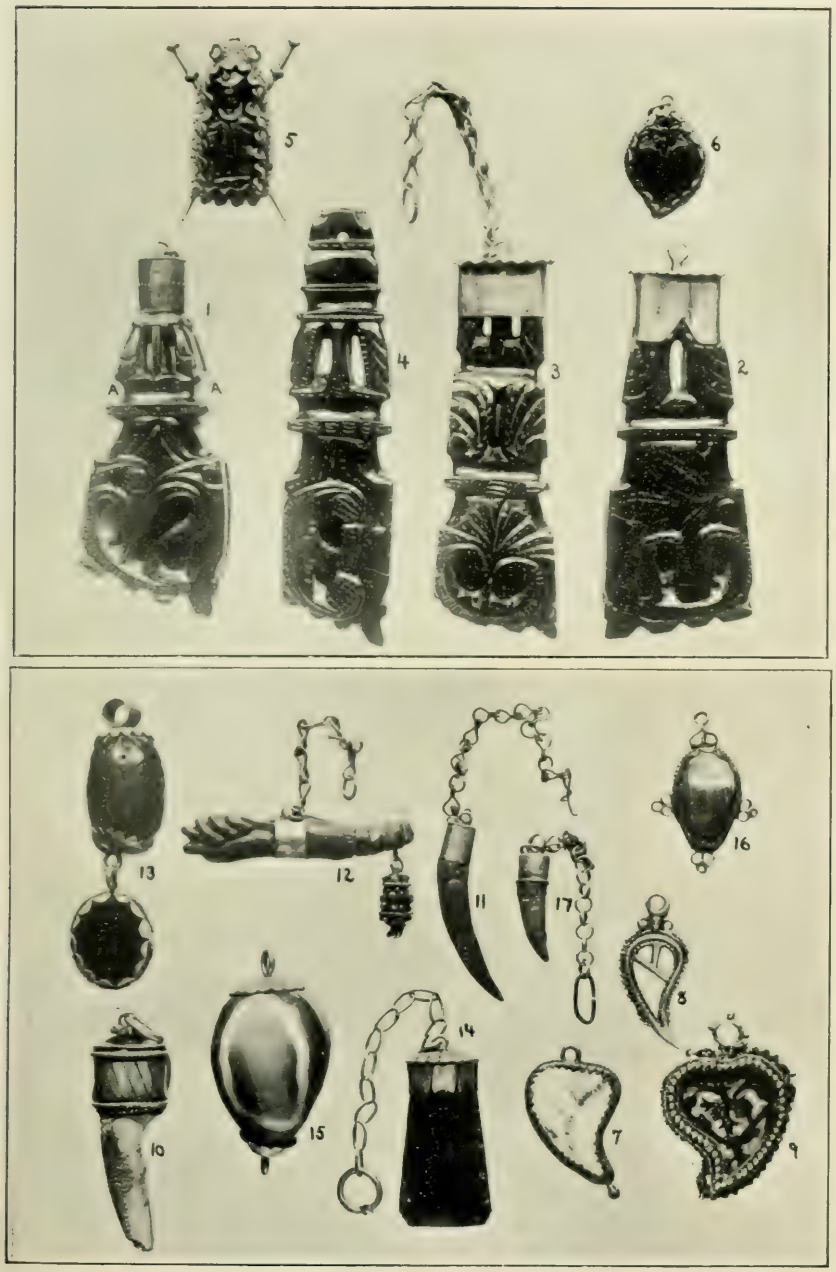
(With Plate XV.)

The present series of notes is supplementary to the two series which appeared in the numbers of *Folk-Lore* for December, 1906, and March, 1913.[1] Many of the specimens which are now described are of types referred to in one or the other of these earlier papers, and are here illustrated because of peculiarities in their design,—peculiarities which, in the case of amulets, while often merely fanciful introductions of their makers (or of their makers' predecessors), may often, in other cases, recall origins or affinities which would otherwise escape notice. The specimens are almost all obsolete in form, if not always completely so in type. No information whatever as to their former purposes, beyond the statements as to the obvious fact of their being amulets, was obtained at the shops where the specimens were purchased; in most instances, however, their specific intentions are obvious to the student. For the intentions of some of them I am able to refer to information contained in my earlier notes; for an indication of those of others I must refer, as before, to similar Italian forms.

Jet Hands.—The principal feature of Plate XV. is the series of four compound "fig" hands, of jet, each arranged for suspension. These hands are similar to those I have illustrated in Figs. 23 and 24, Plate V. (vol. xvii.), but differ from those, as amongst themselves, in details.

Fig. 1. A "fig" hand of jet, mounted with a silver cap attached to it by iron strips. Above the palm, in heavy openwork, is a heart,

[1] Vol. xvii., pp. 454-71; vol. xxiv., pp. 63-74.



SPANISH AMULETS.

To face p. 206.

and some scrollwork which may possibly represent the remains of a conventionalized human-faced crescent. Above the wrist are four supporting columns cut as hands (apparently open hands, palms outwards); and on the front and back (not at the two sides) of the amulet are a pair of eyes, one eye at A between each hand and the slender vertical support. The open hands may be reminiscent of the Moorish period in Spain, not very far distant from the period at which these compound hands were probably made (*i.e.* sixteenth century);[2] or they may have a connection, in some other way, with the open hands, palms outwards, to be found upon certain modern Portuguese amulets.[3] The eyes were, there can be little doubt, intended to strengthen the effect of the amulet as directed against "the evil eye"[4]; on a fragment (not illustrated) of a compound "fig" hand in my possession a distinct pair of eyes is to be found on the back of the amulet, in a position exactly similar to that of the pair noted above, while on the front of the amulet (where, in this case, there are no open hands) are marks which are probably the conventionalized traces of eyes. The employment of iron strips for attaching the cap to the jet may be due to an application of the very widespread belief in iron as a protection against supernatural evil influences. I have not personally come across this belief in Spain, although I have frequently seen small reliquaries and religious pictures, to be worn as pendants, mounted in iron instead of in the silver generally used in other countries (and used in Spain much more often than

[2] Vol. xvii., p. 459. With respect to the Moorish open hand, as shown on a gate of the Alhambra, Lomas says (*In Spain*, 1908, p. 225), "In the year 1526 we find Doña Juana prohibiting the use of this talisman, with any Arabic inscription, among the Moriscoes." Jet seems to have been a favourite material amongst the Arab population against the evil eye; *cf.* C. D. E. Fortnum, *The Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxviii., p. 256, and *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv., p. 66. We may note that amongst some Oriental nations black materials (glass, threads, etc.) are still used as protective against occult evil influences, *e.g.* in India and Ceylon.

[3] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix., p. 219 (Fig. 25).

[4] *Cf.* Bellucci, *Il Feticismo Primitivo in Italia* (Perugia, 1907), p. 52, for illustrations and descriptions of eye forms used as protections against the evil eye in Italy, in Roman and modern times; *cf.* also Bellucci's *Catologo Descrittivo, Amuleti Italiani* (1898), Tablet x.

iron), possibly because of some faith in the protective virtues of iron.

Fig. 2. A "fig" hand of jet, mounted in silver. A *right* hand (as in Fig. 23, vol. xvii.); all the others are *left* hands. Flat in section, and solid. Above the palm is a heart which is so drawn as to resemble greatly the letter "M," together with some vesica-shaped leaves. At the top are two columns, with striations on each side, which may possibly represent the traces of conventionalized hands. On the fragment to which I referred in connection with Fig. 1 there is a very distinct "M" formed by the supporting columns at the front of the wrist.

Fig. 3. A "fig" hand of jet, mounted in silver. Above the palm, in heavy openwork, a human-faced crescent set horizontally. Above the wrist, coarse scrollwork.

Fig. 4. A "fig" hand of jet, with a hole for suspension. Above the palm, in heavy openwork, a human-faced crescent set vertically. The thumb is shaped like a human leg wearing a boot, and continues up to the thigh, where the thigh of the other leg is joined to it. Above the wrist are three columns, of which the outer ones each represent a pair of columns.

I think that in these specimens we have evidence that the compound hands of this type were amulets composed of parts which, while amuletic in a profane sense, were probably intended to secure the protection of the Virgin Mary against certain evils,—the same evils against which those various parts were individually protective,—in addition to the protection believed to be afforded by those parts merely by virtue of their form; or that they were amulets in which it was intended that ideas conceived with reference to the Virgin should be used to change a profane amulet into one having a religious basis. I have referred elsewhere[5] to an amulet of this kind, cited by Cuming, in which "a figure with a child" is upon the frill at the end of the wrist; this would seem to be the Virgin and the Child. The "M" noted upon several of the hands is probably the "M" so often used in amuletic ornaments as an abbreviation from "Maria." The crescent is an emblem constantly used in association with the Virgin, as is also the heart. I have given elsewhere[6] what I take to be further

[5] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii., p. 459.

[6] *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv., p. 65.

evidence connecting the use, in Spain, of the "fig" hand with amulets whereby the protection of the Virgin is supposed to be invoked.[7] Jet was so commonly used for amulets, sometimes mounted in copper, gold, or silver, during the early sixteenth century, while the Arab influences were still strong, that Charles V. in 1525 issued a "*pragmatica*" forbidding the use of amulets of jet against the evil eye[8]; it is perhaps to this "*pragmatica*" that we may trace the origin of the attempt to turn the profane "fig" hand of jet into an amulet associated with the Virgin.

I believe that these compound "fig" hands of jet are a Spanish type, and that they are all of Spanish manufacture; I imagine that they were probably made at the famous *azabacheria* (jet works) of Santiago de Compostella.[9] The numerous Spanish jet statuettes of St. James, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, still in existence, are to be accounted for by his connection with the city of Santiago; whether the close association of St. James with the Virgin (who appeared in person to him) bears any relation to the selection of jet for the compound "fig" hands I am unable to say.[10] Nor can I say whether, or not, the various existing "Black" images of the Virgin have caused any popular

[7] C. W. King in *The Gnostics and their Remains* (1887), p. 369, speaks of a plant "still regarded by the Turks as a potent amulet, and called *Kef Maryam*, 'the hand of Mary,' on account of its digitate form. The same *hand* made of blue glass is tied round children's necks . . . against the stroke of the 'evil eye.'" (*N.B.*—The glass hand, at least, is generally known in Mohammedan countries as the "Hand of Fatima.")

[8] Fortnum, *op. cit.*, p. 256.

[9] For much information concerning the jet carvings of various sacred personages and scenes, from this famous place of pilgrimage, see *Boletin de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones*, vol. vi. (1899), pp. 185-94; C. D. E. Fortnum, *loc. cit.*, vol. xxxvi. (1879), pp. 33-7, and vol. xxxviii., pp. 253-7; a short article in *The Antiquary Journal*, vol. xxvi. (1869), pp. 180-1; and a short note by L. Williams, *The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain*, vol. iii., p. 182. Numerous Spanish jet statuettes etc. are illustrated, and described as pilgrims' souvenirs from the shrine of St. James of Compostella, in the *Königliche Museen zu Berlin: Die Italienischen und Spanischen Bildwerke der Renaissance und Barocke*, by Frida Schottmüller, vol. v. (1913), pp. 199-202.

[10] I have a disc of jet, about two inches in diameter, Spanish, and probably of about the sixteenth century, carved with a figure of the Virgin.

association of jet with amulets by which the aid of the Virgin is invoked. Although there are jet amulets of the same kind and period occasionally to be found in Austria and the Tyrol (as the jet religious carvings are found in many parts of Europe), these were probably, I think, brought from Spain during the time when Spain and Austria were under one ruler (just about the period from which these amulets seem to date), when there was a considerable and continuous traffic between the two countries. I have a compound "fig" hand, with four small supporting hands, of jet, which I found in a village in the Bavarian Tyrol; a hand of the same kind, obtained somewhere in the same region, was exhibited at Dresden in 1911;[11] and I have seen a portion of a third from the same general district. I have also seen an amuletic ornament, including several pecten shells (emblems of St. James), in a small local collection in Austria. The specimen shown in Fig. 5 comes from Vienna, but the jet portion, if not the whole object, is, I think, almost certainly Spanish.

Fig. 5. An ornament of silver and jet, for attaching to a garment. A jet figure of St. James, within a small case at the back of which are two crossed pilgrims' staves. Probably a pilgrims' badge of the sixteenth century, and probably of Spanish manufacture. Obtained at Vienna, 1913.

Hearts.—Fig. 6. Jet heart, with a group of leaves, set in silver as a pendant. The heart shape has been used as a form for protective pendants in very many countries, and it has been extensively used in that manner in Spain, as in Portugal and Italy. It is in many cases the expression of a religious sentiment, but it is also, I feel sure, in many cases the embodiment of one or more non-religious ideas, and its popularity is due, I think, to the facility with which it can be adopted without contravening religious prejudices. Its use as an amulet goes back at least to the period of ancient Egypt; what the non-religious ideas attached to it in recent times have been I am not prepared to say. The group of three leaves is supplemented by a slight swelling and marking on the stem, indicating that the group is possibly derived

[11] *Catalogue of the Historical Section of the Dresden Hygienic Exhibition*, 1911, No. 13,673. The description there given is inaccurate in stating the material to be jade.

from the four-petalled flower-like emblem to which I have referred in previous papers.[12]

Fig. 7. Piece of whitish shell, with a few crimson striations, cut into a shape resembling a heart, and bound in silver as a pendant. The surface of the shell appears to be water-worn on both faces. Specific intention not ascertained.

Fig. 8. Silver ornament, similar in shape to the pendant of Fig. 7.

Fig. 9. Pendant, similar in shape to the specimens in Figs. 7 and 8. The exterior is an elaborately-worked silver case; the double-faced interior has a cross, formed roughly of bits of materials (mostly silk) pasted upon paper, on each face. The cross on the face shown is formed partly of splinters of wood, probably of relics. The object appears to be a reliquary-amulet, to be worn.

Claws etc.—Fig. 10. Portion of a crustacean's claw, in a heavy silver socket. Against the evil eye.[13]

Fig. 11. Cock's spur, mounted as a pendant. This is the only specimen of the kind that I have noted in Spain; it is possibly not Spanish. In Italy a cock's spur is a contemporary amulet against the evil eye.[14]

Coral.[15]—Fig. 12. "Fig" hand and arm, of red coral, with a pendant bead attached. The amulet seems to have been made originally from two pieces of coral, in its present form, with the hand for support at the centre; the form, which is rather infrequent, is interesting in its resemblance to the common ancient Roman amulets, against fascination, combining the phallus and the "fig" hand.

Fig. 13. Compound amulet, formed of a large bead of rough red coral, mounted in silver, from which hangs an oval piece of carnelian mounted in silver. Very probably, I think, an amulet

[12] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv., pp. 64-5; vol. xix., pp. 222-3.

[13] Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii., pp. 457-8, and Fig. 19. Ancient and modern Italian forms are illustrated in *Il Feticismo Primitivo in Italia*, p. 33.

[14] *Cf.* Bellucci, *Catalogo Descrittivo*, Tablet xii., No. 28: a cock's spur, mounted in silver, against the evil eye.

[15] Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii., p. 460.

concerned with the blood (menstruation, hæmorrhages, wounds, etc.).[16]

Stones.—Fig 14. Truncated cone of red and dark-green agate, mounted in silver with a chain for suspension. Apparently an amulet for a child, to be worn at the waist. Specific intention not ascertained.

Fig. 15. Large bead of banded agate, mounted in silver as a pendant. The disposition of the banding, giving to the bead (when looked at from one side) the appearance of a human eye-ball, indicates that the amulet most probably served against the evil eye.[17]

Shells.—Fig. 16. Cowry shells, in a framework of silver, for use as a pendant.[18]

Teeth.—Fig. 17. Tooth of a crocodile, in silver socket, with chain for suspension.

W. L. Hildburgh.

Some White Ruthenian Folk-Songs, II.

The Polish and Russian languages, which sometimes affect not only the words but also the sentiment of these folk-songs, have left Nos. 7 to 15 practically unaltered. As is usual, diminutives which can hardly be rendered in English have been made use of throughout.[1] They do not, however, have very much meaning even in the original, being applied both to adjectives and nouns more from habit and the exigencies of the metre than from any other reason. In other respects these songs differ very slightly from the preceding ones, being sung by the peasants during their usual occupations in the fields or at home. They consist likewise

[16] *Cf.* Bellucci, *Catalogo Descrittivo*, Tablets vi. and ix.; also *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv., p. 67, Fig. 12.

[17] See note 4 above, for eye-forms in Italy.

[18] Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii., p. 466, Figs. 45-6. In *Il Feticismo Primitivo in Italia*, pp. 38-40, pictures of contemporary and Early Iron Age Italian forms are given.

[1] See note 3 *infra*.

of an introduction describing some rural scene or commenting upon some feature of nature, followed as a rule by the complaint of a betrayed or slighted lover. For instance, in No. 7 the fleeting visit of the wild geese on their eastward migration recalls to the singer the brief days of her happiness with a faithless lover, and again in No. 9 a contrast is drawn, in the introduction, between the wild dove that can mate as it wishes and the singer whose lover has deserted her. The atmosphere of No. 8 is much gayer than usual, and the complaint of the maiden who cannot attract as many lovers as she would like, is prompted rather by boredom than despair,—a suggestion which is rendered more probable by the gaiety of the music.

Nos. 9 and 10 might at first sight be thought to be variants of the same song, but the fact that both music and subject are so dissimilar renders this supposition improbable. The resemblance between the words of the first stanza of each song, and again between the third stanza of No. 9 and the eighth stanza of No. 10, may be accounted for by the fact that the stanzas indicated have been interpolated in an entirely different and more modern song. This view is supported by the disjointed character of No. 10, which is clearly of a later date than the preceding one. Further, both songs are never found in the same locality, the older one, which is now very seldom met with, being found in districts to the south-east of those in which the more modern one is sung. The sentiment expressed by the man who chooses so cavalierly between his two sweethearts, and by the woman who is so prodigal of her favours, is undoubtedly a rough attempt at humour and light-heartedness rather than deliberate cruelty and wantonness.

No. 11, like No. 5, is written somewhat in the form of a ballad, and tells of the adventures of a maiden and her Cossack lover. The pike which inhabits most White Ruthenian streams and rivers is considered both swift and graceful. The Cossack is clearly therefore paying the maiden a compliment when he mistakes her drowning efforts for the play of a pike-fish, *ščuka-ryba*. In the last stanza, "to gnaw at the foot of a mountain" means most probably "to work in a mine." This at once suggests that the mines referred to were those of Siberia, but this can hardly be the case, since that form of punishment was unknown in

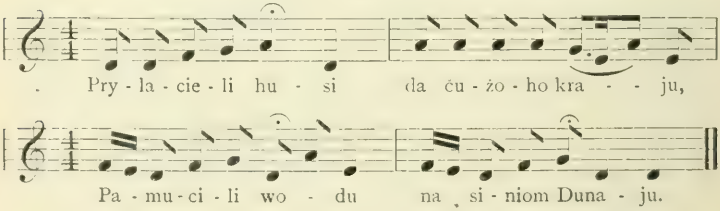
Poland about a hundred years ago, and it is clear that the song itself belongs to a considerably earlier period. The use of the word *wutka* (duck) suggests the influence of the Russian language, for the White Ruthenian word that would naturally be used is *kačka*, whereas *wutka* is merely an altered form of the Russian *utka*. In stanza 6, line 2, however, the use of the word *hutka* (swiftly) instead of the more usual *prętka* (from the Polish *prędko*) shows how truly White Ruthenian the song must be.

The words and music of No. 12 are most unusually happy, and the charming naïveté of the language in which the singer speaks of her expected but unknown lover indicates a very different spirit from the bitter despair which is characteristic of so many of the songs; the refrain is also exceptionally musical.

Stanza 8 of No. 13, in which the deceitful lover mocks his old love by offering her wine at his marriage feast, strikes a note of refined cruelty which is not often met with in these songs.

No. 14 is an admirable example of the White Ruthenian language. The introduction is clearly a warning to some maiden not to make indiscriminate friendships, especially with the Cossacks, who were synonymous with adventurers, and the ensuing stanzas narrate the results of such injudicious behaviour.

No. 7. *Prylacieli Husi* (The geese came).



Prylacieli husi da čužoho kraju,
Pamucili wodu na siniom Dunaju.
Badaj žeš wy husi tak marnie prapali,
Jak my lubilisia ciapier pierestali.

The geese came to the land of a stranger,
And ruffled the blue Danube's waves.
Oh! geese may you miserably perish,
As our love once so strong came to naught.

Bo hdzie słonce wzyjdzie, tam rasy nia budzie,
Z našaho kachania ničoha nia budzie.

As dew before sunrise must vanish,
So naught from our love will come true.

Kudy ja chadziła, chadzici nia budu,
Kaho ja lubiła, lubici nia budu.

Hdzie taja dziečcyna z čornymi broŭcami?
Uspaminajcież jeje dobrymi słoŭcami.
Ci jana zabita, ci u niawolu ŭziata?
Ni widać że jeje ni u budzień, ni u [illegible].

Ni jana zabita, ni u niawolu uziata,
Jak [illegible] lichi zamuž usio jaje [illegible].

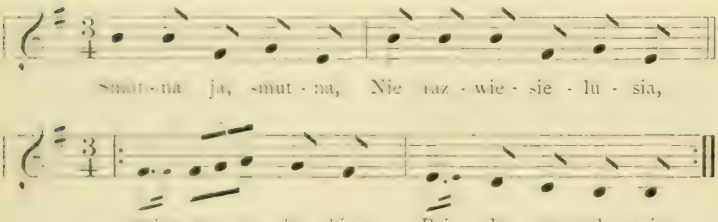
I shall walk no more where I used to,
Nor love him again whom I loved.

Where's the maid with the darkest of eyebrows?
Speak of her but with words in her praise.
Is she killed, or has she been captured?
For she's seen not on weekdays nor feasts.

She has neither been killed nor been captured,
But by wedlock her life has been marred.

No. 8. *Smutna ja, smutna* (Sad I am, sad I am).

The lower notes are used in certain cases.



Smutna ja, smutna,
Nie razwiesielusia,
Chłopcy nie lubiać,
Pajdu utaplusia.
Chłopcy nie lubiać,
Pajdu utaplusia.

Pajdu utaplusia,
U zialonojé wino.
Pajdu ja zabjusia,
U puchowu piarynu.
Pajdu ja zabjusia,
U puchowu piarynu.

Och! i u kamory,[2]
Za bočečkami,

Sad I am, sad I am,
And ne'er shall I be gay,
Never a lad will care for me,
I shall go and drown myself.
Never a lad will care for me,
I shall go and drown myself.

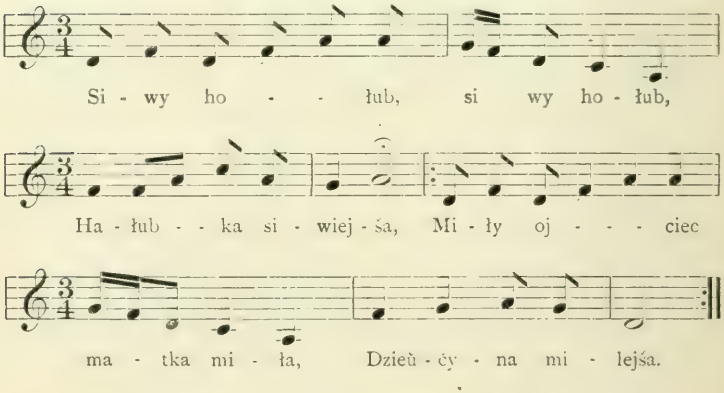
I shall go and drown myself,
Among the green vines.
I shall go and hide myself,
In a feather bed.
I shall go and hide myself,
In a feather bed.

Oh! in the little room,
Behind all the barrels,

[2] *Kamora* is the word used to denote the small room leading out of the main dwelling-room in peasants' cottages. Usually these two rooms compose the whole house.

Tam stajało łoże,	There stands an ample bed,
Z padušečkami.	Piled with many cushions.
Tam stajało łoże,	There stands an ample bed,
Z padušečkami.	Piled with many cushions.
A na toj łoży	And on this ample bed
Kawaler leży,	A young man is lying,
Kawaler leży,	A young man is lying,
Małady, charosy.	Young and fair to see.
Kawaler leży,	A young man is lying,
Małady, charosy.	Young and fair to see.
Jon wočkami hlanie,	He will turn his eyes to me,
I ručkami machnie,	He will wave his hand to me,
I wočkami hlanie,	He will turn his eyes to me,
Jaho serce zwianič.	And his heart will soften.
I wočkami hlanie,	He will turn his eyes to me,
Jaho serce zwianič.	And his heart will soften.

No. 9. *Siwy Hołub* (The grey dove), I.



Siwy hołub, siwy hołub,	Grey is the dove, he is grey,
Hałubka siwiejša,	His mate she is greyer.
Miły ojciec matka miła,	Father and mother are dear,
Dzieŭčyna milejša.	My maiden is dearer.
Miły ojciec matka miła,	Father and mother are dear,
Dzieŭčyna milejša.	My maiden is dearer.
Z dzieŭčynoju jak zydusia,	When I meet my maiden
Nie nahawarusia,	I cannot talk enough,
Z matuloju jak zydusia,	When I meet my mother

Hora nabirusia.
Z matuloju jak zydusia.
Hora nabirusia.

Sorrow is all I gather.
When I meet my mother
Sorrow is all I gather.

A hdzież tyje paru koni,
Što u poli chadzili?
Ci nie u taho zwiedziświeta,
Sto my u dwioch lubili?
Ci nie u taho zwiedziświeta,
Što my u dwioch lubili?

Where are those two horses,
That grazed in the field?
Are they his who deceived us,
His we both loved?
Are they his who deceived us,
His we both loved?

Lubilisia, kachalisia,
Nas ludzi nia znali,
Jak pryšłosia razstacisia,
Jak ciomnyje chmary.
Jak pryšłosia razstacisia,
Jak ciomnyje chmary.

We cared for each other,
And the world did not know,
And yet when we parted,
'Twas like thunder-clouds.
And yet when we parted,
'Twas like thunder-clouds.

Kali znaješ tako zielje,
Daj mnie napicisia,
Kap ja mahła, moj mileńki,
Cibie zabycisia.
Kap ja mahła, moj mileńki,
Cibie zabycisia.

If you know of a herb,
Then give me to drink,
That I may, Oh! my dearest,
Forget about thee.
That I may, Oh! my dearest,
Forget about thee.

Znaju, znaju tako zielje,
Bliżej pierełazu,
Kali zjesi taho zielja,
Zabudzieš ad razu.
Kali zjesi taho zielja,
Zabudzieš ad razu.

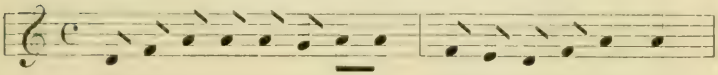
I know, I know of a herb,
That grows by the gap,
If you eat of this herb,
You'll remember no more.
If you eat of this herb,
You'll remember no more.

Budu ješči, budu pici,
Kropli nie apučšu,
Chibie tolki zabudusia,
Jak wočki zaplušču.
Chibie tolki zabudusia,
Jak wočki zaplušču.

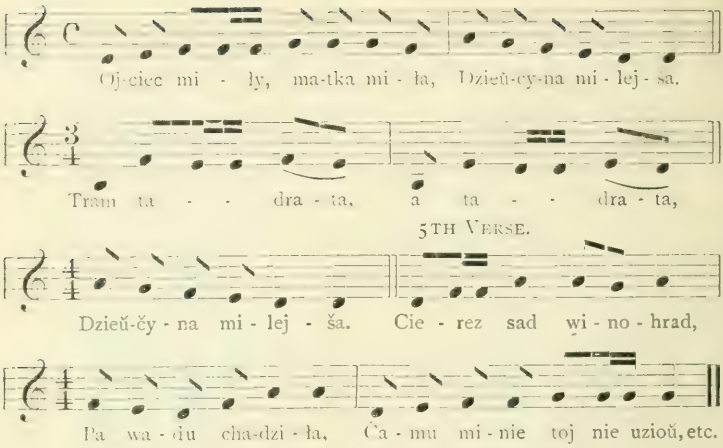
I shall eat, I shall drink,
Nor spill a drop,
Yet I shall not forget,
Till (death) closes my eyes.
Yer I shall not forget,
Till (death) closes my eyes.

No. 10. *Siwy Hołub* (The grey dove), II.

The lower notes are used in certain cases.



Si - wy ho - łub, si - wy ho - łub, Ha - łub - ka si - wiej - ša,



Siwy hołub, siwy hołub,	Gray is the dove, he is grey,
Hałubka siwiejša,	His mate she is greyer.
Ojciec miły, matka miła,	Father and mother are dear,
Dzieŭčyna milejša.	My maiden is dearer.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,	Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Dzieŭčyna milejša.	My maiden is dearer.
Adna horka wysokaja,	One of the hills is high,
A druhaja nizka,	And the other one is low,
Adna miła dalekaja,	One of my loved ones is far away,
A druhaja blizka.[3]	And the other one is near.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,	Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
A druhaja blizka.	The other one is near.
A u toj dalekoj	And the one who is far
Byeki i ciałuski,	Has calves and cows,
A u toj blizieńkoj	But the one who is near
Puchowy paduški.	Has pillows of down.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,	Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Puchowy paduški.	Has pillows of down.
A ja tuju dalekuju	And the one who is far
Ludziam padaruju,	I'll give her away,
A do hetoj bliziusieńkoj[4]	And the one who is near

[3] *Blizka, blizieńka, bliziusieńka. Blizieńka* (nearer) is a diminutive of *blizka* (near), and is used as the comparative degree; *bliziusieńka* (nearest), which serves as the superlative, is the diminutive of *blizieńka*, and has itself a diminutive *bliziusieniečka* (very nearest).

[4] *Mo* (perhaps) a contraction of *może*, is used as frequently as the latter.

Sam pamasaruju.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Sam pamasaruju.

Cierez sad winohrad,
Pa wadu chadziła,
Camu minie toj nie uzioŭ,
Kaho ja lubiła.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Kaho ja lubiła.

Ale toj minie ŭzioŭ,
Sto z rodu nie znała,
Mo za hety pierebor,
Sto pierebirała.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Sto pierebirała.

Ci za niemćynaho,
Ci za čorčynaho,
A ja swoju rusu kosu
Rastapuscywała.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Rastapuscywała.

A cyjez to koniki
Pa polu letali?
Ci nie taho zwiedziświeta,
Sto my u dwioch kachali.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Sto my u dwioch kachali.

Cyji heta kapytočki,
Na piesočku znaci?
Ci nie taho zwiedziświeta,
Sto chwaliŭsia uziaci.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Sto chwaliŭsia uziaci.

To her will I go.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
To her will I go.

Through the vine-garden,
I went for the water,
Oh! why did he not take me,
He whom I loved?
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
He whom I loved?

But the man who took me
I knew not from birth,
Perhaps from over-choosing,
Because I chose too much.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Because I chose too much.

Came he from Germany,[5]
Or came he from the devil,
Yet all my fairest plaits
Were spread for him.
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Were spread for him.

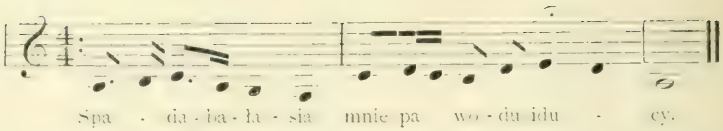
Whose are those horses
That run in the field?
Are they his who deceived us,
His we both loved?
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
His we both loved?

Oh! whose are the hoof-prints
That are made on the sand?
Are not they the deceiver's
Who pretended to love me?
Tram ta drata, a ta drata,
Who pretended to love me?

No. 11. *Oj! Ty Dzieŭčyna* (Oh! my Maiden).

Oj! - ty dzieŭ-čy - - na, spa-da - ban - ka mo - - ja,

[5] All foreigners are despised, so that Germans are probably only used here as a convenient example.



Oj! ty dzieŭčyna, spadabanka moja,
Spadabałasia mnie pa wodu idučy.
Spadabałasia mnie pa wodu idučy.

Oh! maiden whom I loved so dearly,
I loved you first as you fetched the water.
I loved you first as you fetched the water.

Nie tak pa wodu, jak nazad z wadoju.
Lublu dzieŭčynu, ważmu ślub z Taboju.
Lublu dzieŭčynu, ważmu ślub z Taboju.

But I loved you more when you brought it back.
I love the maiden and her will I marry.
I love the maiden and her will I marry.

Oj! tam na hare try kazaki stojać.
Stojać i haworać "Dzieŭka patapaje."
Stojać i haworać "Dzieŭka patapaje."

Oh! there on the hill three Cossacks are standing.
They stand and they say "A maiden is drowning."
They stand and they say "A maiden is drowning."

Adzin Kazak kaže "Ščuka-ryba hraje."
A druhi kaže "Dzieŭka patapaje."
A druhi kaže "Dzieŭka patapaje."

One Cossack says "A pike-fish is playing."
But the second one says "A maiden is drowning."
But the second one says "A maiden is drowning."

A trejci kaže "Ja konika zbudu,
Taki dzieŭčynu ratawaci budu.
Taki dzieŭčynu ratawaci budu.

And the third one says "Though my horse I shall lose,
Yet nevertheless that maiden I'll save.
Yet nevertheless that maiden I'll save.

Oj! ty dzieŭčyna, Ty siwaja wutka,
Siondaj u čaječku, my pajedziem hutka.
Siondaj u čaječku, my pajedziem hutka."

Oh! come, my maiden, my little grey duck,
Jump into the boat and we'll speed away.
Jump into the boat and we'll speed away."

Iście dzieŭčyna u čaječku nia sieła,
A uže čaječka sierad mora stała.
A uže čaječka sierad mora stała.

The maiden had scarcely got into the boat,
When the boat was already far out at sea.
When the boat was already far out at sea.

"Ratuj że, ratuj minie, kazačunku,
Budzieš ad maci padziakuńku mieci.
Budzieš ad maci padziakunku mieci."

"Save me, O save me, my brave little Cossack,
And my mother will give you her very best thanks.
And my mother will give you her very best thanks."

"Oj! ja nie chaču padziakuńki braci,
Ale ja choču cie za żonku uziaci.
Ale ja choču cie za żonku uziaci."

"Oh! her thanks are not what I wish to have,
But I wish to take thee to be my wife.
But I wish to take thee to be my wife."

"Wolej ja budu u moru patapaci,
Niżli z nizlubym na ślubu stajaci.
Niżli z nizlubym na ślubu stajaci.

"Rather would I be drowned in the sea,
Than be wed to a man that I do not love.
Than be wed to a man that I do not love.

Wolej ja budu horki pierod hryści,
Niżli z nizlubym za stolikom sieści.
Niżli z nizlubym za stolikom sieści.

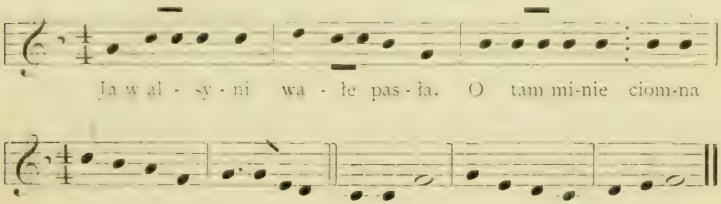
Rather would I gnaw the face of a mountain,
Than sit at the table of one whom I loved not.
Than sit at the table of one whom I loved not.

Hory kopajonc, siadu adpačynu,
A za Taboju na čysta zahinu.
A za Taboju na čysta zahinu."

For in digging the mountains, I can rest at my ease,
But while living with thee, my life would be wasted.
But while living with thee, my life would be wasted."

No. 12. *Ja w alšyni wałe pasła* (In the alder wood I grazed my oxen).

In verse 1, bar 3 has two extra crochets—the remaining verses are regular. The lower notes are used in certain cases.



Ja w alšyni wałe pasła,	In the alder wood I grazed my oxen,
O tam minie ciomna nočka zašła,	When the dark night o'ertook me,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Ja waliki pahubiła,	'Twas there I lost my little oxen,
I fartušek abrasiła,	And made my apron wet with dew,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Żeby chto mnie wałe znalaz,	If any one will find my oxen,
Dałaby busiaka[6] zaraz,	I will gladly give my kisses,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Pawiej wiecier spad alšyni,	Blow, wind, from the alder wood,
Wysuš chfartuch na dzieŭčyni,	And dry the apron on the maiden,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Pawiej wiecier cichusieńki,	Blow thou softly, gentle wind,
Wysuš chfartuch makrusieńki,	And dry the maiden's dripping apron,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Pawiej wiecier z taho kraju,	Blow wind from the distant country,
Skul ja miłaho čakaju,	Whence I wait for my beloved,
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj že samoj alšyni.	In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
Choć i ja jaho čakaju,	Though I now am waiting for him,
Ale ja jaho nia znaju,	Still I do not know him yet,

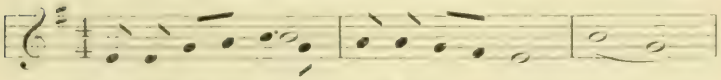
[6] *Busiak* (a kiss) is a Polish word. The White Ruthenian equivalent is *ceławanie* (kissing), from the verb *ceławać*.

W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj że samoj alšyni.
W alšyni, w alšyni, w toj że samoj alšyni.

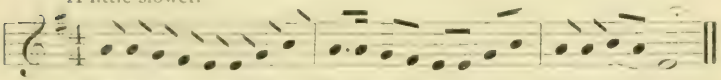
In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.
In the alder wood, in the alder wood, in the old alder wood.

No. 13. *Tuman, tuman* (The mist, the mist).

The lower notes indicate local variants. Some singers, in bars 1 and 3, sing B semibreve.



A little slower.



Tuman, tuman, pa dalini,
Hej! tuman, tuman, pa dalini.
List šyroki na kalini,
Na kalini.

The mist, the mist along the valley,
Oh! the mist, the mist along the valley.
The leaf is broad on the guelder rose,
On the guelder rose.

Jesce syrsy na dubocku,
Hej! jesce syrsy na dubocku.
Wiedzieć hałub hałubočku,
Hałubočku.[7]

The leaf on the oak-tree is broader,
Oh! the leaf on the oak, 'tis still broader.
The dove takes his little dove to mate,
His little dove.

Wiedzie swaju ni čužuju,
Hej! wiedzie swaju ni čužuju.
Pastoj dzieńka pacałuja,
Pacałuju.

He takes his own and none other,
Oh! he takes his own and none other.
Stay, my lass, and I will kiss thee,
And I will kiss thee.

Naštož toje caławanie?
Hej! naštož toje caławanie?
Tuhi sercu dadawanie,
Dadawanie.

What can be the good of kissing?
Oh! what can be the good of kissing?
And to the heart adding pain,
Adding pain.

Ni dadawaj sercu tuhi!
Hej! ni dadawaj sercu tuhi,
Ni waźmieš ty waźmie druhi,
Waźmie druhi.

Do not add pain to the heart!
Oh! do not add pain to the heart.
If thou dost not take me, another man will,
Another man will.

[7] *Hałubočku* (dove, *fem.*) is often used as a term of endearment.

Za łustymi łazuńkami,
Hej! za łustymi łazuńkami,
Płačeč dzieŭka slozuńkami,
Slozuńkami.

Ni plač, dzieŭka, ni tużysia!
Hej! ni plač, dzieŭka, ni tużysia,
Twoj mileńki ni żeniłsia,
Ni żeniłsia.

Kali budzie żenicisia,
Hej! kali budzie żenicisia,
Prosić wina napicisia,
Napicisia.

"Twoja wina mnie nie miła,
Hej! twoja wina mnie nie miła,
Twoja lubość mnie ni sława,
Mnie ni sława.

[8] Twoja wina mnie nie miła,
Hej! twoja wina mnie nie miła,
Twoja wodka ni sałodka,
Ni sałodka."

Beyond the thicket of the willows,
Oh! beyond the thicket of the willows,
A girl is shedding tears,
Is shedding tears.

Weep not, my maiden, do not grieve.
Oh! weep not, maiden, do not grieve.
Your loved one has not married yet,
He has not married yet.

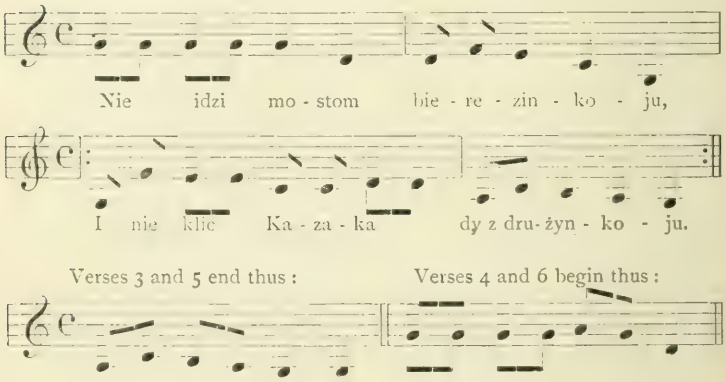
When he is about to marry,
Oh! when he is about to marry,
He will bid you drink his wine,
Drink his wine.

"Your wine cannot please me,
Oh! your wine cannot please me.
Your love does not honour me,
It does not honour me.

Your wine cannot please me,
Oh! your wine cannot please me,
Your drink[9] is not sweet to me,
It is not sweet."

No. 14. *Nie idzi mostom* (Do not cross the bridge).

The lower notes are used in certain verses.



[8] This verse is an alternative rendering.

[9] Literally *vodka*. *Harełka* is a more usual word than *vodka* in White Ruthenian.

"Nie idzi mostom bierezinkoju,
I nie kliĉ Kazaka dy z drużynkoju.
I nie kliĉ Kazaka dy z drużynkoju.

"Do not cross the bridge by the birch-wood,
And do not call the Cossack with his friends.
And do not call the Cossack with his friends.

Idzi mostom dy nia prowalisia.
Ci ty minie wirno lubiš, ci ty chwalisia?
Ci ty minie wirno lubiš, ci ty chwalisia?"

Go, cross the bridge, but do not stumble.
Dost thou truly love me, or pretend to?
Dost thou truly love me, or pretend to?"

"Jak ja cibie lublu, skaraj ty mnie Boże,
Abnimoŭ, ceławoŭ skolki siły zmoże.
Abnimoŭ, ceławoŭ skolki siły zmoże.

"Should I not truly love thee, may God kill me.
I have embraced and kissed you, giving freely.
I have embraced and kissed you, giving freely.

Abnimoŭ, ceławoŭ nienaceławoŭsia,
Jak u sadu saławiej, nie naščebietoŭsia.
Jak u sadu saławiej, nie naščebietoŭsia."

Though I embraced and kissed, it was not enough,
Though like the nightingale in the garden (I sang) it was not enough.
Though like the nightingale in the garden (I sang) it was not enough."

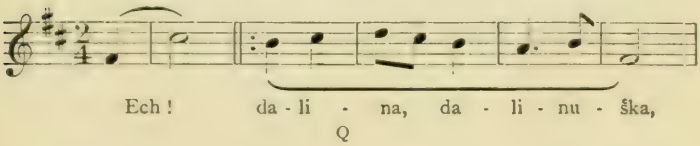
"Saławiej ščebieče, ziaziula kawała,
Badaj taho čort uzioŭ z kim ja načawała.
Badaj taho čort uzioŭ z kim ja načawała.

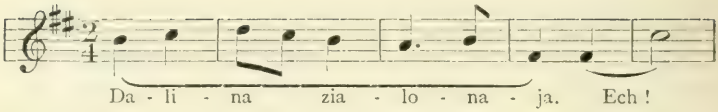
"The nightingale sang, and now the cuckoo calls,
Oh! may the devil take this man with whom I spent the night.
Oh! may the devil take this man with whom I spent the night.

Badaj taho čort uzioŭ, na darozi kinuł,
Jak praz zimu tak lubiŭ, na leta pakinuł.
Jak praz zimu tak lubiŭ, na leta pakinuł."

May the devil take him, for he left me on the road.
Though through the winter he loved me, yet he left me in the summer.
Though through the winter he loved me, yet he left me in the summer."

No. 15. *Dalina* (The valley).





Ech ! dalina, dalinuška,
Dalina zialonaja.
Ech ! a na toj dalinuščy,
Ničoha nia rodzicsa.
Ech ! ničoha nia rodzicsa,
Biełaja biarozica.

Ech ! a pad toj biarozicaj,
Małojčyk[10] pachodžwaje,
Ech ! małojčyk pachodžwaje,
Chustačkoj pamatywaje.
Chustačkoj pamatywaje,
Dzieučynu padmanywaje.

"Ech ! oj dzieučyna, dzieučyna,
Oj ci lubiš ty minie ?
Ech ! oj ci lubiš ty minie ?
Oj ci pajdzieš za minie ?"
"Ech ! a ja cibie nie lublu,
Ja za cibie nie pajdu."

Ech ! pašłab za małojčyka,
Małojčyk ażenicsa.
Ech ! maołjčyk ażenicsa,
Natura admienicsa.
Ech ! pašłab za maskalika,
Maskalik u pachod pajdzie.

Ech ! maskalik u pachod pajdzie,
Minie młodu pakinie.
Ech ! otož ja napłačusia !
Otož naharujusia !
Ech ! otož haharujusia !
Otož nabiadujusia !

Oh ! valley, dear valley,
My valley so green.
Oh ! in this valley,
Nothing will grow.
Oh ! nothing will grow,
But the white birch-tree.

Oh ! under the birch-tree,
A gallant is walking.
Oh ! a gallant is walking,
His kerchief he waves.
Oh ! his kerchief he waves,
To beckon his love.

"Oh ! my maiden, my maiden,
Canst thou give me thy love ?
Oh ! dost thou love me ?
Wilt thou wed me ?"
"Oh ! I bear thee no-love,
And I'll not marry thee."

Oh ! I'd fain wed a gallant,
A gallant will wed.
Oh ! a gallant will wed,
But his heart it will change.
Oh ! I'd fain wed a soldier,
But the soldier must fight.

Oh ! the soldier must fight,
And leave me who am young.
Oh ! bitterly I'd weep then !
How mournful I should be !
How mournful I should be then !
How sorrowful I'd be !

H. Iwanowska.
H. Onslow.

[10] In Ukraina young men are called *Małojcy*, which means literally "daredevils."

Waterford Folk-Tales, II.

16. *Tim Kelly, Tom Daly, and the Spirit.*

Tim Kelly was coming one night from Dungarton at a late hour, the time that ghosts are usually out, up the glen called the Poll Cam, when he suddenly espied a ghost,[14] a terrible tall one altogether, about ten feet, and says he to himself, says he,—"Goodness gracious! I'm done for now; what will become of my wife and poor children?" And only for his old mule, he couldn't get away from the ghost at all. When he was coming towards his house he had every shout, saying,—"Brighid![15] Open the door, Brighid!" And his wife opened the door, and to her surprise in came Tim and the mule and all. And only for the wife closing the door, in was the ghost too. Tom Daly, called the "Cúinne,"[16] who had been with Tim, had disappeared from Tim as the ghost came down upon him, and was found the following morning after falling over the raised path through the Poll Cam. He had smashed his braces, but otherwise he was safe and sound. He came home saying,—"Dealing mother, I'm kilt after the night; 'tis I did see the sight,—ghosts and spirits around me all night, screeching and bawling! Put down a kettle o' tea, and maybe it will revive me a little!"

17. *How Jim Hackett saw a Spirit.*

One night, about 10 p.m., on my way from the glen to my employment in Bally na courty, I met a very large dog near the reservoir. I thought he was one of the neighbour's dogs, and began calling him, and, when I got close to him, the dog seemed to get a lot larger. Then I picked up a few bricks and fired them at the dog, and the dog got back to its ordinary size again. I then went down a little further, and fired stones at the dog again. The dog never stirred, and then I began to run, and lost one o' my boots before I got to Bally na courty, and tore my trousers.

[14] This and the ghost in the next story are different manifestations of the spirit of a certain soldier in Cromwell's army who died in the Glen.

[15] "Bridget."

[16] So called from his habit of sitting in the corners of cottages next to the hearth. "Cúinne" (pron. Coongey), means corner.

18. *Petticoat-loose and the Carters.*

There was at one time at Colligan a woman who was called Petticoat-loose,[17] though her real name was Mary Caine, while others say that she was called Wall. She led a very bad life, and used to be striking her father and mother, and after her death her ghost was going around killing everybody with a ton weight in the right hand with which she had been striking them.

There were two men coming up from Dungarton by the Colligan road one night, and they had a horse and cart, when one of them looked round and saw Petticoat-loose coming after them. "*Oh, Dia linn anam*! [O, God help us!]," said one of them. "*Bheidh méd air bhthe*! [We'll be killed!] Here comes Petticoat-loose!" and she sat on the back of the cart. The horse could not walk with her terrible weight, for every arm of her weighed five hundredweights, and the whole of her weighed a ton. The horse sweated like a pig, and perished there on the road, and only for the men had a good song to sing for her, she would have killed them too. They kept singing till after the hour of twelve o'clock, and she disappeared then, but the men did not get over the fright till they perished.

19. *How Petticoat-loose was defeated by the Scafflers.*

A man was going one time to a well for a pail of water, and Petticoat-loose came down upon him. "Well," says Petti, "you won't have another minute to live in this world. Peel off all your clothes, and get into your skin." So he took off all his clothes excepting the scafflers,[18] and them is what saved him. "Well, by gar!" says the man, "for all that the King and Queen are worth, I wouldn't take them off." "Ah, my demon," says Petti, "that's well for ye, or I'd have ye kilt altogether." She finished then by giving him a blow, but it didn't hurt him, when he had the scafflers. Then she went off, and he went off.

20. *The Fate of Petticoat-loose.*

Petticoat-loose made her last appearance on the road to

[17] So called from an incident at a dance, when her petticoat fell from her on the floor.

[18] Scapula.

Lismore standing on a pier where she met three men on the road. When they were coming towards her, one said to the other,—"*Dia linn anam*! [God help us] we'll be kilt on the spot! That's the woman as is called Petticoat-loose," says he. "Pon my word, my three *clutharacáns*!" says Petti, "I'll give *Dia linn anam* when I get down to ye!" So down she jumped off the pier. Now there were two tall men and a very small man among the three of them, and said the tall men to the small man,—"Och, we'll save ye!" So she jumped down to them then, and, instead of saving the small man, the two tall men ran for their lives. The small man jumped then at Petticoat-loose, and caught hold of the chain that was around her waist, and drew on the chain and tightened it as hard as he could. Then he took a black-handled knife and stabbed her between the shoulders. Says Petticoat-loose to him then,—"*Tarraing agus sácghadh arís*" [Pull, and stab again]. "Well by gar! I wont!" says the small man, "so I'll whip ye off to the publichouse." Now the two tall men were in the publichouse before him, and the small man told the tall men to go for the clergy, or he'd let go Petticoat-loose on them. So then the priest came to the publichouse, and the minute the priest came he pulled the black-handled knife from between her shoulders, and now she had to go through an examination with the priest. Now this is her confession:—The first thing the priest asked her was what damned her? First, she said, she'd been putting water in the milk and selling it. And he said that that hadn't done it. Second, she said she had been keeping in the servants from mass on Sunday, and he said that hadn't done it. Thirdly, she said she kilt a child without it being baptized,—"And that's what had done it." The priest then began to read over her, and, according as he was reading, she was melting; and she finished by vanishing in a cloud of fire and smoke. And at present she is in the Red Sea making *súgáns* [ropes] of the sand until *L'án a la Brath* [the Day of Judgement].

21. *The Fate of Petticoat-loose* (another Version).

There was a man as was dying, and the young man went for to fetch the priest with his horse and trap, and he met Petticoat-loose on the way to the priest's house. She left him pass all right, and

he told the priest when he got there, and the priest asked him if he had got a candle, and he got him one. And they went along to where the young man met Petticoat-loose. And there she was again, standing among some old ruins on the side of the road. So then the young man pointed her out to the priest, and he told him to light the candle, and he took out his book and he began to read his office. Then the priest asked her what had damned her soul. And she said it was that she had took a child's life away during mass hours. Well, he there and then banished her, and she went in a flare of light into the sky, and she fell down, head downwards, and feet up, into the Red Sea.

22. *The Origin of Jacky-the-Lantern* [Will-o-the-Wisp].[18a]

Jacky was keeping a good life, and he had no one but his mother. And his mother died. And because he was so good to his mother, Our Lord came to him and told him he would give him three wishes, and he told him "think to himself then." Then Jacky said he had got his wishes. His first wish was that any man that should sit on a chair, he would stop in the chair till himself would be after letting him go. Now the second wish then was this:—He said that he had a garden, and that the apples were stolen from him, and he wanted that anybody who should take an apple, his hand should stick to the apple and the apple to the tree, and he should stick till he came to catch him. Well, the third wish then was this:—He had a pooch [purse], and anything that would go into it would stop into it till he liked to let him come out. Well then, he lived for seven years then, and then the Devil came to him—"Come on now," says he; "come along with me." "Sit down," says Jack, says he, "till I be ready for ye." So, when Jack was ready, then says he,—"Come on, now," says he. Well, when he thought he'd get up, he couldn't get up, because he was tied to the chair. "Let me up," says the Devil, says he, "and I'll give ye seven years more till I come again." So Jacky let him go then.

Well he took great care to come for him again when the seven years was up. "Don't be making game of me now," says the Devil, says he, "Come along with me now," says he. "Och, well," says

[18a] Cf. W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i., pp. 390-5, for other versions of this story of 'The Three Wishes.'

Jack, says he, "Come on till ye'll eat an apple," says he. So he brought him out in the garden with him. "Catch an apple," says Jack, then says he. Well, he caught an apple, and his hand tied on the apple, and the apple on the tree, and he couldn't go at all, at all. "Well, let me go," says the Devil, says he. "Let me go, and I'll give ye seven years more," says the Devil, says he. And Jack left the Devil go then.

Well, the Devil came again after the next seven years, and Jacky says to the Devil, says he, "Ye're not the Devil at all," says he; "for if ye were the Devil," says he, "ye could make a mouse of yeerself." So the Devil did. "Well," says Jack, says he, "to show ye're the Devil jump into my purse." Then he jumped into the purse, he did, and Jack closed the purse, and went till he got three men with three big sticks, and they began to hammer the purse. Then the Devil had every screech, and he told him let him go for God's sake, and then he'd never again trouble him. So Jack let him go.

And soon after that he died, and then the Devil got hold of him, and put him back into the world as a punishment for the ways as he'd been treating him, and gave him a lantern, and told him he must be his servant in the world to be frightening and putting astray God's people.

23. *How Jacky-the-Lantern put one of God's People astray.*

Abraham Hacket was coming home late one night through Carrowgariff Reay called *Reagh-na-Feadóg* [pron. *Ray'na Fudogé*], where Jacky-the-Lantern be every night after the hour of twelve o'clock, setting people astray. Well, Abraham saw the Lantern, and he made for the light and begorra! when he went near it, it moved on farther away, and it kept moving away. And Abraham kept moving after it, and at last says to himself,—"It must be Jacky,—that's setting me astray." So he turned his coat,[19] and he started to roar. And the neighbours heard him, and they found him wandering about *Reagh-na-Feadóg*, and only for the neighbours he couldn't get home till morning, for Jacky would keep him wandering about after his Lantern all night.

[19] Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xv., p. 456 (*Jamaica*); Mrs. Bray, *Legends etc. of Devonshire*, vol. i., p. 183.

24. *The Ghost of Mr. Healy.*

There was two men went to cut down a stick [to repair a cart with] on the estate of Rochfield, and, as they got there and as they had the sticks nearly cut, the ghost of Mr. Healy, the former owner of the place, appeared on the scene on horseback, though he was never known to ride a horse during his life. Then the men got frightened, and they couldn't pull the saw for fright, and one of them fainted, and the other remained nursing him until the cock crew. Then Mr. Healy left, and they finished cutting the stick, and took it home along with them, and they had to pay very dear for that stick.

25. *The Founding of Dungarton.*

About half a mile from Gallows Hill there's a hole in a field which is the same shape as the hill, and it measures accurately the height and circumference of the hill. It is said that it was Fionn MacCumhall that threw [the content of] this hole over which forms Gallows Hill, and it is thought surely, without any doubt, that Dungarton is under Gallows Hill. It is supposed that, when the town of Dungarton was about to be built at this place, that they were advised to build a house near the water, and that it was better to have a town near the water than to have to carry the water to the town.

26. *How the Clergy became Unrestful for Money.*

There was a man of a time who sold a cow at a fair to another man, and of course the man as bought the cow went home with his cow. So when he got home his wife asked him,—"What did he give for the cow?" And so he told her. Then she told him that he had been very dishonest, and that he had cheated the man. So the other man, he went home and his wife asked him what he got for the cow. And he told her also. And she said that he'd robbed the man, and that he'd accepted too much money for the cow. So the man as bought the cow agreed to go back with a pound to the man that he bought the cow from, and the other man agreed to go back and return a pound to the other, so that each man was returning a pound. So they met half way, and each of them was trying to return a pound to the other, and either of

them wouldn't take the pound. So they agreed to let the next man that would come up, settle the business between them. So a clergyman was the first that came that way. And the settlement that he made was that each of them should give him his pound, and he should keep the two pounds. Well St. Pádraic [Patrick] come up when the thing was settled, and he asked what was the argument about? And he was told. So he told there and then that he'd leave the unrest for the money upon the clergy from that day forward.

27. *How the Death came to Shaun MacGuire.*

My father Shaun was at Limerick one time and he met the Death. Then the Death laid alongside of him, and gave him a shake-hands. "Come and meet me at Glen Even," said the Death to Shaun, "and there make your repentance to me." "I'll not go with ye," said Shaun, "ye ugly spirit, but give me pardon for three months till I go home to Father Martin. 'Tis there ye'll find me in the publichouse among the neighbours drinking the beer, and I'll promise ye, if I get my health back again, ye won't be troubled with me again for much longer." Now this is what the Death said now,—"I brings young and old, rich and poor, and the strong men on earth." And this is what the Death said again to him,—"I am going to take ye now, I'll spare ye no longer." And he was taken away then. He was given too much for the world, and too fond of the girls, and he had to be taken away.

28. *The Sticky Spirit.*[20]

There was a woman lived in the neighbourhood of Colligan. She was married to an old man, and she sent the old man looking out for news every night. So one night the old man went along and met a goat boring. The man turned back then and went home again to his wife, and she asked him,—"What wonder did he see to-night?" "The goat, and he boring," answered the man. "That's no wonder," says she, and she sent him out again the next night and the goat came back the same way. The third night he

[20] Cf. *Grimm's Household Tales* (trans. M. Hunt, 1884), vol. i., p. 274 ("The Golden Goose").

met the goat again. "What brings you here?" says the goat. "My wife," said the man, "looking for wonders." "Come along," said the goat, "and I'll show her wonders enough." The goat went to their door then, and pucked at it. The servant then got up, and they had no matches in the house. The goat went in anyway, and so it must have been a spirit. And the girl put her hand on the goat's back, and could not relieve herself. The servant boy then got up, and left his hand on the girl, and stuck on also. The old woman then got up, (as was the man's wife), and she laid her hand on the servant boy's back, feeling her way in the darkness, and stuck on again. The goat then looked at the door, and it opened, (because ye know he could not get through the door with all those people on his back).

"Have I got the lot of them now?" says the goat to the old man as was outside. "Yes, ye have," says the old man. Away with them all then, and they was after going a long way along the road when they met a man with a large shovel. Then the man gave the old woman a tip with the shovel. He was surprised, ye know, to see that great number of people, all on the back of the goat. And the shovel stuck on, and he with the shovel. Then they met a carpenter and the carpenter gave them a tip with his hammer, and he was stuck on in the same way. Then they went into a large city, and then the goat disappeared, and relieved them then.

And they all had to travel about fifty miles home and without a stitch of clothing on them.

29. *The History of Sleady Castle.*

There was a gentleman called Mr. MacGrath as lived in Mountain Castle, and in Irish he was called Soidin Pilip, as means in English Silken Philip, and he got married to one Mary Power from Curraghmore. Well, they were married for some time before he brought her to his home, and when she see the little place (as was nothing like where she came from), she wouldn't go into the house at all, for she said that her father's stables were a better residence for her. So the wedding dinner was served for them, and she wouldn't enter at all. So they went back together to Curraghmore, and he thought then that he'd build Sleady Castle for her to live in

with him. So he commenced to build Sleady Castle then, but he was rather slow to undertake such a heavy job, for he thought—had he means enough to build it? So all the MacGrath family, priests and all, came to help Philip, and the building went on grand. Well, they were after working at it for seven years. Then it was finished, and the MacGraths came to live in it. But MacGrath died after the seven years of building, and so he never came to live in it. Well Mrs. MacGrath had four childer,—three girls and a boy; but the son died in a short time after. So there was only the widow and the three daughters left then. Well, the daughters used to visit Clonmel occasionally, and they got to be friendly with three young officers there, for Clonmel used to be a great place for sodgers at the time. So they asked their mother's leave for to give a party at the Castle for these officers, and she gave them the leave. Well, there was a noted robber in the vicinity who was for a long time wishful to come to Sleady Castle to rob it, and the robber's name was Green. So he found out that these officers were coming, and it was a grand opportunity for him. Now this robber had two servants, (and I suppose the servants were as good as the master). So one of the servants got friendly with one of the servant girls in the Castle. So she promised him that she'd get the key of the drawbridge, if possible, on the day the party was held, for ye know the Castle was surrounded with water. So she told him how she'd give the signal if she'd got the key. And this was the signal:—There was a small window in the top o' the Castle, and she'd put a blue light in the window if she had the key, and they'd be well able to see the light in their cave. So the officers came, and their servants, and there was a great blow up at the Castle. Now Mrs. MacGrath was never known to let the key of the drawbridge out of her hands from the time that her husband died till then. But she left the key in the kitchen this night by mistake. Well, Mrs. MacGrath's and the officers' servants were enjoying themselves in the kitchen, but they were not content with their enjoyment, but they wanted to bring the officers' servants to the publichouse near at hand. So they went off, and then the girl went and gave her signal with the blue light; and Green and his men came then, and they had no difficulty in getting in. They popped upstairs to the diningroom

then, where Mrs. MacGrath and the guests were enjoying themselves, and of course they got a divilish fright when they see the three men coming in and they not expecting any danger. The officers at any rate jumped to their feet for to make a struggle. But the robbers drew their blunderbusses, and told them sit tight and quiet where they were or they'd fire at them. So they took the three officers and tied them up, and then was the time to plunder the house. So Mrs. MacGrath asked Green not to be letting his men to be interfering with her daughters. So Green granted her request, and told around that any of his men as would interfere with Mrs. MacGrath's daughters he would shoot him. They went and plundered the house then, and took everything, gold and silver and everything that was of value in the house, they took it away with them. So, when they were after removing the things across the drawbridge, they came back for the officers, but Mrs. MacGrath stood up again, and she said she was asking another request,—not to interfere with the gentlemen but to leave them where they were. But Green said he had granted her one request, and he wouldn't grant her another. So they marched away with the officers. And there was not another word heard about them for three months afterwards. Now the girl as had had the wickedness to betray her mistress was taken by sorrow for having done this wicked thing, and she went away from the place and wandered about, pining and regretting till she died. And the place where she died is called Kilbrine, and it means the church of drops.

Well, in twelve months after there was a man looking for a herd of cattle, as was after straying away from him, and when he went into a certain glen near Druid Mount, what should he see but the three sodgers in the stream as was running through the glen, and they had been drowned by the robbers. And their belts and their buckles, (for they were in uniform), were shining there in the water and that stream is called "The Sodgers' Ford" from that day to this after these three unfortunate gentlemen. Well, when the report was given, the authorities from Clonmel came to fetch them and bury them, and it was thought that there had been a plot laid by the MacGraths to kill the sodgers. So they were took from their lands and their house, and they had to live in a small

house beside the road, and they were very poor people entirely. Well, there was a gentleman living at Cappagh Castle at that time, and his name was Osborne, and he was wanting a wife. So he thought that it would be a great honour to get one of the MacGraths, although they were so poor. So he rode up to Mrs. MacGrath's house one morning, and rapped at the door. So Mrs. MacGrath came out and welcomed him, and she asked him in. But he said he would not come in until he knew would he get what he wanted, and that was her eldest daughter's hand in marriage. So of course Mrs. MacGrath was glad to have a rich gentleman coming after her daughter, and so she approved readily. So she called out her eldest daughter, and she refused to marry him, and she said she was too poor to marry a rich gentleman, and that it would not be proper for her to marry anybody after the man who would have been her husband had been killed. So the second daughter was brought, and she refused him too on the same account; also on account that the Osborne blood hadn't been long enough in the country. And the third one then came, and her name was Deas Mārin Soidin Pilip, which means in English "Sweet Mary Silken Philip," because ye know 'Silken Philip' was her father's name. Well, she accepted him, and they married and lived for a long time at Cappagh Castle, and she was very charitable and good to the poor.

30. *Fionn MacCumhall and Saint Pádraic.*[21]

Fionn MacCumhall was travelling of a day, and he heard some noises in a *lios*[22] by the side of the road, and he got down off his horse. Well, there was a small stream flowing round the *lios*, and a woman washing clothes by it; so he spoke to the woman, and was making love with her. And she told him to come across the stream to her. And when he did come across, the stream appeared to him to be a very large river entirely, and he couldn't be coming back over it. So he had to remain there, and he was three hundred years awaiting there in the *lios* with the fairies. But he enjoyed himself so well there that he did not feel the time,

[21] Cf. *supra*, p. 111, ll. 8-9, as regards the probable origin of this story (of which the latter part is usually told about Oisin).

[22] A green mound supposed to be a dwelling-place of the fairies.

and it only seemed like a pair of years to him. And there was no change in him from the day he went in there, and he was quite as young as the day he had come into the *lios.*

Well, when he thought he had been two years there, he got anxious to see his people, and asked for to go home for to see them. So they told him that there was no one belonging to him or any trace of anybody who knew him left in the world. However, he would not be satisfied, and they had to let him go. So they gave him a pony to ride upon, and told him not to come off it, or to be letting his feet touch the ground, because, if he did, he'd be an old man again.

Well, he was coming along then near to where he had lived before, and everything was changed, and he was that surprised at it all that he was near falling off his pony. Well, he met a man on the road who was on horseback and he with a bag of wheat on his back, and the bag suddenly fell off the man's back, and he was all legs struggling to get the thing on his back again. So Fionn MacCumhall asked him was he the sort of man as was in the country now? And the man said,—"Yes, of course. What other class of men would be in the country at all?" Then Fionn asked the man to put the bag standing on end in the road in the place where it was after falling, and it was the reason that he told him,—that he might catch hold of it and give it to the other man on the horse's back. So he did. And Fionn caught the bag, and was throwing it on to the other man's horse so that he could catch it. But he threw it too far, and threw it over the horse altogether. He got vexed and excited then, and forgot himself entirely. So he came off his pony then, and went on the ground, and he became a withered old man on the ground there and then. So the pony (as was a fairy pony) ran away from him, and ran straight back to the *lios* where he was after coming from.

Well, Fionn was travelling about for after a week,—a poor feeble old man,—when he met Saint Pádraic. And Saint Pádraic questioned him, and he told him his tale and what was after happening to him. So Saint Pádraic took him home with him, and kept him in his house and fed him. But himself and Saint Pádraic and Saint Pádraic's housekeeper could never agree at all. And the housekeeper wouldn't be giving him enough to eat, for

there was no mistake but Fionn could eat like a giant,—for what else was he? Well, ye wouldn't think he had much to complain about, as he got a leg of mutton every day for his dinner. But he was always telling the housekeeper that in his time the leg of a blackbird was the size of one of her legs of mutton. "Well," said she, "you lie," says she. Well, he made no remark, but he thought it was a terrible insult altogether. But he said he'd prove it to her, and that he'd get her the blackbird's leg as was bigger than her leg of mutton. Well, he had a great difficulty in doing this, for he had to get a dog and rear this dog himself, and it couldn't be any ordinary dog. So, as Saint Pádraic had a hound as was goin' to have pups, (and they were the first litter of pups she'd had), he told Saint Pádraic to watch and to be sure to get him the first pup as should be born. But she had already pupped, and the pups were mixed, so that he could not get the first pup at all, at all. So Fionn got a sheepskin, and nailed it against a door with the fleshy side out. Well, Fionn was blind at the time. So he told Saint Pádraic's boy to take one of the pups and to throw it against the skin. Then he asked Saint Pádraic's boy, did the pup fall? He said "yes." So he told him to throw all the pups one by one against the skin. So the last pup stuck to the skin, and Fionn asked him,—"Did he stick to the skin?" "Oh yes," says Saint Pádraic's boy, "he's after sticking to the skin." "Well, drown all the rest of the pups," says Fionn, "but keep him," says he. So this pup was called Bran. Well, he reared up Bran for twelve months, and, when the twelve months was over, he thought Bran was able to do his work. Now, there was a big trumpet that had belonged to those giants[23] which had been hidden by Fionn MacCumhall in his young days. And this trumpet could summon all the birds in the world to him. So himself and Saint Pádraic's boy went for the trumpet, and they stood on the hill of Teamhair (Tara) and sounded the trumpet. Then he told the boy to watch and to have Bran in readiness. And he said to the boy,—"There's one big bird," says he, "that'll devour us all," says he, "only that we have Bran," says he, and it's for that he had Bran. Then he told the boy to look out and

[23] The *Fianna*. It is the common idea among the peasantry that Fionn and his Fianna were of gigantic size.

to tell him what was coming, because himself couldn't see at all, ye know. So the boy said he saw the sky dark with birds coming from all directions. Then he asked him, did he "see any remarkable bird a coming?" says he. "Well," says the boy, "there's one bird coming," says he, "that looks as if it could cover a field, so it might," says he. "It's a terrible big bird entirely," says he. "Well, when that bird is perched on the ground," says Fionn, "we're done for if Bran don't be able for him." So the bird came then, and Bran and the bird had a great battle. And Bran at last killed the bird. So Fionn caught one of the legs of the bird, and brought it home to Saint Pádraic's housekeeper, and he asked her, "Is that," says he, "not bigger than three of your legs of mutton?" says he. "It is," says she. "Well, do you remember," says he, "when ye told me," says he, "that I was a liar?" says he. "I do," says she. Then he took the leg of mutton and smashed her across the brain with it, and that done for her. "Ye'll never again," says he, "tell anybody that lie," says he. So Saint Pádraic came on the scene then, and he was in an awful state entirely. And he asked Fionn MacCumhall what was this he had done? So Fionn explained the matter to Saint Pádraic and told him the reason, and Saint Pádraic was satisfied with him then.

Well, Saint Pádraic kept him then for a long time trying to make him a Christian, (for ye know he had always up to this time been a dirty Pagan); and he succeeded in the end, but it wasn't an easy thing for him. Well, he consented then to be baptized, and, when Saint Pádraic was baptizing him, he wasn't very sure of his faith, for he thought he was only lukewarm, ye know. So, to test his faith, he took hold of a little short spear he had in his hand, and let it drop on Fionn MacCumhall's foot. Now Fionn MacCumhall was bare footed at the time, and he was not wearing boots on him. And so he began to bleed. So Saint Pádraic pretended that it was accidental, and said he was sorry. So Fionn MacCumhall answered, and said,—"Don't it belong to the baptism?" said he. So Saint Pádraic had tested him then, so he was satisfied with his faith when he was willing to be bleeding for his faith. So for the rest of his life Fionn MacCumhall remained a good Christian.

31. *The Ghost of the Blacks.*

One night, about eleven years ago, when I was a child, I was coming from a dance at about 11.30 p.m., and I said to myself, says I,—"Begorra! I won't be frightened at all; the night is so bright, and I have such a short way to go." When I came into the three-cornered field called the Blacks, by the jigs and reels, what should I see but a big tall spirit. He was eleven feet tall and about seven feet wide, and he was trotting along behind o' me. Now my hair was hanging, and what should he do but stick out his paws, (for he looked like a big tall dog; his teeth were two inches long, for upon my soul! I could see them all in the moonlight) on my back, making grasps at my hair. And begorra! I thought he'd eat me altogether, and as I ran he was trying to be grasping at me, and as I reached the door o' my house I thought I'd never get inside with the fright o' him. But faix then! It didn't take me long to get in and to clap the door out after me, and away with me upstairs to bed, and every drop o' sweat on me as big as a wren's egg! But never a wink could I sleep that night, and the fright o' it was in my heart after three months.

32. *The Combating of the Giants.*

There were four brothers living in Modelligo called the Fitzgeralds, as was terrible powerful men and was giants, and there were four brothers (as was also giants) and who came from Tipperary, and thought themselves as good a men as they, and maybe better. So they came to the house to see which was the strongest set of men. But they found no one there but the housekeeper. So they turned away all the Fitzgeralds' cattle off their land, and were taking them home with them, so the Fitzgeralds coming home caught them taking away their cattle. So the battle began there and then between them, and it was a terrible sight to see. So the four Tipperary brothers were killed in the battle, and three of the Fitzgeralds. So one of the Fitzgeralds lived to come into his house, and the housekeeper asked him when he came in what happened to him. So he told the housekeeper all that happened, and so the story became known, for there was no other account of the battle given, for there was no one to witness the

battle and the other young men were all killed. Then he told her "give him a drink," and that then he would die, and she could have the place then all to herself. Then he drunk her cup o' tea, and died directly after it. Well, there was a large horse-shoe found on their land about fifty-three years ago, and its circle was as big as a soup plate, and it weighed seven lbs. It was supposed to be the shoe of a terrible big horse altogether that had belonged to one o' these Fitzgerald brothers.

P. Ussher.

Jersey Folklore Notes.[1]

The Jersey country houses of the seventeenth century were thatched with straw, and a stone staircase was, generally, approached from the outside; these stone staircases, in some instances, continued to exist until lately. The interior of the house comprised the kitchen or hall with its big chimney, its settle, its "lit de veille," its wooden benches, and its shelf under the low rafters where the bacon was suspended, and the loaves of bread arranged. There was, too, the dresser, where were displayed the wooden platters, crockery, and pewter plates, jugs, and dishes. The windows were not glazed, but latticed, or had a cloth stretched over them by day, and were closed by a shutter at night. The great hall of the house was called the "salle"; another apartment was added, originally, it is supposed, to monasteries; it was a little room for the reception of visitors, and known as the "parloir"; these rooms were still in use some forty years ago.

As late as the year 1824 the old farmers were frequently met with wearing their large cocked hats and their "queue à la française," and, amongst the females, the short jacket or bed gown and coarse red petticoat formed a prevalent, but declining,

[1] Many items in these notes have been previously and frequently recorded for the larger British Isles and elsewhere, but they are retained here because of the lack hitherto of any substantial account of the folklore of Jersey.—Ed.

costume. Secluded as they were, in a great measure, from the circle of fashion and commerce, they lived in a kind of insulated manner, and retained the modes and customs of their ancestors.

The upper classes,—the men wearing white trousers and the ladies white dresses,—used to assemble at Mount Orgueil Castle on Easter Monday, and a fair was held at Gorey on that day. May day was observed as a festival by both old and young, who went forth in the early morn to gather the hawthorn blossom, to which they gave the name of "May," and called the ceremony "bringing home the May." The fairest maid in the parish was crowned with flowers as "Queen of the May." The Puritants were intolerant of May Day Celebrations. In 1592 it was ordained that "those who persisted, after being admonished, in giving pagan names to children at baptism, were to acknowledge their fault publicly," and in 1602 that "persons convicted of having danced publicly on the first of May, were to be suspended from the Communion, without being named, for the first offence, but publicly named, on a repetition of their sin." However, it was still the custom up to twenty-five or thirty years ago for the young men and maids of St. Heliers, on May Day at sunrise, to walk out to the neighbouring farms and there drink milk warm from the cow.

In the seventeenth century Jersey was known as the "land of the knitters." The scarcity of agricultural labourers, arising from the preference of the able-bodied men to knit rather than work in the fields, is alluded to by several ordinances of "the States." Men and women were forbidden to meet together to knit, and we read that in the year 1615 "Philip Picot is forbidden to knit in the company of girls, to avoid a scandal, under pain of being punished; if he knits, let it be in his house without any female companion." The penalty incurred for infraction of this ordinance was imprisonment in Mount Orgueil Castle, either for a week or month, on bread and water; and the stockings, if knitted during the summer months, were to be confiscated.

Notwithstanding ordinances, men and women continued to meet and spend the long winter evenings by the dim light of the "crasset," which was suspended from the "Cônière." The wooden arm chair was occupied by the head of the family, who was

surrounded by his visitors, who beguiled their "longue-veilles" by knitting and telling strange stories of the olden times, of ghosts, of witches and witchcraft, and of hobgoblins, and narrating legends and gruesome tales of horrible deeds.

Witchcraft.—It is one of the greatest characteristics of wizards and witches that they have the power of assuming any form they please. A man who kept a number of cows observed that they were gradually pining away, and failed to give him the usual quantity of milk. No care that he could bestow on them improved their condition. On the contrary, two died. Moreover, when the farmer visited his cows in the morning, he generally found them showing signs of exhaustion, as if they had been hard driven. At length he began to suspect that the animals were under a spell; he determined to watch, and concealed himself at dusk in a cattle shed, which stood in a corner of the field in which the cows were tethered. At midnight his attention was attracted to a large black dog which jumped over the hedge which separated his field from that of a neighbour with whom he had lately had a quarrel. The dog approached the cows, stood upon his hind legs, and began to dance before them, cutting such capers and somersaults as the farmer had never seen before. No sooner had the cows seen the dog than they also stood upright, and imitated all his movements. The farmer crept stealthily out of the field, went home, and loaded his gun with a silver coin which he cut into slugs,—well knowing that no baser metal than silver will succeed against a witch or wizard. He then returned to the field, and found the dance still going on, as fast and furious as ever; he fired at the dog, which ran away howling and limping on three legs. The next day his neighbour was seen with an arm in a sling, and it was given out that in returning from town, the previous evening, he had fallen on a heap of stones and broken his arm. The farmer had his own ideas, but wisely kept them to himself. The neighbour had had a lesson, and found he had to deal with a resolute man, so that the cows were allowed to remain unmolested, and soon recovered their health and strength.

That witchcraft has its practical side is proved by the following incident. A young lady lost a diamond ring. She felt certain

that some one of the servants had robbed her of it, so she sent for a man skilled in magic. She told him in the presence of the whole household that she had lost her diamond ring, and asked him if he could discover who had robbed her. The wizard answered in the affirmative, and asked for a white cock, which must not have a single coloured feather. The cock having been procured, the wise man covered it over with a large, soot-blackened, copper boiler. The lights were then removed from the room, and all the servants ordered into another room; they were to return in turn and *touch* the boiler; on the boiler being touched by the guilty person, the wise man said, the white cock would crow three times. The servant who had stolen the ring thought that, in the darkness, he would avoid following the instructions of the wise man, fearing that the cock would crow. When the wizard examined all their hands he found one that had not been blackened, which indicated the guilty person.

Evil eye.—Several examples are recorded of men and women in the island who had the power of the evil eye. The power was so strong that if, when milking, they but glanced at the milk in the pail, it would turn sour before it reached the dairy. If a witch had a grudge against a farmer's wife and should cast her evil eye on the churn, when churning was in progress, no butter would come; a fact known to me.

Fairies.—Jersey was formerly, according to tradition, the land of the "fairies," and the race is still believed to exist,—some being good, and some bad. Good fairies have been known to assist servants in their household work. The belief is still current that, if a servant has not quite finished her work, and, when she goes to bed, leaves a piece of cake upon the kitchen table, she will find, when she comes down in the morning, her previous day's work finished, and also a great part of the present day's work accomplished. Again, people who want help with their needle-work must, in the evening, leave on the table needles, cotton, etc., so that the fairies may be enabled to assist them during the night. Bad fairies cause people to lose their way and make them walk round and round in circles.

Omens and portents.—The following common English beliefs are current in Jersey:—If your nose itches, it is a sure sign that

you will be vexed with your neighbours before the day is past. The itching of the foot betokens that you are soon to go on a strange ground. The tingling of the ears is also a sign of good or evil,—the right ear for love, and the left for spite. If the right hand itches, it denotes that you will receive money; if the left, that you will have to pay. If the right eye aches, it foretells laughter and merriment; if the left, sorrow and weeping. There are many other portents of good and evil; for instance, it is most unlucky to break a looking-glass, the result being seven years of unhappiness. Again, it bodes ill to dream of eggs, more especially if they are broken. It is also unlucky to leave two knives crossed upon a plate; and, when a slice is cut off a loaf, it is considered an evil sign to put the loaf down upon the side from which the slice has been cut. To put on stockings or other articles of dress the wrong way, or turned inside out, invariably brings luck, but great care must be taken not to alter their position on discovering the mistake; an intentional mistake is of no avail. To spill salt is unlucky, but to avert the ill-luck a little of the salt must be thrown over the left shoulder. The presence of two magpies is a portent of death. As in most parts of England, magpies are the subject of the refrain commencing "One for sorrow, two for death, three for a wedding, four for a birth." The crowing of a hen is regarded with great dread, because it portends death, but the catastrophe may be averted by the immediate slaughter of the hen.

If two ravens are seen contending as they fly and one of them turns on its back and cries "Carp, carp," the beholder knows that some one he knows will die soon. For a spinster to meet a married man, or for a bachelor to meet a spinster, on a Monday morning, bodes ill. A black cat passing by the window foretells the advent of a stranger, as does the piece of flaming wick which often darts upwards from the candle. Sneezing is a sign of rain, and so is the ring or halo which is sometimes seen round the sun or moon.

Lucky deeds.—To throw an old shoe after a person who is leaving home and intends to be some time absent, will be the means of bringing him or her good luck. The person who told her neighbour of this said that, when she left home for the first

time, her mother threw an old shoe after her, and that was the cause of the happiness and prosperity which attended her as long as she was absent. When a housewife puts a fowl to sit, it is an article of faith with her that odd numbers bring good luck, *e.g.* thirteen eggs; nevertheless, as a counterpart, it is considered unlucky to sit down to dinner when the company numbers thirteen. Boys often spit on a piece of money given to them for good luck. Fisherwomen not unfrequently spit upon their hands on taking their first piece of money for the day. It is still a belief amongst farmers that, where a goat is pastured with the cows, the latter will be free from disease.

Moon beliefs.—When you first see the moon you must curtsey to her and turn your money in your pocket for luck. It is unlucky to see the moon through glass or over your left shoulder.

> "If the moon you see
> Neither through glass or tree,
> It shall be a lucky moon to thee."

A Saturday new moon is unlucky, as the weather will be bad during the ensuing month, but to see the old moon in the lap of the new betokens fine weather. There is an old Jersey saying, "Saturday's moon, and daughter of a French priest, come once in seven years." You should cut your hair in a waxing, and your nails in a waning, moon. Herbs should be gathered when the moon is full, and you must kill your pig when the moon is waxing, or the meat will shrink in cooking.

Divination.—St. Thomas' day is the favourite day of the year for working love spells or divinations. On this day you must take a golden pippin and, having walked backwards to your bed and spoken to no one, you must place the apple under your pillow. St. Thomas will grant to you in your dreams a vision of your future consort. On placing the pippin underneath the pillow, the following charm must be repeated:—

> "Good St. Thomas do me right,
> And bring my love to me this night,
> That I may view him face to face,
> And in my arms may him embrace."

Another method of obtaining in your dreams a vision of your lover, is to place your boots and shoes on the floor directly below the

spot where your head generally reposes, in the shape of a T, and when in bed repeat the following quartrain :—

> "I've put my shoes in the form of a T
> Hoping my true love to see,
> Let him be young, or let him be old,
> Let him come and visit me."

A vision of a future husband can also be obtained by sowing hemp seed, and saying :—

> "Hemp seed sow,
> Hemp seed grow,
> For my true love to come and mow."

Then haste must be made to the house, to escape the reaper's sickle ; but, looking back, a vision of the future husband will be seen mowing the hemp seed.

The Jersey people are great tea drinkers, and it is therefore not surprising to find that some people profess to be able to tell fortunes from an inspection of the arrangement of tea-leaves in the bottom of the cup.

Amulets.—A horse-shoe nailed against the door in any part of the house keeps away evil spirits. Care must be taken while preparing to nail the shoe, for, should it fall, the spell is broken.

Christening beliefs.—If a baby cries at its baptism it is a sign that it will be cross and peevish all its life. It is most unlucky to cover up a baby's face when taking it to the church to be christened.

Marriage custom.—During the seventeenth century it was the custom for a newly-married couple to go to their parish church, garbed in their wedding garments, on the Sunday following their nuptials, so as to enable the congregation to "Faire leurs regards" (The Register of St. Lawrence Church, 1685).

Folk-medicine.—The late Colonel le Cornu informed the members of the Société Jersiaise that the following cure for rickets and rupture is still practised in Jersey. A young ash-tree is split longitudinally for about five feet, and the fissure is held wide open. The child patient, having been stripped, is passed three times through this fissure, head foremost, and the wounded tree is then bound together with a pack thread. As the bark of the tree heals, so the child recovers.

The following "Recettes Médicales d'autrefois à Jersey" are culled from a Ms. of the seventeenth century, in my possession:

For an Andicome festres. ℞ Five joynts of an oke burnt to a cole, 3 spoonfulls of soot, halfe a handfull of rue, leaven a pretty lumpe, and barrows grease or rusty bakon a pretty piece, being well beaten together and applyed.

For surdite [deafness]. Take ye water y^{t} falls from ye end of green hazeal boughs, ye other ends being in ye fire, and mingle it wth ye juyce of leeks heads, and drop therof into ye eare, and lye upon ye tother eare, doe this often and it will help.

For a burn. Verpis of grapes and juyce of unsett leeks, put together and wett a linen cloth on y^{m} and lay it upon ye burn half an hower, then annoint it wth oyle of yolke of eggs.

For a bruise in ye body. Take barley malt well ground, boile it in strong ale wth unwashed wool so much as is needeful, boile it till it be very thick then lay it with ye black wool to ye place grieved, if ye bones be neither broken nor out of joint it will assuredly helpe.

For an ach in any place wheresoever. Take bulls' galls or any beast gall, slit y^{m} and put y^{m} in a pan, and sett him on the fire and skimm y^{m} cleane, then take a handful of arsmart or culvage and of lavendar and ambrose of each a handful stamp them together and fry them with barrowes grease and apply them.

For ye stone. Take an egg, ye white being put out, fill it with hony and a little saxifrage water, drinke it 2 dayes before and 2 dayes after ye full of ye moon.

Ricketts. A young puppy dog, head and feet chopt off; then slitt all along ye belly and applied presently invard and all hott as it is to ye childs right side over night and taken away in ye morning and another next night and so for 3 times.

Ad sciatica. ℞ Oyle olife lb ij, butter tryed lb ij, mellis lb ij ∇∇ ℥iij cyrnin and baccar lauri ℥iiij super igne unguent quo ungatur aeger contra ignem and rub him wth thy hand fayre against ye fire 3 dayes and 3 nights by and by, then wrap ye place wth black lamb skins, warm and cover him for feare of cold.

A restorative for a man or woman that continueth long sick and can eate no meate. Take sugar and sene powder of each ℥jzz and cynam of each half ℥, sens anis ℥j, long pepper ℥ij, powder

all these and make a tost and steepe it in ale and then strow of ye powder upon it and give it to the sick to eate evening and morning and let him fast the space of 2 houres or more and continue this a whole week and he shal be whole God Willing.

To kill a wen. Ye juice of sow thistle.

A receipt against ye stone and gravel. Take a handfull of Pillitory of ye wall, boyle it in three pints of conduit water about half an hour, afterwards strain it, then put about an ounce of refined sugar and as much of fresh butter and let it be solved all together and then put it into a glass and be sure to do this composure ye 2nd and ye 3rd of the moon and drink one half ye second and ye third day of the moon and let this be done, at the same day you take it warm in ye morning fasting twice, that is ye end and 3rd of ye moon. Probatum est.

Po^r le jaunise. Mettez un fer à Chevall ou aucune piece de fer rouille à chaufer au feu jusques a ce quil soit to^t rouge et puis aprez quand il sera rouge tirez le du feu et lestaingnez dans une coupe de biere ou ale, et puis apres le boire et indubitablem^t cela vo^s quarira, et continuez a faire mesme chose jusq^e à ce que vo^s vo^s trouviez mieux. Medecine esprouncé.

A very good receipt for the cold. Take green broom and dry it over ye fire till it be dry and hot, then stand upon it till it be cold, and then heat it again till it hath been heated, thrice times in that manner stand upon it with your bare feet or with your stockings on, and so soon as it is heated you must stand upon it till it be cold, so it must be done three times before you leave it.

For canker in the mouth. Take woodbine, bramble, sage, rosemary, periwinkle, daisy root, herb grace, vervain of each a handfull put them in a quart of wine vinegar boile it to a 4th part, then put to it rock alum the quantity of a wall nut, beaten small, and a handfull of honey, then take it off ye fire and set it upon a pan of coals that it may boil, let the patient hold his mouth upon it over half an hour so near as he may well endure and longer if he can, let his head be covered with a sheet that the steam of ye liquor go not forth while he is dressing, that that which runneth out of his mouth may run into the medicine. When he hath done, let that run out of his mouth be skimmed off, dress it morn and even till he be well. When it is boiled away put in a little more vinegar.

For scrofula the patient is directed to take the root of the vervain with all its rootlets so that none should remain, hang it [part of the root] round his neck with a ribbon, burn the remainder of the root, and hang the leaf up the chimney, and as the leaf dried so would the disease dry up.

For surdite [deafness]. A piece of a clove of garlic dipped in honey and tied with a thread and put into ye ears at night and draw it away next morning.

For mad folke. Let ye patient drinke ye juyce of Satory and keep him close from light, ayre, and much company.

How to make a gouseberry custurd. Take a posnet and put in a little rose water, put in gouseberryes as many as you thinke fitt, then put them into the posnet and boyle them till they be boyled to peaces, then take them up and beate to yealkes of eggs and put them into ye gouseberryes, then put it into a platten, and then put sippetts into the platten but you must first of all sweeten it very well.

JOHN LE BAS.

QUEBEC FOLKLORE NOTES, IV.

The Devil in Quebec.—Satanic activity is quite noticeable in this province, to judge by L. B.'s accounts. He occasionally gets possession of someone even to-day, when the large number of churches has curtailed his former activities. In such cases the victim, if not rescued within nine days, is lost forever. Two generations ago he was much more formidable. Various doubtfully moral occupations, such as dancing,[1] seem to give him an opening, to judge by the following stories:—

A girl was forbidden by her mother to go to a certain dance. She insisted however, and declared she would go if she had to take the Devil for partner. On the night of the dance, as she

[1] Dancing is rather decidedly frowned upon by the Church in some parts of Quebec. For example, in St. Augustin, near the capital, it is absolutely forbidden. See *University Magazine* (Morang & Co., Toronto), Feb., 1913, p. 72.

was getting ready, a stranger drove up to the house and offered to escort her. She went with him, and on arrival found him a most assiduous partner; in fact he would allow her to dance with no one else. Somehow,—the tale is a trifle vague,—his Satanic character became apparent; but whether or not the girl escaped from him does not seem to be known.

Another dance was given by a man of vicious character, in the absence of his wife, who was most virtuous. In a braggart mood, he declared that anyone might come, even the Devil. Sure enough, a strange guest appeared, and made himself disliked by his impolite refusal to take off his hat or gloves. On an attempt being made to turn him out, he merely answered that he was there by invitation, thus clearly showing who he was. Here again it does not appear whether his rash host escaped.

As a builder, the Devil is not prominent, as is natural in a country containing very few old buildings. But one of the Montreal churches employed him under the following circumstances. As the walls were going up, it was noticed that one particular stone would not stay in place. However carefully it might be fastened in at night, by morning it was sure to be lying on the ground. Finally, the horse which had brought the stone disclosed his identity, for, on being taken to the water to drink, he shook off his collar, which had prevented him up till then from leaving his assumed form, and vanished.

Miscellaneous.—On the first night one sleeps in a new house one ought to wish.

After supper on that night, one ought not to sweep for fear of sweeping one's riches away.

(L. B., from whom the above beliefs come, does not take the second very seriously).

At Father Point (Pointe-aux-Pères) on the St. Lawrence, the *habitants* will not slaughter any beast for food during the ebb of the tide (which is quite perceptible there). The reason given is that if they did so the meat would shrink in cooking. (Communicated by Mr. L. V. King of M'Gill University).

E. H. AND H. J. ROSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Proposed "Frazer Fund."

Members of the Folk-Lore Society have already received a circular embodying the suggestion that the completion of the third edition of *The Golden Bough* gives the many friends and admirers of Sir James Frazer a fitting occasion for offering him some token in recognition of his great services to learning, and many of them will no doubt eagerly respond to the invitation to subscribe.

For the benefit of readers of *Folk-Lore* who are not yet members, it may be explained that a Committee formed for the purpose proposes that a "Frazer Fund" be established to make grants to travelling students of either sex, whether connected with a University or not, with a view to their investigating problems in the culture and social organization of primitive peoples. This proposal affords an opportunity to that wide public, both at home and abroad, whose interest has been stimulated by Sir James Frazer's work, to co-operate in doing honour to a student whose reputation is world-wide.

It is also proposed that, in order to secure continuity of administration, the Fund be held in trust by the University of Cambridge, and that the grants from it be made by seven Managers, representing the various anthropological schools of the country. Detailed regulations will be submitted for approval to a meeting of subscribers.

Contributions to the Fund may be sent either direct to the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. F. M. Cornford, Trinity College, Cambridge, or to the "Frazer Fund Account," Messrs. Barclay & Co., Mortlock's Bank, Cambridge.

R. R. Marett.

Beads and Knots.

The studies hitherto made of the origin of the rosary have not brought us nearer to any solution. The only fact which has been established is the almost universal use of a string of beads in connection with some form of religious device. But how it came about that beads should have been put to that use has remained unexplained. I do not intend to enter here upon a disquisition on the manifold forms of rosaries, of the various numbers of beads used by the followers of various religions, nor upon the material out of which the beads are formed, nor upon the highly suggestive fact of inscribed or artistically carved beads with figures and symbols. Each such category deserves separate treatment. But none of them touches the kernel of the problem,—how did beads come to be used, strung together, for religious purposes.

Starting from a different series of investigations, I have come to certain conclusions, which I will put down here as briefly as possible, leaving to others to follow these bypaths further, or to offer a better solution.

Before entering upon the discussion of the problem, it is necessary to point out that beads are often worn as ornaments, especially those of rare stones or of special metal. It is now an acknowledged fact that ornaments are often the last decayed survivals of more ancient religious practices. Moreover, to this very day, the character of the stone so used determines the value of such strings as amulets against the evil eye, or for averting some dreaded evil, or for some medicinal purpose. The wearer of certain stones is expected to be immune from this or that disease. It might be argued even that the primitive use of the rosary was of a similar protective character.

However alluring such a suggestion might be at the first blush, it cannot be maintained: for, as a rule, whatever is carried in the hand as an offering to the god and goddess, must be deposited before their shrine for their acceptance. Rosaries, however, have not been offered up anywhere. They must serve, therefore, another purpose than that of averting evil, or being used as amulets. They must have had another origin, and I believe one

can still trace in the modern practice the survival of the primitive use to which these rosaries were put.

I connect the bead with the *knot*, and see in the strings of beads another form of strings of *knots*, which they have supplanted and almost driven out of use.

The feature common to all the rosaries is that they serve as an aid to memory. They are essentially mnemonic signs, intended to aid the devotee in a certain form of devotion, where numbers play an important part. Whether the devotee is to recite so many *Paters*, or so many names of Allah, or so many verses of the Psalms, or other mystical names and formulas among Buddhists and Lamaists, does not alter the fundamental character of the rosary and of the primary use to which it is put; it is to keep the number and to aid the memory. It may have been used also to regulate the form of worship, as indicating the exact time when such and such a part of the religious ceremony was to be performed,—after so many *Paters* a genuflexion or a crossing, after so many names of Allah a prostration, or the intercalation of a special prayer, or the use of the censer, etc. In a word, the rosary is still used principally as an aid to memory. I contend that the use of a perforated stone or bone is a secondary stage in the development of the rosary. These have taken the place of an original much more simple contrivance, the knot, which in its turn may have taken the place of reeds or sticks marked off at regular distances by *knots*.

Traces of such practices have been preserved to our own day. It is still a common practice to use a knot in a handkerchief for precisely the same object, to remind the wearer of something. The knot acts as a mnemonic sign. In a slightly modified form the knot in a cord, run off a wheel, marks the distance traversed and the speed of a ship. The nautical knot is also a counter, just as the beads are used for counting and remembrance. Well known is the old system of the Incas in South America of keeping their historical records in the form of knots (*quipus*). No doubt there must have been a variety of knots, each one with a separate significance attached to it.

But I think that I have found in the Bible a survival of that ancient system, which is corroborated by a practice which is at

least two thousand years old, and is still kept up in our own days. The translators of the Bible have misunderstood the passage, and their translation does not tally with the practice. In Numb. xv. v. 38 we are told that *sisit* should be made at the corners of the garment, and, v. 39, it is expressly stated "and ye shall look upon them and *remember* all the commandments of the Lord and do them." These *sisit* were to serve as "remembrancers." The word in question has been translated as "fringes," for no other reason than because the Greek has *kraspeda* (fringes). Now these would-be fringes are anything but fringes. They are a strand of wool or silk of eight threads tied up into four double threads and hanging from the four corners of a special garment used at every religious service. These knots are cunningly wrought; they are more like loose double knots, and the space between them is filled up by twisting round the strand one of the eight strings, which is purposely made longer than the rest. There are also special traditions concerning the number of circumvolutions of the string between each of the four sets of knots. The number differs; mystical and other interpretations have gathered round this number of twists.

I have not the slightest doubt that we have here the *mnemonic knot* used for precisely that purpose. The phylacteries also tied round the arm and placed between the eyes "as a sign" (Deut. vi. 8.) are fastened by peculiar knots of which the shape is carefully prescribed and from which no departure is allowed.

Here is not the place to discuss the purely philological point of view of this new translation of the Hebrew word, by which it is brought into harmony with the practice, but it cannot be denied that the word *sisi* stands in close connection with *sis*, which means the "ball" or "knop" of the bud, of which the *knot* is the closest imitation. It is not without interest to note that the mitre of the High Priest in the Temple of Jerusalem, according to Josephus (*Antiq.* vii. 3. 157), finished with a *knop*, probably the *sis* of the Bible. The crowns of kings also have a knop in the centre, and unless I am greatly mistaken this knop or ball appears only on crowns of the Christian kings of Europe, starting with Byzantium.

Moreover, another passage of the Bible which has suffered at

the hands of the translators, (Ezek. viii. 3), makes the angel get hold of the prophet Ezekiel by a "*lock* of his head." Here the Hebrew word is also *sisit*. Many an artist has endeavoured to realize that remarkable feat. But the true meaning is that the angel got hold of the *knot* of the head into which the hair of the prophet had been tied, and we now more clearly understand how he could seize the prophet by the knot at the crown of the head and carry him away from Babylon to Jerusalem.

I may no longer dwell here on this philological aspect of the problem, except to point out that there are other Hebrew words for locks, *e.g.* in Numb. vi. 5, Judges xii. 13, etc. It suffices to prove the continued use of the knot,—even fastened to a garment, —as a mnemonic sign in a religious service. These knots on the garment have survived only because they have been placed in direct connection with divine service and were fastened to a special vestment used for such purpose.

It is not unimportant to notice that a certain number of knots had to be fastened at each corner. There is no indication of this number in the Bible, but tradition, unchangeable in all matters of ceremonial forms of worship, has fixed the number. There are four double knots at each corner. If these thirty-two knots, instead of being divided between four separate strands, were all tied one after the other on one string, we should have a complete parallel to the nautical knot and the prototype of a string with a corresponding number of beads. For one had only to substitute pebbles with holes in them, or stones, fruit, or bones with holes, on one string, and the rosary of 32 beads, or the short rosary of 32 or 33 of the Mohammedan and Jewish rites is seen. The coincidence of this number of beads with the above-mentioned knots is perhaps not fortuitous, and at any rate, in the absence of a clear proof of their independence, such a coincidence is, to say the least, rather remarkable.

Once this principle has been recognized of the substitution of some lasting sign by means of stones, bones, or kernels for the temporary knot, easily frayed out or broken, we have the rosary fully explained. The beads serve then the same purpose as mnemonic signs, and are far better suited for use than knots with their necessary monotony and monochromy,—unless threads of

various colours are used.—for many coloured and variegated shaped stones can be used,—some round, some long, some flat, some in one colour, some in a different colour,—as can be seen in some of the rosaries.

The very same knots or *sisit* afore-mentioned must originally have had a *blue* thread woven into the fabric or mixed with the strands, as is still customary among the Karaites. The Jews have a blue stripe woven into that special garment to which the knotted strands are attached.

In this way the origin of beads finds a natural and simple explanation.

M. GASTER.

THE FOLKLORE OF IRISH PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

The following notes from an article entitled "The Folklore of Irish Plants and Animals," by Mr. N. Colgan, in *The Irish Naturalist* for March, 1914, seem to deserve reproduction :

The transmogrification of species, and the doctrine of sexes in plants, appear in popular belief. The Royal Fern is identified with the Wild Runnyock or common Bracken, and the *Sparganium* or Bur-Reed is held to be the Wild Shellistring or Flagger. A countryman in County Dublin assured Mr. Colgan that the common *Centaurea nigra* or Blackhead grew out of the Plantain or Ribwort, and another alleged that a flowering plant of Angelica had originated in the Flaggers or Yellow Iris that grew beside it. A car-driver spoke of a He-and-She-Bulkishawn or Ragweed, and the female variety turned out to be the common Tansy.

The grimmest belief associated with the Elder-tree was thus described by a car-driver : "Oh ! that's the Elder Tuff," he remarked. "It's a bad thing to give a man a scelp of that. If you do, his hand 'ill grow out of his grave."

The House-leek preserves the roof on which it is grown, but it has no effect unless it has been stolen from the previous owner, or at all events taken without his knowledge. If you were made a present of the plant it wasn't a bit of good.[1]

[1] On the virtue of things stolen, which carry with them the good luck of the original owner, see *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 217 (meat for cure of

On the Irish coasts the common Limpet or *Patella* is supposed to develop out of the Acorn-shell or *Balanus* which covers the rocks.

The Carrabuncle is supposed to be an aquatic animal found at the bottom of lakes. On Brandon Mountain it is said to be a kind of snake that lives in Lough Geal, makes the water shine, and throws off shells with precious stones in them. It is seen only once in seven years, "like a cashk rowlin' about in the wather." Mr. Colgan regards the animal as a highly developed form of the Piast, or great serpent or dragon, which gives its name to many Irish lakes.

The Water-Horse is rare in Ireland, though common in the western Highlands of Scotland. Mr. Colgan was shown a place on Loch Inagh in Connemara, where a man saw a water-horse emerge from the lake; after prancing about and shaking his mane, he returned to his watery element with a mighty splash.

The above selection from a number of facts in an interesting article shows what a wealth of folklore remains uncollected in Ireland.

W. Crooke.

warts); *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iv., p. 10 (a boat built of stolen wood sails faster by night than by day); *Folk-Lore*, vol. v., p. 82 (stolen idols more valuable than those bought or otherwise got); *ibid.*, vol. vi., p. 121 (meat for cure of warts); *ibid.*, vol. vi., p. 392 (stolen oil for love charms); *ibid.*, vol. vii., p. 300 (stolen herring used in Hallow Eve charms); *The Denham Tracts*, vol. ii., p. 48 (stolen red garters a cure for rheumatism); E. S. Hartland, *The Legend of Perseus*, vol. ii., pp. 75, 158, 161; *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., vol. ii., pp. 68, 387, vol. vi., p. 50.

REVIEWS.

TRISTAN AND ISOLT. A Study of the Sources of the Romance. By GERTRUDE SCHOEPPERLE. (New York University. Ottendorfer Memorial Series of Germanic Monographs, No. 3.) 2 vols. Frankfurt-a.-Main: J. Baer & Co., 1913. 8vo., pp. 590. *No p.*

MISS SCHOEPPERLE'S elaborate study of the sources for the romance of Tristan and Isolt derives its importance from the fact that in many respects her conclusions constitute a challenge to those of M. Bédier in his now classic study of the same subject in *Le Roman de Tristan par Thomas* (Paris, 1902, 1905). Miss Schoepperle submits M. Bédier's methods, as well as his conclusions, to a fresh and independent examination. In regard to his methods we will repeat her own summary (pp. 3-4):—

"He analyzes the narrative as it is preserved in the five oldest versions, and points out two striking general characteristics: the logical progress of the action from one step to another, and the harmony of each step in the action with the characters of the persons involved. These two characteristics prove, according to M. Bédier, that the tragic story of Tristan was invented by a poet of great genius at one stroke in the form in which we find it in the extant versions. M. Bédier then proceeds to an examination of the texts of Béroul, Eilhart, Thomas, the *Folie*, and the Prose Romance. He arrives at the conclusion that they derive from a single twelfth century poem now lost. He identifies the author of this lost French poem with the single poet of great genius, the author of the first tragic treatment of the story."

This method Miss Schoepperle holds to be open to serious objections, and she herself adopts an altogether different view. She takes the version of Eilhart von Oberge as preserving a more archaic form of the story than the versions of Thomas or the Prose Romance, holding that it represents current folk-tales, while all other versions appear with modifications, derived from the

redactor's personal conception of the story. This poem of Eilhart does not, however, correspond in all points with M. Bédier's reconstruction of the *poème primitif*, and in the points where it differs she considers that the version of Eilhart better represents the lost original.

It appears to us doubtful whether this "lost original" ever actually existed. The long tale of *Tristan and Isolt* is clearly a composite romance having had probably more than one nucleus; the flight of the lovers to the forest, which is probably one of the oldest portions, being almost detachable by its distinctive characteristics and its correspondence to Irish romances of the Ossianic period, while the combat with the dragon and tribute to the Morholt, with the island combat on the one hand and the incidents connected with Iseult of the White Hands and Brittany on the other, have probably both been fitted in at a later period. It is possible that the double conception of Tristan in the Welsh Triads, as one of the three famous swineherds of Britain and one of its three best lovers, have influenced the various developments of the tale.

That Miss Schoepperle is right in finding the original nucleus of the tale in a Celtic *Aitheda* or elopement story we have no doubt at all. It is only strange that the correspondances between this part of the legend and the story of Diarmaid and Grainne have been so long overlooked. The whole atmosphere is distinctively Celtic. The flight of the lovers to the forest and their long sojourn there, dependent only upon nature for their food and utterly absorbed in each other, their open revolt and inward scruples and hesitations, and their tragic struggle between duty and affection are not to be found in French chivalrous romance; they belong purely to ancient Celtic tradition. We see the same struggle enacted in many Irish love stories, such as the wooing of Etain by Ailill, of Liadain by Curithir, and of Deirdre by Naisi. Very characteristic also is the rôle played by the dog Husdent, who is trained by Tristan to bring wild animals for food, as Bran, in the story of Diarmaid and Grainne, seeks out the flying forest-lovers to warn them of the approach of Finn. In both stories the fatal affection in which they find themselves bound is awakened by some cause outside themselves,—in the Tristan tale

by a love-potion accidentally drunk, and in the story of Diarmaid and Grainne by Diarmaid's "love-spot" which Grainne has accidentally looked upon; in both, the affection they bear to each other is at war with the loyalty and affection the man feels for the king he is outraging. Minor points of similarity to Irish romance are the incidents of the twigs sent down the stream as a token, the rudderless boat, the harp and rote, the separating sword, the splashing water, the arts of which Tristan is a master, and the horse's ears of King Mark. These, though not peculiar to Celtic romance, are common features of it.

Miss Schoepperle had a strong case in thus emphasizing the Celtic elements of the tale; for, like many other writers who deal with Celtic tradition, M. Bédier was dependent chiefly upon the scanty stores of Welsh literature for his examples, and was unfortunately almost ignorant of the large masses of Irish literature bearing upon his subject. Miss Schoepperle's contention that the tale is founded on an early Celtic story overlaid by additions derived from later French courtly traditions is likely to be accepted as the true explanation of the theme. In addition to the Celtic examples she has given of the practice of putting to death by fire a woman who had been unfaithful, we would remind her of the incident in the *Battle of Cnucha* in which Murni Fairhair is condemned by her father to death by burning in punishment for her flight with Cumal, and of the passage in LL. 206a 2 in which it is said that "at the beginning it was the custom to burn any woman who committed lust in violation of her compact." The Welsh laws on the subject are given by Prof. Loth in his article in *Revue Celtique*, vol. xxx., pp. 278-9.

ELEANOR HULL.

LE ROMAN IDYLLIQUE AU MOYEN ÂGE. By MYRRHA LOT-BORODINE. Paris: Auguste Picard, 1914. 8vo, pp. 271.

IN this charming little volume Mme. Lot-Borodine analyses, and discusses, a group of French mediæval romances of the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries, connected with each other

by what the writer justly terms the "idyllic" treatment of the loves of hero and heroine. To quote the words of the preface, the authors of these romances "brodent tous sur le thème des 'Enfances,' non pas héroïques, comme dans l'épopée, mais sentimentales. C'est la peinture d'un amour ingénu, qui naît et se développe dans deux jeunes cœurs, l'histoire des fiançailles d'enfants, qui se sourient et se tendent les mains de l'âge le plus tendre. C'est donc là un thème idyllique qui évoque en nous le rêve de l'âge d'or, la nostalgie du paradis perdu, où règne l'innocence que le désir lui-même ne flétrit pas."

The romances selected are *Floire et Blancheflore*, *Aucassin et Nicolette*, *Galeran de Bretagne*, *L'Escoufle*, and *Guillaume de Palerme*. Mme. Lot-Borodine confines her treatment of the romances to an examination of the possible sources of the several poems, an analysis of the story, and a study of the psychology of the principal characters. From this point of view the book is one to be commended more to the literary, than to the folklore, student, but the romances in question are so characteristic of their age, the very delicacy and minuteness of their treatment present us with so many precise details of the dress, manners, and social customs of the period, that they possess a very real and vivid interest for the student of the past. From this point of view two of the poems, *Galeran* and *L'Escoufle*, had already been treated by M. Langlois in his *La Société Française au XIIIième Siècle*, but the previous discussion is lacking in the touch of sympathetic enthusiasm which makes the charm of Mme. Lot-Borodine's book. The little volume is one warmly to be recommended to all lovers of mediæval literature, whatever their point of view.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

MUTTER ERDE. Ein Versuch über Volksreligion. Von ALBRECHT DIETERICH. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1913. Pp. vi + 138.

To the piety of Richard Wünsch we are indebted for a second edition of his great master's work on Mother Earth. The text is

naturally reprinted without alteration, and at this time of day comment on so well-known a classic would be superfluous. But the second edition contains valuable additional matter in the form of references to the literature which has appeared since the date of the first publication of the work. These notes are conveniently grouped in an Appendix, pp. 122-136. Some have been culled from Dieterich's own papers; many, as the signatures testify, have been contributed by well-known scholars such as Wünsch, Harnack, Reitzenstein, and others. One notices particularly the many references to the increasing literature of the folklore of the German Empire.

Naturally the notes are chiefly an accumulation of corroborative evidence, and there is no specifically new light cast on the problems raised. On the classical side the additions do not amount to much, though one or two passages which Dieterich had overlooked have been added. On p. 122 Wünsch refers the reader to Samter's attempt to connect Mother Earth with the classical adoption of a kneeling position during childbirth. As I have already had occasion to state in these pages,[1] I cannot regard Samter's thesis as proven, nor his conclusion to be demanded by the evidence at his disposal. Classical evidence on these matters is extremely fragmentary, and Dieterich himself has pushed the possible deductions from it, to my mind, to the furthest reasonable limits. Wünsch rightly notices that Ziegler's attempt to press Theokritos, *Id.* xvii., 58, into the service of Mother Earth is based on a misapprehension.

I feel that the statement (p. 132, note to p. 66) "für heilkräftig galt die Erde in Lemnos" is misleading. It is not the Earth which has healing properties, but a particular kind of earth which is used as a medicinal remedy, a very different matter. For the history of the use of Lemnian earth and analogous earths possessing magical properties reference may be made to Mr. Hasluck's learned paper on *Terra Lemnia*.[2]

On one point I may, perhaps, be allowed to supplement a note. On page 126 (note to p. 21) reference is made to the pre-Hellenic infant burials on the Acropolis at Athens. When excavating the

[1] Review of Samter, *Geburt, Hochzeit und Tod* in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv., p. 127.

[2] *Annual of the British School at Athens*, vol. xvi., pp. 220-231.

Cycladic site of Phylakopi in the island of Melos, we found beneath the houses of the earliest city a series of inhumations. In every case the bones were those of children, "some old enough for the second teeth to be beginning to appear, but in no case for them to be complete." The adults appear to have been buried uniformly in a neighbouring cemetery. The bodies of these children had been placed in a contracted position inside large pots, of which the mouth was in some cases covered by a basin. They were buried in shallow depressions scooped in the rock beneath the foundations of the dwelling-houses. Here there can be no question of soulless infants being unworthy of the pyre, for adults too were buried, not cremated. It is plausible to suppose that, by being buried beneath the dwelling-house, their rebirth to the family in the person of next offspring was assured.[3]

W. R. HALLIDAY.

HERBALS. Their Origin and Evolution. A Chapter in the History of Botany, 1470–1670. By AGNES ARBER. Cambridge: Univ. Press, 1912. 8vo. pp. xviii + 253. Ill. 10s. 6d. *n.*

UNSERE PFLANZEN. Ihre Namenerklarung und ihre Stellung in der Mythologie und in Volksaberglauben. By FRANZ SOHNS. 5te Auflage. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1912. Sm. 8vo, pp. viii + 212. 3 *m.*

THE student wishful to gather ancient folklore of plants, as recorded in the works of the early herbalists, will find Mrs. Newell Arber's *Herbals* a useful book of reference. It shows to some extent where search would be rewarded, where it would probably be vain. Written professedly from the botanical and artistic standpoint, its brief summaries of the early printed herbals of Europe yet contain many references to folklore, some forgotten, some yet existing, in connection with plants. A manuscript such as the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Herbarium of Apuleius Platonicus, where "the greater part of the manuscript is concerned with the

[3] For a full account of these burials see *Annual of the British School at Athens*, vol. xvii., pp. 6 *et seq.*, Fig. 1, and Pls. iv. and v.

virtues of herbs" (p. 35) may be expected to be full "of spells or charms rather than of medical recipes" (p. 36). The "proper mode of uprooting the Mandrake" is quoted (p. 36). In a subsequent chapter reference is made to later botanists who disputed "the Mandrake superstition" (p. 103). The phrase betrays the writer. The full title of the work known as *Askham's Herbal*, printed in 1550, informs the reader that "at the ende of the boke . . . the best and most lucky tymes and dayes" of Herbs "with influence of certain Sterres and Constellations" are set forth (p 39). "Powdre of perles with sugre of roses" is a remedy for a weak heart given in *The Grete Herball* of 1526 (p. 43), but Bock, in 1552, has scornful reference to plants,—viz. verbena and artemisia, —"collected rather for purposes of magic than for medicine" (p. 57). Bock's *Herbal*, therefore, would be of use to the folklorist mainly as exposing the credulity of his predecessors (p. 55).

As knowledge of herbs and their properties became more exact, the Herbals cease to offer material for our purpose, but even in 1636 *Gerarde's Herbal* gave account of such wonders as the "Barnakle tree," and the "tree bearing Geese." The woodcut showing "The Breede of Barnakles" (p. 111) is reproduced among many others. The illustrations in fact provide as much of interest as the text,—per ex. The Mandrakes on p. 205, p. 233, and Plate v. opposite p. 34.

Chapter viii. deals entirely with the doctrine of signatures and astrological botany as set forth by such writers as Paracelsus, Giambattista Porta, William Cole, Robert Turner, and others. Turner declared "God hath imprinted upon the Plants, Herbs, and Flowers, as it were in Hieroglyphics, the very Signature of their Vertues" (p. 211). He was writing in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Porta was an earlier writer (1588). His theories of "lunar plants," and the reproduction of an illustration from his *Phytognomonica* (p. 213), should be compared with the article in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvi., pp. 132-61.

The second volume before us, *Unsere Pflanzen*, is a praiseworthy attempt to keep alive amongst the folk the ancient plant names and lore. First issued in 1897 with the modest aim of interesting German teachers and students of botany in the folk-names and folklore of their native plants and herbs, it has grown

in its fifth edition to a considerable but inexpensive account of folk-medicine, plant symbolism, folk-etymologies, etc. Folklorists will find it worth purchasing for reference, even though the Teutonic "Volksseele" is a little too much insisted upon.

A similarly cheap and attractively written handbook of British plants,—not a *Flora Symbolica* of literary quotations, but a complete and up-to-date description of the names and uses of plants amongst our own folk, and of the beliefs and superstitions that have clustered round them,—would be a worthy enterprise. Existing works covering this ground, or parts of it, are either expensive, too diffuse and international, or old and out of print. But would a British handbook reach its fifth edition, or even find a publisher, unless it masqueraded as a "Language of Flowers"?

D. H. Moutray Read.

Wanderings in the Isle of Wight. By Ethel C. Hargrove. Andrew Melrose, 1913. 8vo, pp. x + 312. 6s. *n.*

There is reference to a certain amount of Island folklore in this pleasant gossip of a guide book, besides the Chapter officially concerned with it; and in Chap. iv. some of the Island games are given, with the words of two singing-games, *The Farmer's in his Den* (pp. 48-9) and *Oats and Barley* (p. 50), both still played by the children. Occasional reference is made to the sources of the information given,—it would be interesting to know on what authority Miss Hargrove gives a "Druid's" hymn on p. 166. The argument that the Roman *Vectis* was the *Ictis* of Diodorus Siculus is given here apparently only on the authority of a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1789, and the existence of a tradition that traffic between the Wight and the Hampshire coast used to be possible in carts at low tide. The point is one of interest to warrant further examination, and has engaged the attention of experts for many decades. The Scilly Isles and the Isle of Thanet have their claims also, upheld by rival schools. Elton, in his *Origins of English History*, effectively combats the arguments advanced on

behalf of Cornwall and the Wight, but admits that he was not able to prove the possibility of direct land communication between the tin districts in Cornwall and the Kentish coast. Recent research tends to prove it more probable. I have myself partly traced a possible trade route from the west, linking up eventually with other routes connecting with London and Reculven. This difficulty of transport solved, the probability of Thanet being *Ictis*, as against the Isle of Wight, are overwhelming. The disputed paragraph itself speaks of the ford at low tide as "something peculiar that happens to the islands in those parts *lying between Europe and Britain.*" The italics are mine.

However, the pages of most interest to the folklorist are those wherein the author retells Abraham Elder's story of the Newtown Pied Piper (p. 248). Point for point the tale tallies with the legend Robert Browning's lines have made so familiar, except that the Hamelin Piper left the river, and "turned from south to west

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,"

luring the children into the mountain cavern, but the Piper of the Wight led them eventually north into the waters of the Solent. Rumours of the existence of this legend came to me some years ago, but lacked confirmation till this book reached me, with its story from the pages of *Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight.*

D. H. Moutray Read.

Kullervo-Hamlet. Ein sagenvergleichender Versuch. Von E. N. Setälä. Reprinted from *Finnish-Ugrischen Forschungen*, vols. iii., vii., x. Helsingfors: 8vo, pp. vi + 197.

It has been remarked, *e.g.* by Comparetti, how curiously little influence the legends and literature of their Scandinavian neighbours have had upon Finnish popular compositions. This interesting work attempts to show that one of the most important Finnish cycles, the tale of Kullervo (best known in Lönnrot's version, *Kalevala*, XXXI.-XXXVI.), is borrowed from the story of Hamlet.

It needs no great knowledge of Finnish poetry to recognize, as the author of course does, that much of the material in the *Kalevala* is originally foreign to the tale of Kullervo. The episode of the Deflowering of the Sister, runo XXXI., and the series of exploits in the same runo (the "strong boy" *motif*) are not original, nor is the episode of Kullervo going to war and asking which of his relations would weep for his death (runo XXXVI.). Putting these aside, and rejecting also several episodes in the later forms of the Hamlet-saga, we have the following ground-plan of both tales. Two brothers quarrel and one kills the other, but spares one of his sons. The child grows, escapes several attempts to take his life, and is finally sent abroad. He returns (undetected), and destroys his uncle with all his followers.

Thus far we have a fairly common myth, all the forms of which cannot reasonably be derived from any one origin; indeed Setälä quite rightly rejects several proposed parallels which contain these features only. To prove the relationship he relies on several minor details which we tabulate.

Hamlets make hooks or skewers at the fire, and says they are meant "to revenge his father."	Kullervo escapes alive from the fire in which it was sought to destroy him, is found raking it with a hook ("coal-rake" in Kirby, *Kalevala*, XXXI., 166), and declares that he will revenge his father.
Hamlet says that a keel, which he is told is a knife, would "cut a big ham," *i.e.* the sea.	Kullervo, on escaping from the attempt to drown him, is found measuring the sea or lake.
Hamlet indirectly wishes that wolves may destroy his uncle's herds.	Kullervo brings home wolves and bears instead of cattle. (This is, however, hardly part of the original tale.)
(Same episode.)	"Untamo's wolves" are frequently mentioned in the Kullervo-saga and related songs and tales.

Several of the names in the Kullervo narratives seem to be

Scandinavian, notably Kullervo's own name and Untamo. In one variant of the revenge-story Denmark is mentioned. The name Palja (smith's hammer) may perhaps arise from a confusion of the name Hamlet (*amblodhe*, "blockhead") with *ambolt* ("anvil"). Other comparisons, some very far-fetched, between the names in the two sagas are suggested.

Finally, there is considerable reason for thinking that the Kullervo-saga arose, not later than the thirteenth century, in West Finland, *i.e.* in a population partly Swedish in speech.

While not feeling competent to pronounce dogmatically on the very complex questions of philology and the provenance of the tales which arise in this discussion, we are strongly of opinion that from the standpoint of folklore the author has not proved his case. The details above given seem to us to bear but a very faint resemblance to each other; notably in regard to the hooks, Hamlet actually uses them in his revenge, while Kullervo's fire-hook is not heard of again. We look in vain for other and more important points of resemblance. The kernel of the Hamlet-saga is surely the feigned madness of the hero, which causes his life to be spared and disguises his real cunning. In the case of Kullervo we have not a trace of this; even if we were to postulate something corresponding to the "strong boy" episodes in the original tale of revenge, this would give us only stupid and clumsy strength, not insanity. That Hamlet's madness is an integral part of the saga no one who reads through Setälä's list of the variants can doubt. We are not sure that it was originally feigned. Folklore is full of tales of successful fools, and the belief that madness is a form of inspiration is widespread. Again, we are not certain that the incident of the changed letter is not original, as only the tale of Brjám seems to be without it. Finally, the incident of Ophelia is of some importance in the Hamlet-saga, and it is mere special pleading to suggest that a similar episode in the Kullervo-saga led to the later inclusion in it of the Deflowering of the Sister.

All this, however, is not to say that the book is worthless. The industry of the author has brought together a mass of most interesting material, Scandinavian, Finnish, and Esthonian; and several of his minor theories, such as those concerning the date, origin, and distribution, within Finland, of the sagas he treats of, are most

plausible, and worth careful examination by specialists in Finnish subjects.

H. J. Rose.

Sagen und Märchen aus dem Oberwallis. Aus dem Volksmunde gesammelt von J. Jegerlehner. Basel: Verlag der Schweiz. Gesellschaft für Volkskunde, 1913. 8vo, pp. xii + 348.

This volume, the ninth of the series of *Schriften der Schweizerischen Gesellschaft für Volkskunde*, contains 458 traditions and folk-tales published in German by a collector of experience and local knowledge. The district and locality from which the various items hail are carefully noted, and at the beginning of each section a list is given of the names of those in the district from whom the author collected his stories. Two specimens of the dialect are given. Perhaps it might have been as well to have added translations of these: to a foreigner they are very unintelligible. A useful index and some comparative references have been compiled by Hanns Bächtold with the assistance of Prof. Singer. Both index and notes include in their scope Dr. Jegerlehner's previous publication *Sagen und Märchen aus dem Unterwallis*. The notes would be more useful if they had not been so rigorously compressed. They are limited almost entirely to paginal references without any explanatory text. The bulk of the collection consists of traditions; *Märchen* and drolls form hardly a fifth of the whole. Occasionally it is a little difficult to follow the author's distinction between *Märchen* and *Sagen*. For instance, No. 76 (p. 55), a variant of *The Three Words of Advice*, is labelled *Märchen*; *Das Bettelkind*, No. 74 (p. 52), which is not so designated, must have equal claims to the title. It belongs to another branch of the same family, the story, ultimately of Eastern origin, of which the central maxim is "Never tell a secret to your wife."[1] The *Märchen* for the most part belong to well-known types,—*Cinderella*, *The Grateful Dead*, *König Drosselbart*, *Little Snow-white*, and so on. For the drolls, the district possesses its Gotham, and Lötschen is the local home of wiseacres.

[1] See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii., p. 450.

Perhaps the most interesting of the tales are the two entitled *Der Hofnarr Makolbus* (pp. 127 and 231). The examples of stories from the *Salomonis et Marcolphi Dialogus*,[2] collected from the lips of modern European peasants, are comparatively few in number. The first of these variants contains the cat and the candle incident, which proves the truth of the maxim *plus valere naturam quam nutrituram*. It is interesting too to notice that the Court jester Makolbus is made a brother of Solomon. This brings the version into connection with the Russian variant[3] in which the King is David and the rôle of Marcolphus falls to Solomon. A further curious point is the fact that the Swiss story contains an incident,—the division of the brothers' cattle according to whether they enter the new stable or the old,—which shows contamination with the story of *The Mad Brother*.[4]

As regards the traditions, history has left but little mark on these Alpine valleys. There are a few stories of successful resistance to the people of Berne, and one or two reminiscences of the oppression of the nobility. Twice only do we get echoes of European history. On p. 260 are traditions of a French invasion, and the people of Erschmalt see spectral armies manœuvre on the spot where Napoleon pitched his camp (p. 244).

There are naturally a good many sidelights on the social life of the people. It is a pity that Dr. Jegerlehner has not thought of giving us some information about some of the worthies who figure in the traditions and presumably must have, at least in some cases, an historical foundation,—the "wise men" Dr. Bärtschu and Dr. Tscherrig, for instance. One wonders if the spirit called Jakob Tscherrig, who was ultimately caught in a bottle,[5] was an avatar of the *Wunderdoktor*. There are several notable parsons, too, about

[2] The history of this document and its relations to folklore has been elaborately studied by M. Cosquin, "Le conte du Chat et de la Chandelle dans l'Europe du Moyen Age et en Orient," *Romania*, vol. xl., pp. 371-430, 481-531.

[3] Cosquin, *loc. cit.*, p. 395.

[4] See von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, No. 34, with notes.

[5] He was ultimately shown to his erstwhile victim "swimming about in the bottle, quite small. He could distinguish quite clearly the short breeches, the raven's beak, the hoofed feet, the red waistcoat, the blue coat with the long tails, and the wings growing out from his ears" (p. 27).

whom one would have been interested to learn facts, if any are known.

Secret dances appear to be a social institution disapproved of by the moralists, probably, to judge from some of the stories, not without justification in fact.

τοῦτ' ἐς γυναῖκας δόλιόν ἐστι καὶ σαθρόν.[6]

There are many stories of the sin of those who attend these gatherings finding them out, of the appearance of the devil or ghosts at the merrymaking, or of the expiation of their guilt by the souls of dancers dead and gone.

It is natural that in the traditions of herds and hunters living lonely lives in "that tremendous neighbourhood" the spiritual should figure largely. The avalanche has left its mark on popular imagination in tales of sin and punishment. Up among the glaciers the souls of the dead endure the torments of Purgatory, and some have been seen by the occasionally privileged tucked up in beds of comfortable aspect; but place a stick beneath the bed and immediately it will burst into flame! Through the mountains too the dead have been seen marching in the solemn procession of All Soul's Eve.

When the herds move their pasture with the seasons, the spirits of olden times occupy the vacated huts. There is the oft-repeated story of the shepherd boy who was sent back for something and finds the strangers in occupation. In one, a delicious piece of realism, he thinks they must be tourists! Often an animal is killed, and he is invited to partake of the meal. After it is over, the bones are laid in order upon the skin. Next day the herd notices that one of his cattle is lame, and lacks the piece of flesh from the leg which he himself consumed. Ghostly appetites are apparently satisfied without resulting in material damage. The spiritual manifestations are legion. There are of course their material counterparts, robbers and witches. The latter appear usually as foxes, and are vulnerable only when the powder has been blessed by the priest. But the solitary may also meet with souls of the wicked dead, spinners who plied their craft after mid-

[6] Euripides, *Bacchae*, 487. Cf. *Ion* 550 *et seq.*, a close parallel to some of the traditions attaching to the secret dance.

night on Saturday, or shepherds who stole or betrayed their trust; one-eyed chamois, dragons, three-legged horses, foxes with red and brown boots, headless or two-headed monsters, and many more forms of evil figure in the tales.

There are a goodly number of dwarf stories, many of them belonging to familiar types, *e.g.* payment in coal which turns to gold, the dwarf who quits work when presented with clothes, or "Myself did it." In some cases dwarfs eat children, and they are described as swarthy and possessed of feet which are turned backwards.

I will conclude the notice of this treasure house of the traditions of a district with a small point which struck me in reading through the contents. Dwarfs are frequent. I noticed but one reference to giants (p. 92), a version of *The Boy who did not know what Fear was*; and these giants are but the black souls of dead men under a spell. In the area with which I am the most familiar, the Near East, the spooks are all gigantic, dwarfs do not appear. In Northern Europe dwarfs, elves, etc. and giants flourish side by side. It suggests that the theme of Giants and Dwarfs, once treated by Ritson, might be approached from a new point of view, the distribution of their respective popularity charted, and so far as practicable accounted for. There will be, I suspect, both historical and literary influences to consider, but one wonders after reading these Alpine traditions whether physical characteristics and physical environment may not turn out an important factor in guiding indirectly the popular imagination one way or the other.

It would be difficult, too, I fancy, to bring the dwarf from India!

W. R. Halliday.

Der Held im Deutschen und Russischen Märchen. By August von Löwis of Menar. Jena: Eugen Diederichs, 1912. 8vo, pp. 139. 3 *m.*

The aim of the book is to examine in detail the nature and characteristics of the hero in German and Russian folk-tales. The German and Russian heroes are analysed in turn; the points of resemblance and difference are then summed up in a chapter of

10 pages. The author inspires confidence in his generalisations, and his equipment is evidently adequate. The value of what one may call intensive comparative study is becoming increasingly recognised, and indeed it is the one path by which any advance may now be made. Here we have a study of two bodies of folk-tales which have points of contact and conspicuous differences. Obviously the results are valuable and often illuminating. It is perhaps a pity that the work was planned quite in this way and limited in scope to the hero of folk-tale. It would have been preferable if the hero had formed a chapter in a work contrasting more generally the two bodies of folk-tale of which the author has special knowledge. We hope that he will follow up this work with at least an essay on the relations between Russian and German *Märchen* designed on broader lines.

To tell the truth, the analysis of the hero is a little too scientific, —a good fault, but at times the comic spirit cannot but feel that we are attacking a butterfly with a sledge hammer; and a deal of our thoroughness does not lead to much, and might in the presentment of the researches have been omitted. A confirmation of the suggestion that the author owes us a comparison of the two bodies of *Märchen* of a more general character I find in the fact that quite 75 per cent. of the points which I jotted down while reading the book are *obiter dicta* which do not concern the hero, and in the short chapter of conclusion three pages out of the ten go beyond the alleged limits of the treatise.

To ask for more, however, is a part of gratitude. The book contains many very suggestive and interesting facts, and it is to be hoped that it will find imitators. The study, for instance, of the names of the heroes of the tales of specific races is exceedingly interesting. The author has shown that, at least in German and Russian *Märchen*, the hero is more often given a personal name than is perhaps usually supposed. Of the stories told by the Greeks of Cappadocia to Mr. Dawkins, on the other hand, certainly over 90 per cent. had for hero or heroine a character without a personal name. The one constant exception is the specific story of the *Brother who was turned into an Animal*, where the names Sophía and Constandí are always used.[1]

[1] Cf. von Hahn, No. 1, *Asterinos und Pulja.*

The question of the actual story-telling is one of great interest. Evidently the Russian *Märchen* has been very considerably influenced in form by the professional (*vide* pp. 5, 120). One is reminded of the Gaelic analogy.[2] The German tales have not been dominated by the professional, and, while it is quite true that amateurs are differently gifted, the gifted amateur *raconteur*, such as Frau Vichmännin (p. 6), is very different from the professional storyteller.

Interesting, too, are the reflections of social conditions and historical factors in folk-tales. The distribution of the disbanded soldier as the hero might repay investigation. He is popular in Russia as well as in Germany and France.

The restriction of the field of discussion by the intensive method has of course its peculiar dangers. There are some explanations of phenomena offered in the course of the book that seem doubtful. It is dangerous, I fancy, to dismiss *Märchen* as founded on mediaeval works and romances, and therefore not true folk-tale. One cannot help remembering that the works and romances are themselves for the great part *Märchen* worked up. I am dubious as to the suggestion that the matrimonial difficulties, which arise where the hero rescues more than one princess in successive adventures, are due to faulty narration. It is a phenomenon with which a student of Greek folk-tale is very familiar. Clearly from the Turkish parallels the stories are originally polygamous, and it is the fault of the story, not of any clumsiness on the part of the narrator, that its adaptation to a monogamous society strains its framework.

It will be seen that there are a host of interesting points raised and suggested in the book. Once more it is very desirable that the author should supplement it on a wider scale. The Russian stories, as I had imagined from such material as was accessible in translation, belong definitely to a Near Eastern group. The members of this group differ naturally among themselves in detail, but from the point of view of their common differences from Western European stories they are comparatively homogeneous. We should like to know more about the differences in the popu-

[2] Compare, for instance, the remarks of Dr. Douglas Hyde in the introduction to his *Beside the Fire*.

larity of stories. For instance, *The Faithless Mother*, alluded to on p. 114, is very common not merely in Slav countries but all through the Near Eastern group. It is not popular in Western Europe. Many stories whose general type is common to the two groups are very different in their species. Our author alludes to *Marienkind* (p. 106), of which the Near Eastern type, to which some at least of the Russian versions evidently conform, is very different to the German.

Further, we wish to hear more of the differences in supernatural machinery and in the conventional detail. The tutor, who takes the place of *The Faithful Servant* in Russian stories, is of course the *Lala* of Turkish folk-tale. The magic horse is another interesting feature. He is amazingly popular in Russia, and in varying degree among other members of the Near Eastern group. We should like to have worked out in greater detail the more prosaic treatment which these and similar creatures of a wonder world receive at the hands of German peasants. In German *Märchen* the magic horse is only an enchanted man (*vide* p. 67).

W. R. Halliday.

Piedmont. By Estella Canziani and Eleanour Rohde. With 50 repro. of pictures and many line drawings by Estella Canziani. Chatto & Windus, 1913. 4to, pp. viii + 204. 21s. *n.*

In these pages the folk beliefs and customs of Piedmont rear themselves like wild flowers amidst their natural surroundings, and not like specimens pulled up and classified in a herbarium, after the *drying* which is sometimes a preliminary to their scientific arrangement. Their home background is literally painted in for us with faithful and glowing detail that could only be noted by a woman and set down by an accomplished artist. In the pictures brilliantly reproduced we see in vivid colours not only the mountain clouds and mist and cliffs, and the lovely childhood and wonderfully withered old age of the mountaineers, but the rude frescoes of saints on the pillars, "the arch where the mules go home to the stable," the beautiful fête costumes, the hair orna-

ments and amulets against the evil eye, and such intimate domestic scenes as the scouring of coppers and the making of petticoats,—all so lovingly rendered that even the beads of the rosary held by the girl ready for mass are of the right number,—an accuracy rarely achieved by painters!

The text also shows how woman can enter and record where man might not think to tread, for, when the simple communal life of the peasant is depicted for us, we are told the methods of his baking and the shapes of his baskets; we hear how the old women climb trees to get leaves for their animals, and how shoes are usually carried in the hand so that they shall not wear out quickly.

Miss Canziani has gathered a good deal of folklore of types familiar over a far wider area. Thus (pp. 141-2) a strong wind shows that a bad person is dead; it is unlucky to shoot a swallow or to borrow a needle (unless you prick yourself with it), or for bells to sound when the clock strikes, or for a bridal party to meet a funeral or to encounter rain; you should wish when a star falls; the "man in the moon" was taken up as a punishment for throwing mud at her; (p. 75) potatoes should be sown under a waxing moon; (p. 33) a falling star foretells death; (p. 145) a dried toad stops bleeding[1]; (p. 144) a mad dog's hair fried in oil cures hydrophobia; a seventh child has the power of healing; (p. 36) a dead pine-tree and flags are always set on the roof of a newly finished house; and so on. But there is much unfamiliar matter, and the differentiation due to race, (which tends to be obscured by the emphasis laid so often and almost exclusively on "parallels"), is perhaps indicated by the considerable dissimilarity of the Piedmont collections as a whole from those made by the author in Savoy. Much of the difference seems due to importation from the south, which is confirmed by such things as the preservation at Orta of a "dragon's vertebra," a profane relic of a kind nowadays mainly found in Italy.

The folklore typical of mountain districts is also fairly abundant; the devil causes thunder by beating his wife (p. 140), makes a mountain by dropping a load of stones (p. 174), leaves marks of his claws, and has his Stones and Holes and Bridges; the dead

[1] Cf. vol. xxiv., p. 495.

march in night processions (the 'cours,' pp. 75, 111, 114-5); there are hidden treasures, etc. Some samples of the dances, games, proverbs, festivals, and courtship, marriage, and death customs have appeared in *Folk-Lore*,[2] but there is great wealth of additional material in this volume. The folk-tales are numerous, but not very striking or exceptionally interesting; the absence of drolls probably merely shows that the narrators were generally women, as there is a Gotham village (p. 94). But the folk-songs recorded would repay, and seem to require, more critical examination,—especially as a number of melodies are noted, and Count Nigra's *Canti Popolari del Piemonte* (Turin, 1888), only gives sixteen airs.

Space is not available for more than mention of the fairies (pp. 69, 119-21), the poltergeists (pp. 74, 113), the *calchetto* (a nightmare baffled by being set to count rice grains, p. 111), the wicked souls who run as night dogs (p. 12), the numerous witches (with whom the marmots dance, p. 76, and who torment as flies, p. 113), or the magic and divination (of which we may cite that a mattress stuffed with oakleaves makes a child robust, p. 159, and that a walnut tree is split and a sick child passed through to divine the chances of recovery, p. 144). We have given pages freely as the index is not very helpful.

As we hope that *The Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy* and *Piedmont* will be followed by other volumes equally delightful, we will suggest no improvements in arrangement that might rob the notes of their spontaneity, but we must say that the value of the folklore would be enhanced if pains were taken always to indicate as precisely as possible whence it was obtained, and to distinguish what is living in the mouths of the folk from what comes from a literary source. For instance, amongst remedies on p. 145 one is told to put lion's eyes under the armpit, eat an elephant's heart warm, drink giraffe's milk, etc., but can these be current folk-medicine? It would help the ordinary reader also if words not familiar to him were explained, *e.g.* on p. 7 "St. Michael's Day passed, the marenda goes to heaven," but should one be expected to know all about this dish?

A. R. Wright.

[2] Vol. xxiii., pp. 457-60; vol. xxiv., pp. 91-6, 213-8, 362-4.

Short Bibliographical Notices.

Folk Tales of Breffny. By B. Hunt. Macmillan, 1912. Sm. 8vo, pp. viii + 197. 3s. 6d. *n.*

This is one of the most delightful books of stories which has been published in recent years. It contains memories of talk to a child of seven by an old labourer who had "the real old knowledge was handed down from the ancient times." "Most of his lore died with him," but we owe great gratitude for these twenty-six surviving tales, which, like the Waterford Tales elsewhere in this number, show that, if England has but few ears of story to glean, there are still rich sheaves to harvest in Erin. Fifteen tales relate to the fairies (three to leprechauns), two to the Devil, three to witchcraft, and four to hidden treasure (one being a version of the Tinker of Swaffham).

Materials for the Study of the Ainu Language and Folklore. Coll. by Bronislaw Pilsudski and edit. by J. Rozwadowski. Cracow: Spolka Wydawnicza Polska, 1912. 8vo, pp. xxviii + 242.

The Ainu believe that "there is danger from goblins for anyone who talks much of the things of old time," but Mr. Pilsudski, who spent amongst the Ainu of Sakhalin several of the eighteen years of his involuntary sojourn in the Far East, and also visited the Ainu of the Hokkaido, won their trust, and has gathered from their lips a large mass of folklore. The present volume, besides a short general account of their oral narratives and songs, contains the original texts of twenty-seven historical traditions, with English translations and copious phonetical, grammatical, and ethnographical notes. The volume can be very highly commended to students, who should secure that it shall meet with such a sale as to justify a speedy publication of the remainder of the 350 texts collected.

Books for Review should be addressed to
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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.] SEPTEMBER, 1914. No. III.

EVENING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. Hilton Simpson as a member, and the enrolment of the Baillie's Institution, Glasgow, as a subscriber, were announced.

Miss Edith Carey read a paper entitled "La Chevauchée de S. Michael in the Island of Guernsey," and in the discussion which followed Miss Murray, Sir Laurence Gomme, Miss Broadwood, Miss Burne, Miss Moutray Read and the President took part. The President read a letter from Professor Fleure, of Aberystwith, comparing the Chevauchée with some of the less well known Breton Pardons.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Carey for her paper.

EVENING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17th, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. F. W. Migeod and Mr. F. G. Figg as members of the Society was announced.

The deaths of Mr. E. Marston, Mr. A. Wood and Dr. W. Aldis Wright, and the resignations of Mr. S. Langdon and Mr. F. A. Brockhaus were also announced.

Dr. Gaster read a paper entitled "Roumanian Popular Tales and Legends of Birds, Beasts and Insects," and in the discussion which followed Mr. Barker, Miss Burne, Mr. Stanley Casson, Mr. Udal, Miss Meterlekamp, and Miss Hull took part.

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Gaster for his paper.

The Secretary reported the following additions to the Library:—

Pemba, The Spice Island of Zanzibar. By Capt. J. E. E. Craster (1913).

Psychical Research and Survival. (Quest Series.) By Jas. H. Hyslop (1913).

Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants. By Grace Cleveland Porter (1914).

Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk. By E. Carpenter (1914).

Primeval Man. By A. Hingston Quiggin (1912).

The Infancy of Religion. By D. C. Owen (1914).

Grammar of the Kurmanji or Kurdish Language. By E. B. Soane (1913).

The Celtic Annual, 1913.

The Peoples of India. By J. D. Anderson (1913).

The Threshold of Religion. By R. R. Marett. 2nd ed. (1914).

The Archaeological Collection from the Southern Interior of British Columbia. By Harlan I. Smith (1913).

The Childhood of the World. By E. Clodd. New ed. (1914).

The Code of Handsome Lake, the Seneca Prophet. By A. C. Parker (1913).

Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia. By Baldwin Spencer (1914).

Psyche's Task. By J. G. Frazer. 2nd ed. (1913).

Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco. By E. Westermarck (1914).

Kinship and Social Organization. By W. H. R. Rivers (1914).

The Golden Bough. Part IV., Vols. 1 and 2 (Adonis, Attis, Osiris). By J. G. Frazer. 3rd ed. (1914).

Essays and Studies Presented to William Ridgeway (1913).

Boanerges. By Rendel Harris (1913).

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By J. H. Weeks (1914).

Irish Texts Society, Vol. XII. (1913).

Ceremonies and Beliefs connected with Agriculture etc. in Morocco. By E. Westermarck (1913).

Anthropological Report on the Ibo-speaking Peoples. By N. W. Thomas. 3 vols. (1913).

A Glossary of Mediaeval Welsh Law. By T. Lewis (1913).

Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya. By H. L. Haughton (1913).

Marias Jungfräuliche Mutterschaft. Von A. J. Storfer (1914).

Erziehung zur Arbeit. Von E. Lehman (1914).

Die Religion der Griechen. Von E. Samter (1914).

Island. Das Land und das Volk. Von P. Herrmann (1914).

Eine Erzählung im Dialekt von Ermenne (Nubien). Von H. Abel (1913).

Entstehung der Welt unter der Erde nach Sage und Wissenschaft. Von D. M. B. Weinstein (1913).

Aufsätze und Vorträge. Von S. Singer (1912).

Rites et Légendes Bulgares, Étude Comparée, I. By M. Arnoudov (1912).

Na Se Bonnaich Bheaga and other Easy Gaelic Fairy Tales.

„ „ *The Six Little Bannocks* (Eng. trans.).

Εκλογαι . . . . Ν. Γ. Πολιτου (1914).

Archives Suisses d'Anthropologie générale. Tom. I. (1914).

En Algérie. Par A. van Gennep (1914).

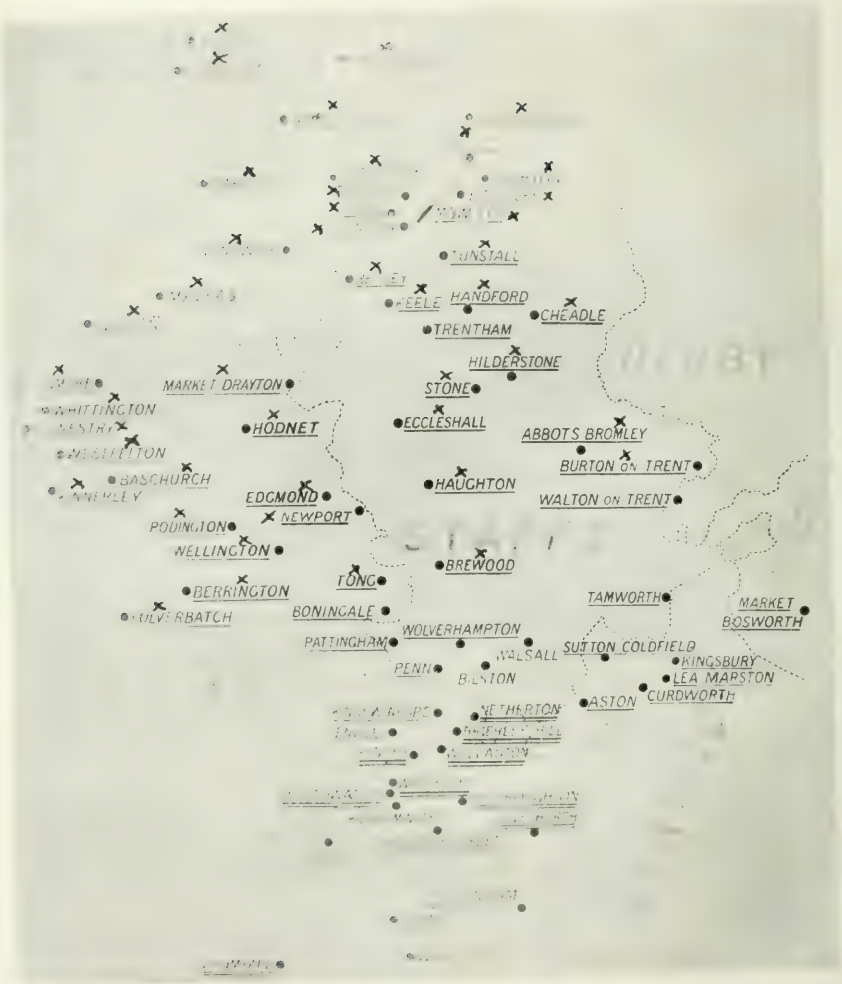
Le Roman de Renard. Par L. Foulet (1914).

L'Année Sociologique. Tom. XII. (1909-12, pub. 1913).

Archiv fur Religionswissenschaft. 16th Band, 3rd and 4th parts (1913).

Schweizerisches Archiv fur Volkskunde. 18th Jahrgang, Hefts 1 und 2 (1914).

Die stellvertretende Huhnopfer. Von Isidor Scheftelowitz (1914).



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE CUSTOMS OF SOULING, CLEMENTING, AND CATTERNING.

Names marked with a cross denote localities where Souling is practised.
Names underlined denote localities of Clementing.
Names doubly underlined denote Catterning.

To face p. 285.

SOULING, CLEMENTING, AND CATTERNING.

THREE NOVEMBER CUSTOMS OF THE WESTERN MIDLANDS.

BY CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.[1]

AT the request of our President I am to bring to your notice this morning three customs—or rather three varieties of one custom—practised in the month of November in the counties of Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and carried on in recent years within a few miles of the place where we are now assembled. The localities in which these customs have been recorded are marked on the map—Souling with a cross, Clementing with a black line, and Catterning with two black lines. You see that each occupies a well-marked area, and each "marches" pretty closely with its neighbours. Trivial though these customs are, and in the last stage of decay, yet nevertheless their history may serve to illustrate the general history of institutions—their growth and decay, the effect upon indigenous custom of the introduction of new ideas, and the result produced by the contact of cultures.

There is one point that is forcibly impressed on the mind by the study of calendar customs, and that point is that, to arrive at a true understanding of our ancient seasonal customs, we must first of all realize that each calendar fast or festival had its economic as well as its social and religious sides, and conversely its religious and

[1] Read before Section H. (Anthropology) at the meeting of the British Association, Birmingham, 1913.

social as well as its economic side. We see this still in the case of Christmas, which brings Christmas holidays and amusements, Christmas services and charities (Christmas in the churches, as the newspapers have it), and also Christmas bills. Unless we grasp the fact of the many-sided character of the annual festivals of our forefathers, we cannot hope to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the observances connected with them. It is from this point of view that I would discuss the local November customs in question.

I need hardly take up your time by reminding you that the ancient Celts (and probably also the Teutons, but Teutons are out of fashion just now!) reckoned only two seasons in the year, and began it with the winter season in November, not with the summer season in May. This, obviously, is the practical husbandman's calendar, beginning the year with ploughing and ending it after harvest. Vestiges of this ancient reckoning are still traceable in Wales, in Scotland, and in the north of England, where houses are let and servants—especially *farm*-servants—are engaged for the year or half-year at the beginning of one or the other of these two seasons. And in the Isle of Man Sir John Rhys tells us (*C.Fl.*, 316) he has even known it seriously debated whether the 1st of January or the 1st of November is the true New-Year's Day.

There can, moreover, be little doubt that even in pagan times "November Night" was already an annual Feast of the Dead long before it was transformed by the Church into the two consecutive festivals of All Saints and All Souls—Hallowmas or Hollantide in popular speech. In most of the more Celtic parts of the island bonfires are still, or were but recently, lighted on the hills on Hallow E'en; and in Ireland the belief that the spirits of the dead are then abroad is still firmly held. In England it was customary to ring the church bells all night on Hallowmas Eve, till the practice was forbidden by an Order of Council

under Elizabeth. The Hallow E'en games and rites of divination with which Burns has made us familiar are still carried on in Scotland, and Irish boys still loot their neighbours' cabbage-gardens, making use of the lawless liberty so often permitted on the day or hour that marks the passage from one year to another, or from the old régime to the new. The position of Hallowmas as originally a pre-Christian New-Year festival, at once religious, social, and economic, may, I think, be taken to be established.

In the district shown on the map the solstitial quarters of the Julian and Gregorian Calendar have long superseded the ancient seasonal half-years as the dates for entering on or terminating service or tenancy. These latter still regulate the lighting of fires and the pasturage of cattle, but the only surviving *rite* observed at Hallowmas is that which we are now to discuss.

On either the 1st or 2nd of November—All Saints' and All Souls' Days—in Cheshire, North Shropshire, and North Staffordshire, children go from house to house singing, or rather droning out, a rhyming ditty, and begging for cakes, ale, and apples:—

> "Soul, soul, for a soul cake!
> Pray, good missis, a soul cake!"

> "Peter stands at yonder gate
> Waiting for a soul cake!"

Aubrey in 1686 speaks of seeing "the board" piled with flat round cakes—like the illustrations of the table of the shewbread in the old Bibles—which in his time Shropshire housewives were wont to set ready for all comers. Blount's *Glossographia* (1674) mentions the custom of doling *soul-mass-cakes* as extending from Lancashire to Herefordshire. This would include the area shown on the map, outside which I have not met with it,[2] except in isolated instances

[2] Evidence lately to hand shows that it extended into the Welsh districts adjoining Oswestry.

—viz. one at Monmouth,[3] one near Sheffield,[4] and one at Marton in Lancashire,[5] which of course comes within Blount's area. But though I have not heard of any general dole elsewhere, yet cakes are associated with the festival in various places. At Whitby they were called *soul-mass loaves*, and were believed to be imperishable.

Aubrey records the "rhythm or saying" current in his day as:—

> "A Soule-cake, a Soule-cake,
> Have mercy on all Christen soules for a Soule-cake!"

which is clearly a reminiscence of the pre-Reformation practice of prayers for the dead. Blount states that the recipients of the dole returned thanks for the gift by the pious aspiration: "God have your soul, bones and all!" ("beens," *i.e.* banes, bones). Here, it is the soul of the living donor that is to be benefited by the dole. Several of the present-day versions of the Souling ditty allude to the blessing that will return to the giver:—

> "Pray, good people, give us a cake!
> For we are all poor people, well known to you before,
> So give us a cake, for charity's sake,
> And a blessing we'll leave at your door!"

But the following couplets, which Mr. G. T. Lawley, the historian of Bilston, heard there in 1857, droned out by a party of old women in grey or black cloaks, preserve a distinctly pre-Reformation form:—

> "Here we be a-standing round about your door,
> We be come a-souling, an' we bin very poor!"

> "Remember the departed, for holy Mary's sake,
> And of your charity, pray gi' we a big soul-cake!"

The Reformed doctrine, as readers of Macaulay know, never thoroughly leavened Staffordshire, where little groups

[3] Miss Marie Meek. [4] B.F-M. [5] Porter's *Hist. of the Fylde.*

of hereditary Romanists exist even at the present day; and it was, in fact, at a Romanist house that the women were singing. I have not marked Bilston as a "souling" locality on the map, because Mr. Lawley, who was only a schoolboy at the time, cannot recollect the exact date on which he saw them.

In Cheshire the practice of souling seems to have been specially vigorous. Down to the later years of the nineteenth century we there hear of parties of young men—not children—going souling, singing a variety of songs, performing the Mummers' Play usually acted at Christmas, and taking with them a hobby-horse to enforce compliance with their demands. But elsewhere—that is, in North Shropshire and North Staffordshire—the practice is now confined almost entirely to the children; cakes are rarely provided, and the children content themselves with begging for fruit in a singsong peculiar to the occasion. Thus:—

"Soul, soul, for an apple or two,
If you've got no apples, pears'll do!
One for Peter, two for Paul,
And three for Him that made us all!
An apple, pear, plum, or cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry!
Up with the kettle and down with the pan!
Give us a good big 'un and we'll be gone.
Soul day, Soul!" (*Da capo.*)

The object for which apples were asked for was originally no doubt to use them in the games and divinations of the season, in which apples always played an important part, but they would be wanted above all for making the *lambswool*, the bowl of hot spiced ale and roasted apples which, with the cakes, formed the special dainty of the festival. The men's souling songs were full of references to good ale. Here is part of one which I took down fifty years ago from

the mouth of a Shropshire labourer who had sung it not many years before :—

> "Here's two or three hearty lads standing hard by,
> We are come a-souling, good nature to try,
> We are come a-souling, as well doth appear,
> And all that we soul for is ale and strong beer.
>
> Go down into your cellar and there you shall find
> Both ale, beer, and brandy, and the best of all wine;
> And when we have got it, O then you shall see,
> And when we have drunk it, how merry we'll be!
>
> I pray, my good missis, don't tarry to spin,
> Look for a jug to draw some drink in,
> And when you are drawing, don't let your heart fail,
> But draw us one jug of your bonny brown ale!"

Nearly the same set of words was sent me by the leader of the Abbot's Bromley horn-dance less than a month ago.

So much for Souling. Now in *South* Staffordshire exactly the same custom, but without any mention of the cakes, is practised on St. Clement's Day, November 23rd, and is called *Clementing*. This is not a modern innovation or a degenerate practice. The historian of Staffordshire, Dr. Plot, in 1686, noted that in the Clog Almanacks (probably the same now preserved in the William Salt Library at Stafford), "a Pot is marked against the 23rd November, the Feast of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with." It is often called Bite-apple or Bob-apple Day, because the children hang the apples from strings, or put them in tubs of water, and catch them with their teeth. Further south, in *North Worcestershire*, the same custom is observed on St. Katharine's Day, the 25th, under the name of *Catterning*. In both cases it has now passed into the hands of the children. The ditties resemble the Souling ditties, with

the omission of any allusion to cakes. Instead of "Soul, soul, for a soul-cake," we have

> "Clemeny, Clemeny, Clemeny mine!
> A good red apple and a pint of wine!"

or:—

> "Clemeny, Clemeny, year by year,
> Some of your apples and some of your beer!"

Or again:—

> "Cattern and Clemen' be here, be here,
> Some of your apples and some of your beer!"

and so on to:—

> "Up with the ladder and down with the can!
> Give me red apples and I'll be gone!"

At all three festivals the exact words vary in different places, and the couplets which form the nucleus of the ditty are frequently interspersed with snatches of song appealing to the feelings of the hearers, such as:—

> "Dame come down and deal your dole!
> And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

> "We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
> But we are neighbours' children whom you have seen before."

> "The master and the missis are sitting by the fire
> While we poor children are a-trudging in the mire.
> The lanes are very dirty, our shoes are very thin,
> We've got a little pocket to put a penny in!"

The last tag I shall quote seems more especially to belong to the Catterning ditty:—

> "Roll, roll!
> Gentleman butler, fill the bowl!
> If you fill it of the best,
> God will send your soul to rest!
> If you fill it of the small
> You shall have no rest at all!"

To which a Kinver correspondent adds :—

> "If you fill it from the well
> God will send your soul to Hell!"

To turn now to the map (Plate XVI, p. 285). The places marked are those at which we know on good authority that the several customs are or have been observed within the memory of man.

The *Shropshire* notes were collected by myself and friends previous to 1885, (but Newport, 1912).

Cheshire, from printed sources (E.D.D., *N. and Q.*), by *Brand* workers.

North Staffordshire, by the Hon. Sec. of the Field Club, myself, and others, at various dates.

South Staffordshire, Mr. G. T. Lawley, myself, and others, at various dates.

Worcestershire, by Sir Richard Temple, through the local press, so lately as last autumn (1912). The accounts given by Allies and Noakes, the Worcestershire historians, 1840-50, mention no locality.

Observe the sharp boundary between the customs—Boningale and Tong, Enville and Kinver, only three miles apart. The Enville ditty has been recorded on three different occasions: by "Cuthbert Bede" in 1856, by the parson of the parish in the eighties, and by the National schoolmaster in response to Sir Richard Temple's appeal last autumn (1912). The Kinver version has also been recorded at different times, and each time it celebrates both St. Clement and St. Catharine, while that at Enville mentions St. Clement alone, so we see that the forms are fairly constant.

The southern boundary of the custom seems to be reached in Worcestershire, for enquiry through the *Evesham Journal* last autumn only elicited from *Gloucestershire* an account of a dole of apples on the 1st of January, with a ditty quite unlike ours but

somewhat resembling the Devon and Dorset wassailing formula:—

> "Blow well, bear well!
> God send 'ee fare well!
> Every sprig and every spray,
> A bushel of apples to give away,
> On New-Year's Day in the morning!"

This is quite another matter. The object in view is the welfare of next year's apple crop, not the singers' enjoyment of the present festival.

From *Warwickshire* the only modern evidence is of *Clementing* at Aston and Sutton on the outskirts of Birmingham, but judging from the simile Shakespeare (*Two Gent.*, I. ii.) applies to a disconsolate lover, "He goes puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas," *Souling* must once have prevailed there.

Two points now suggest themselves. Why was the dole transferred from the earlier to the later date in this particular area? and why were these three festivals observed in this particular way at all?

The festival of St. Clement, the reputed successor of St. Peter as Bishop of Rome, must have been known in England from the time of the mission of St. Augustine, but it probably did not come into any prominence until the rise of the craft-guilds in the Middle Ages. The legend of St. Clement relates that he was martyred by being tied to an anchor and drowned in the sea, which afterwards retreated for seven days every year, far enough to disclose the body of the saint, still fastened to his anchor, lying in a marble tomb. Owing apparently to the incident of the anchor, he was adopted by the blacksmiths as their patron. His day is still celebrated by the blacksmiths of the south-eastern counties by dinners, songs, and convivial rites, in honour of "Old Clem," as they call him; and in East Sussex, the earliest seat of the iron trade in England, we

meet with the dole again, and even with the familiar refrain:—

> "Cattern and Clemen' be here, here, here!
> Give us your apples and give us your beer!"[6]

The cult of St. Clement in the industrial district of South Staffordshire needs no further explanation. It is more difficult to account for that of St. Katharine of Alexandria. She was unknown in England before the twelfth century, when her legend seems to have been imported by the Crusaders. She was one of the chief of the virgin saints, in fact, only second in honour to St. Mary herself. The vision in which, according to her legend, she saw herself united to a Heavenly Bridegroom, caused her to be regarded as a kind of personification of the Church, and, together with her martyrdom by being torn to pieces by armed wheels revolving different ways, led also to her becoming a sort of "sex-patron" of unmarried women (*spinsters*). Dorsetshire girls are reported still to visit an ancient chapel of St. Katharine to pray for husbands, and St. Katharine's Day was kept as a festival by Buckinghamshire lacemakers within living memory. In the days of the old Poor Law the tallest girl in the Peterborough workhouse was chosen queen on St. Katharine's Day, and the whole party, gaily dressed, were taken round the town, singing a song with the burden, "A-spinning we will go!" And the ropemakers of Chatham and Rochester kept the day by carrying a girl decked as "Queen" Katharine round the town (Dyer's *British Popular Customs*, s.v.).

I can only suggest that it was the employment of women in the nail and chain-making trades on the northern borders of Worcestershire (which is even yet not entirely discontinued) that led to the Catterning form of the doles. But as these trades are carried on in the extreme south of Clementing Staffordshire (only in the extreme south) as

[6] *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii., p. 321.

well as Catterning Worcestershire, this does not entirely account for it. The needle-making and fish-hook-making of North Worcestershire may have had some effect, and perhaps a custom of the cathedral body of Worcester, which we shall come to presently, may have influenced it. (There was also a local saint, the Blessed Catharine Audley, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, about whom legends seem to have been current in Worcestershire, and whose cult may have promoted that of her own patron saint.)

The special connection of doles with all three festivals remains to be considered.

The feast of Hallowmas was naturally shorn of much of its economic importance when the old agricultural seasonal calendar was superseded by the scientific solstitial and equinoctial quarters of the Julian year. Yet some matters of business still continued to be transacted at the ancient date. Indeed, when rents were paid in kind this could hardly fail to be so. They must be paid when crops are ripe, etc., and you cannot alter such dates at pleasure. Even so late as 1695 Bishop White Kennet tells us that the feasts of All Saints and of St. Martin were the times appointed for the payment of such dues as arose from the fruits of the earth. Now it is a matter of common knowledge that old-fashioned rent days always included some degree of hospitality shown by the landlord to the tenant, or by the tithe-owner to the tithe-payer. And in medieval days at least any sort of feast included a dole, or at least a distribution of the fragments to the poor. I take it that the doles of ale and apples were once part of a custom of this kind, and that they descend from the days when rents and tithes were paid in kind, and the beggar at the gate was admitted to a share of the feast. That the prayers of the poor might thereby be purchased for the benefit of the souls in purgatory, for whose welfare all men would at Hallowmas be specially concerned, would be an additional motive for liberality. This, I take it, is the early history of Souling.

There can be little doubt that the transference of the dole to St. Clement's and St. Katharine's Days, three weeks later, was due to economic causes. I need hardly point out that it mainly occurs in the industrial districts. As long as rents were paid in kind, they could be paid on the exact date on which they were due, but when trade developed and cash payments became customary, some spell of grace became necessary, for a man must get in his debts before he could pay his dues.[7] Accordingly, the code of "Ordynances," or by-laws, of the borough of Walsall,[8] drawn up about the year 1440, decrees that the "Mayer" shall render up his "accompts" in presence of some of his "bredren" every year on St. Clement's Day, and the wardens of the guilds—of which the borough could boast two—shall render theirs on St. Katharine's Day. Burgesses who had not paid their dues by St. Clement's Day were to be heavily fined. Within the memory of man the day was still called Clement's Accompt. The business concluded, apples and nuts were thrown from the windows of the Guildhall to be scrambled for by the crowd outside, who were also "amused by hot coppers scattered among them by Griffin the town crier" (*ibid.*, p. 429). The Grammar School boys were admitted into the Guildhall to scramble for apples thrown to them from the magistrates' bench. The Corporation "accompts" show that sums varying from £1 to £3 were annually spent in this way. The custom was only discontinued in the year 1860.

It is interesting to learn that the church of Walsall was formerly dedicated to All Saints, and that till it was pulled down and rebuilt in 1820 it contained four chapels, dedicated respectively to St. Mary, St. Nicholas, *St. Clement*, and *St. Katharine*. You will notice that the

[7] Even to this day, in many country places, tradesmen only send in their accounts once a year, and country drapers and other small shopkeepers often offer wine to their customers when a bill is paid.

[8] Willmore, F. W., *History of Walsall* (1887), pp. 165, 429.

Church allowed two more days' grace for payment than the State.

In Worcestershire we find indications of a similar system. The Dean and Chapter of Worcester also completed their annual rent audit on St. Katharine's Day, and were accustomed to celebrate the occasion by sending a bowl of mulled wine, called a Cattern Bowl, to every house in the precincts.[9] (In this connection it may be worth while to mention that some of the more isolated places where we hear of Catterning were in early times the property of the see of Worcester.)

Before concluding, I must just mention a rather confused story told by a correspondent of *Gent. Mag.* in 1790. At Kidderminster, he says, on the annual election of the Bailiff, a "Lawless Hour" was proclaimed, during which the populace threw cabbage-stalks at each other in the streets. The new Bailiff then went in procession to visit the principal inhabitants, and was received at each house with showers of apples. No date is given, so I am unable to place the custom properly, but considering the locality one cannot but feel that it must be connected with the apple doles. At all events, it exhibits the beginning of an official year marked by gifts of fruit, and by scattering it over the new beginners.[10]

[9] Brand, i., 412.

[10] Since the above was written I have received the following additional notes, by the kindness of Mr. T. Pape of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and of my nephew, Mr. S. A. H. Burne :—

Newcastle-under-Lyme has been a corporate town since the time of Henry III., and the Mayoral election was held on the Tuesday after Michaelmas Day, from 1368 (the earliest of which there is any record) to the passing of the Municipal Reform Act in 1835, when it was changed to the Tuesday after November 9th. On the 25th January, 1910, a boy named Wheatley sued a firm of tradesmen in the local County Court. The newspaper report of the case states that on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 1909, "plaintiff, in accordance with an annual custom observed at Newcastle on the day of the Mayoral election, called 'clouting-out day,' visited with a number of other boys the premises of tradespeople and residents in the expectation of having nuts, apples, etc., and sometimes

Taken by themselves these trivial little old customs may seem to have no more than a local antiquarian interest, and a mere equation of them with other begging customs elsewhere would not suffice to give them any anthropological value; but when we enquire into *When* and *Where*, as well as *What* and *How*, when we study them historically (as in Europe it is possible to study custom) and consider them in relation to their economic environment, they become, as I have endeavoured to demonstrate, an object-lesson in the effect of the contact of cultures. They exhibit an example of successive layers of imported culture superimposed on a groundwork of indigenous custom. We have first the ancient—I might almost say the prehistoric—autumnal celebration of the old and new year, probably always combined with a Feast of the Dead. Then we get the introduction of Christianity, transforming the pagan feast into the festival of Hallowmas. Next we meet with that combination of newly introduced subsidiary cults with newly organized and specialized crafts, which marks the

coppers, thrown into the street to be scrambled for. Plaintiff was burnt by receiving a red-hot copper down his sleeve." (He lost the action on technical grounds.)

Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik), in her *Studies of Life*, published in 1861, thus describes the Mayoral election at Newcastle in her early days: "What a grand event was the first frost! which I have known come so early as the 9th of November—'Mayor-choosing day,' or 'clouting-out day'—which, by old town custom, was the very Saturnalia of play. All the children in every school or private house were 'clouted-out' by a body of young revolutionists armed with 'clouts'—knotted ropes—with which they battered at school-doors. All the delighted prisoners were set free. Woe be to the master or mistress who refused the holiday! for there would not have been a whole pane left in the schoolroom windows: and I doubt if even his worship the new Mayor would have dared to fly in the face of public opinion by punishing any 'clouter.'"

In the case of Newcastle we see the custom of doling apples, etc., divorced from all ecclesiastical associations and associated with the beginning of the municipal year and with the licensed holiday common at New-Year festivals, as the All Saints' doles were with the agricultural year and the St. Clement's doles with the trade-guilds' year. It thus falls into line with the Kidderminster Lawless Hour, and brings that into connection with the rest.

progress of civilization in the Middle Ages. Thus St. Clement and St. Katharine come into prominence, and especially into local prominence. Then comes the period of decay. The theological changes of the sixteenth century shatter the religious side of the kindly old customs, while simultaneously the centralizing despotism of the time crushes the guilds which did so much to maintain them; and the economic changes of succeeding centuries and of a civilization that is continually growing more and more complicated deprive the several dates, once so important, of any real significance. The old observances dwindle away, or are only kept up by "the most conservative part of the population, the children," wherever good-natured elders still allow them to benefit by them.

C. S. BURNE.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE EGYPTIAN *ZAR*.

BY BRENDA Z. SELIGMANN.

THE celebration of *zār* is a common practice in Cairo and, I believe, in all other Egyptian towns at the present day. The word itself needs some explanation. In Spiro's vocabulary of the colloquial Arabic of Egypt it is translated by "negro incantation" and no plural or derivation is given. It was suggested to me by an Egyptian that it meant "visitation" and came from the Arabic verb *zāra*, "he visited," but this does not seem probable, nor does Dr. Schnouck Hurgronje favour this view. In the Sudan I only found the word *zār* used to mean the ceremony, the spirits themselves being spoken of as *asaid*, "masters"; and it is used in this sense by Niya Salima (Madame Ruchdi Pasha) in *Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte*. There seems no doubt that the word is Abyssinian, though it appears that its meaning has changed during its travels. Originally it meant a spirit, and thus secondarily in a special sense the magician who communicates with the spirits. According to Plowden a *zār* is "a magician and medicine man, a man who by spells, or through being spirited away by them in his childhood obtains the power of intimate communication with those beings and is regarded as one of them."[1] Herr P. Kahle in his interesting article on Zar Beschworungen in *Der Islam*, 1913, occasionally uses the word to mean spirit as well as the ceremony performed; his observations were made among the lower classes in Cairo and Luxor. Mr. Rex Engelbach, who kindly placed at my disposal some

[1] W. C. Plowden, *Abyssinia and the Galla Country* (London, 1868), p. 264.

notes, taken among the fellahin of Lower Egypt, also used the word in both senses.

Judging by all the *zar* and ceremonies like them that I have been able to compare in North and Central Africa I believe that though the word comes from Abyssinia, the ceremony as practised in Egypt at the present day has been introduced by black slaves from the Negro tribes of Tropical Africa, and though comparable to the practices in vogue in Abyssinia is not derived from them. There is no doubt that words are carried very far by means of a *lingua franca* like Arabic, their origin forgotten and their meaning extended and changed. Thus *kojur* is used throughout the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to mean "medicine man" whether he be rainmaker, magician or sorcerer; nor is this a recent practice, for it was used in this sense by Baker. Indeed, so widely has the word spread that the ordinary Arabic-speaking Sudani does not realise that it is not Arabic, and almost any Egyptian officer will tell you that it comes from Kordofan, the White Nile, the Bahr el-Ghazal, or any province he happens not to have visited.

Descriptions of two ceremonies are to be found in Niya Salima's extremely interesting book. The authoress relates that her Negro servant was possessed by a spirit who caused the woman to limp because it—the 'familiar'—objected to her mistress wearing black clothes. On going into the matter Madame Salima discovered that the great majority of black women had familiar spirits whom they speak of as their *asiad*, "masters." "They (the spirits) come from the Sudan, Hejaz and Egypt and elsewhere, but all are evil and to be feared."[2] Certain women called Sheykhat (sing. Sheykha) or Kudiyat (sing. Kudiya)[3] claim powers of dealing with spirits. When a woman becomes possessed (some slight indisposition is generally the first sign) she consults

[2] *Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte*, p. 260.

[3] "Goudia negresse sorciere et exorciste, comme les sheikhas," *op. cit.*, p. 257. Goudia is obviously another transliteration of the same word.

the Sheykha, who ascertains the name of the spirit and prescribes the treatment. Sometimes the familiar declares itself to be a near relative of another spirit haunting some other patient of the Sheykha. This naturally causes close friendship between the two hosts often to the great pecuniary advantage of the Sheykha and at least to one of the women. The spirits torment their hosts in various ways until a *zār* is held to appease them. "But there are Zar and Zar, there are sumptuous ones, on which large sums are expended.... There are also private zar held at home ... and these which the sheykha and the goudias hold regularly once a week.... Before Ramadan these women solemnly celebrate their annual *moulid* (fair or fête). For several days possessed women flock to them and presents stream in."[4]

The following account is condensed from a description of a private *zār* in *Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte.* A lopsided table of acacia wood standing on a worn Persian carpet occupied the middle of the room. Beside it two candles guttered in a delapidated silver candlestick. The subject, for whose benefit the ceremony was held was a tall, stout woman with a clear healthy skin neither over excited nor depressed. The room was crowded with women and children. Soon the negresses gather in one corner of the room round the drums, an orchestra fit to madden a hypersensitive listener. The *Goudia* threw pinches of powder on a brazier, lights were lit and a group of women formed a circle round the table now loaded with sugar, honey, soap, pastry, sweets and a bunch of roses. The high-priestess chanted prayers, her companions muttering responses; she made cabalistic signs over the objects in front of her and threw aromatic powders on the brazier. The sick woman and other negresses were censed; the atmosphere became heavier and heavier and the noise of the drums more and more piercing. Some strange power seemed to be exerted

[4] *Op. cit.*, p. 263.

over these women; a sudden impulse would seize them and they would become frenzied. One crept along the floor, her head rubbing the carpet, one arm moving spasmodically as though swimming in some impalpable fluid. Soon about ten of them were dancing, intoxicated by the reeking atmosphere and the sound of the drums. A ram was brought and decorated with ribbons and ornaments; the patient gripped its woolly mane, and tottering and shaking passed thrice round the room before going into the yard. Soon the sick woman and her companions came back with blood-stained hands and veils, the *Goudia* holding a dish heaped with ornaments covered with blood. The dance began again and became more and more frantic until a sudden silence struck the performers motionless, some falling on their knees, others on the ground completely dazed. The *Goudia* ministered to them all, touching them and whispering holy words. At length, soothed, they went back to their seats, with unfaltering gait and placid expression, respectable matrons all, who had merely carried out some health-giving exercise.

The great annual festival lasts about a week. Each evening there is a ceremony, masses of provisions sent by devotees being distributed to the performers. On the last evening animals are sacrificed and the victims of the *zār* observed by Niya Salima included sheep, goats, calves, a young camel and many fowls. This *zār* was held in a clean, well-kept house where the barbaric ceremonial seemed utterly out of place. Soon eight women became possessed and one of the onlookers was heard to say that they were the great ones (*bashawat*) of the demon world. To each of them was given a *tarbush* and many scarves, and a sword or a stick as they moved rhythmically round and round, some with eyes shut, others with a fixed glassy stare. Incoherent words, hoarse exclamations, and bayings as of a dog, came from their mouths, scattering the froth that whitened their lips. One of them, tall and strongly built, kept on raising

her hand to her neck as though she were cutting a throat with a knife; her *afrīt*[5] required the sacrifice of a sheep. A tall withered negress with a sardonic expression seemed to act as stage manager. Suddenly the drums burst into the rhythm preferred by her spirit and she fell to the ground in a cataleptic fit, and another woman took her place. An Egyptian Officer told me he had been taken to a *zār* when he was a small child and his description coincided with the above in all the principal features. The *zār* being an affair where women of many different families meet, men of the upper classes are not admitted. They hold them in great abhorrence as a source of continual annoyance and often of great expense, as apart from the ceremonial and fees to the Sheykhat the familiars often demand quantities of jewellery for their "hosts." The practice is not confined to negresses, slaves, and freed women; on the contrary Egyptian women frequently believe themselves possessed, and more than one man has been known to divorce his wife because she has persisted in attending *zār*. Though the celebrants profess to be Muslims and often make use of pious expressions throughout the ceremony, these customs have no religious sanction; indeed, so great is the Mohammedan feeling against them that the Ulema of the Ashar Mosque of Cairo have asked the assistance of the Government to suppress them.[6]

[5] *Afrīt* is the ordinary word for an evil spirit, but one possessed would not use such a disrespectful term for her familiar.

[6] Extract from Letter No. 10 of the Ulema of the Ashar University Mosque of Cairo to the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, 10th Shaaban, 1312 A.H. (Feb., 1895).

"The appearance among the Muslim public of unorthodox practices has resulted in the violation of the true Faith: their morality and ideas have suffered a set back and corruption has entered their character.

"It is commonly said that the cause of this is the negligence of the Ulema in failing to pronounce against these practices and to demand their prohibition, thereby leading the generality to believe them lawful in our religion.

"For this reason we have assembled on this date and decided to request the Government of H.H. the Khedive to forbid the unorthodox doings hereafter

Though among the upper classes *zār* are almost entirely confined to the women, this is by no means the case among the people. Herr P. Kahle[7] describes *zār* in Cairo and Luxor, in both of which men and women participate, and in these ceremonies the spilling of the blood of the victim over the patient, who may also drink of it, is always an important part of the ritual.

Mr. R. Engelbach informs me that among the Fellahin men are frequently possessed by spirits for whose benefit *zār* must be performed. His notes indicate the readiness of a religious people to assimilate foreign ideas with their own religion, and to believe in them as part of their own faith. Thus poor folk before resorting to a *zār* will attempt to exorcise the spirit by invoking the name of Allah and blessing the Prophet, though this rarely has any effect. One of the causes of illness due to the spirits is the neglect of prayer, but above all the neglect of mentioning the name of God before sleeping; thus it seems that the fellahin take protection in the name of Allah against the malignant power of the spirits who are always ready to enter the body if the soul should stray from the sleeper. The fellahin apparently confound these spirits with the Jinn and Afrīt who have their place in the Muslim cosmology.

The objective signs of possession shown by the women in the *zār* that I saw in the Sudan during the winter 1909-1910 differ in no very marked degree from those of Egypt. It must be remembered that in the Sudan the women do not veil, though they may draw their head-cloth over their mouths on occasions. Hence *zār* are not restricted to the harem, but are held in the open and men both watch and participate in them.

enumerated and to break up their influence in accordance with the principles of true religion and for the safeguarding of morality and the protection of character from corruption, requesting them also to prescribe the penalties for such doings according to the precepts of the Religious Law."

[7] Zar Beschwerungen, *Der Islam*, 1912.

One night at Kodok I was attracted by the sound of drums and *rebāba* to the married quarters of a company of the Sudanese Battalion. This company was composed almost entirely of old negroes of various tribes, prisoners from the Khalifa's forces, enlisted at the time of the British occupation, who had since then forgotten their tribal divisions and languages. The younger members had never even known a tribal restriction, and the old folk must have passed through many vicissitudes before they settled down to the ordinary monotony of barrack life. Hence it is not surprising that the spirits invoked were a miscellaneous band, in this contrasting sharply with another *zār* to be described later.

A group of some twenty persons was collected outside a hut, an old man played a *rebāba* and a few others accompanied him with rattles. An aged negress, the Sheykha in charge of the ceremony, wore round her waist a belt about nine inches deep entirely covered with sheep's hoofs which were sewn on to it, and made a rattling sound as she moved. They were the relics of the sacrifices offered at *zār* over which she had presided. Near the hut were grouped the properties of the *zār*, a couple of flags with Arabic names [8] written on them, and one of red velvet with a Coptic cross in yellow cloth sewn on it; besides these were sticks and fly whisks decorated with beads and several pots containing incense and various scents. The flag with the Coptic cross had evidently been copied from a church, the velvet being of the kind usually used in church decorations. According to the Sheykha it belonged to a Christian spirit called Silisilia (? St. Cecilia), who had possessed a woman in the battalion, and had been made according to the directions which the spirit gave during a *zār*. Under the bright tropical moon the faces of the little group could be clearly seen; there was no unusual excitement among them, yet,

[8] At that time I was unable to read Arabic, and the Sheykha said that they belonged to specially dangerous spirits, whose names could not be mentioned.

one by one, women came forward, dropped on their knees on the mat spread before the musicians and became possessed, jerked their bodies and shook their heads until they were utterly dazed. After continuing these vigorous movements for some minutes they usually uttered some request of their *asiad* in a muffled voice. One woman, however, sang quite clearly in a minor key *Ana mesāfir ~~balid~~ min beladi bil babur, ismi nimzo* (I am travelling far from my country in a steamer, my name is Nimso).[9] Her familiar was not content until the musicians had taken up the tune he set. Most of the women ceased their movements as suddenly as they began them and sat inert on the ground. The Sheykha would then come to them, cross and recross their arms and legs and bend their necks, until they had regained consciousness, when she would assist them to rise. They all went away quietly, or rejoined the little throng of watchers, except one woman who moved a few yards away and danced for a minute or two. When she stopped she did not know where she was; all recollection of the *zār* had gone from her, and she thought she had come directly from her own hut.

The absence of blood in this ceremony is not so characteristic as would appear at first sight. These *zār* were held weekly and no doubt appeared to the participators to be part of the routine of their ordinary life; but whenever the spirits demanded it, and their hosts could afford it, bigger *zār* would be held and sacrifices made when the blood would play as important a part as in all other *zār*.

Zār are held in Morocco where they are most popular amongst the negresses; they are common in the harems of Cairo and the upper classes conform to the same ritual.[10] Further, since Niya Salima mentions two rich freed Negresses who came from Constantinople to Cairo yearly to

[9] Perhaps meaning Nimsawi, "an Austrian."

[10] The Shereefa of Wazan was kind enough to answer my questions on this subject.

take part in the *zār*.[11] it may be supposed that *zār* are not unknown in Turkey, while even in Mecca *zār* have been described.[12] I think it may be stated that the custom has spread wherever Negresses have been admitted to the harems. It must be remembered that Mohammed Ali's conquest of the Sudan brought numbers of slaves from various black tribes into the Egyptian harems, and there is little doubt that these carried with them their cult of tribal and ancestral spirits. Analogous practices among Negro and Negroid tribes at the present day, and the A-Zande *zār* which I witnessed in the Sudan, together with the entire absence of any mention of *zār* by the earlier travellers in Egypt, all point to this conclusion. From the works of a traveller, Richard Pococke, published in 1743 in the *Aperçu General sur l'Egypte*, by Clot Bey, doctor to Ismail Pasha, including such observers as Savary, Sonnini, the Baroness von Manutoli, Lane himself, and also his sister, I have been unable to find any mention of *zār* or any similar ritual.

On the other hand, negro African beliefs are rich in analogous rites, some of which I will refer to here. W. Junker describes the performance of an A-Zande *binsa* or soothsayer.[13] "The performer taking his stand in the centre of the audience, began with a dance to the accompaniment of the never-failing tam-tam (kettle-drum), first in slow, measured time, and off and on reclining his head in a listening attitude towards the ground. Gradually the step was quickened, becoming wilder and wilder, the gesticulations also increasing, until at last he exhausted himself in furious bounds and contortions. And he still kept listening for the messages from the potent underground spirits. But he now suddenly interrupted his frantic caperings, wiped the per-

[11] *Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte*, Niya Salima, p. 289.

[12] Christiaan Schnouck Hurgronje, *Mecca*, vol. ii., p. 124.

[13] W. J. Junker, *Travels in Africa during the years* 1879-1883 (London, 1875-1902), vol. ii., p. 137.

spiration from his face, approached our circle, and began his speech. This was repeated after every dance, the oration being each time addressed to some particular person, or else some topic selected at random." In this case there is no mention of a sacrifice, but it illustrates how the *binsa* were accustomed to dance until they were able to get into communication with the spirits.

Schweinfurth relates that he was kept awake at night in the Bahr-el-Ghazal by wizards who practised casting out devils.[14] His description of another dance seen in the same province suggests that though he did not recognise it he was watching a spirit ceremony.[15] Though the Nilotic Dinkas recognize a high god their practical religion is more closely concerned with the spirits of the dead, those of recently deceased relatives, the *atiep*, and those of mighty ancestral spirits, the *jok*. These two classes of spirits influence for good or evil every aspect of their lives. "The *atiep* of a father, mother, or ancestor may at any time ask for food in a dream. A man will then take dura flour and mix it with fat in a little pot which he places in a corner of his hut, where it is left until the evening, when he may eat it, or even share it with any one belonging to his clan, but with no one else.... If food were not provided, the *atiep* might, and probably would, make the dreamer or his wife and children ill. It was stated everywhere that the customs observed after a death, especially the death feasts, were held to propitiate the *atiep* of the deceased and to prevent it sending sickness or misfortune on the survivors."[16] The spirits come to men in dreams and state their wishes, or they make their desires known through the *tiet*, a man who is able to see and to communicate with the spirits. "Their power is attributed to a spirit, always, we believe, an

[14] *The Heart of Africa* (London, 1873), vol. i., p. 331.

[15] *Ibid.* vol. i., p. 354.

[16] C. G. Seligmann, Art. Dinka in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. iv. (1911), p. 708.

ancestral spirit, that is immanent in the *tiet*; and, as the spirit on the death of the *tiet* will generally take up its residence in the body of a near relative, the office tends to become hereditary. Often a *tiet* will explain to a relative that after his or her death, the spirit will come to him; and a change of manner, trembling fits, and periods of unconsciousness are regarded as signs that the spirit has taken up its new abode. The powers of the *tiet* are most commonly directed to discover what should be done in case of sickness, *i.e.* he indicates what *jok* is responsible for the illness, and what must be done in order that the patient may get well; but he also gives advice concerning lost cattle and other accidents of daily life."[17]

One day in March, 1910, I saw a *tiet* at work among the Bor Dinka. Some time before a woman had been ill and her husband, whose name was Bul, consulted a *tiet*. The latter communicated with the spirits. Lerpio, the great Bor *jok*, denied any influence over the woman, but Deng, a *jok* of the Aliab Dinka, admitted that he was responsible for her illness, and demanded the sacrifice of a bull. Now the Dinkas prize their cattle above all their other possessions, so the sacrifice was a great one, and it was probably because the *jok* who demanded it was a stranger, the ancestor of Dinkas living on the opposite bank of the Nile and at least a day's journey to the south, that the husband at first neglected the request. Time passed and the woman did not recover, so at length her husband consulted Luwal, the *tiet* of Biyordit, the big Bor chief and rain-maker. The husband of the sick woman with several others of his clan awaited Biyordit and his *tiet* outside the sacred hut of Lerpio. When they arrived all sat down, Luwal the *tiet* sat upon a skin and held a gourd which he rubbed gently with his hand, then he shook the gourd and shut his eyes and exhibited the usual signs of possession. Biyordit clutched his arm to restrain the fury of the spirit from injuring the *tiet*. Luwal

[17] Seligmann, *loc. cit.*

again shook the gourd, his whole body trembled, his head was thrown back and his eyes closed. Then Lerpio spoke through him to Biyordit, and Biyordit answered. Holding the gourd in his hand and making a free circling motion from the elbow, the *tiet* spoke in short sentences. Lerpio directed Biyordit that a bull from Lerpio's own herd must be sacrificed. The husband of the sick woman must take one of his own cow calves and go to the Aliab country and there exchange it for a bull; this bull he must bring back and put in Lerpio's herd. The directions were not all given at once, frequently Biyordit asked questions of Luwal, who always closed his eyes when answering, and spoke in a peculiar throaty voice. Lerpio, though he spoke through the *tiet*, rested in the gourd; at one time during the ceremony the stopper fell out of the gourd, then all present said "*gluck, gluck*," as if they would pacify an animal, in order to placate the spirit and keep it in the gourd. The stopper was put back with care, and all said "*aram*." Then, still in an intensely agitated state, with eyes closed, Luwal waved the gourd to the north-west, that is down wind, and all the audience moved their hands in the same direction. In this way Lerpio wafted away the disease, for though he did not cause the illness, Lerpio was such a powerful *jok* that he might cure what he had not caused.

Later when the bull would be sacrificed its meat would be divided carefully, the *tiet* receiving the right ribs, Biyordit the right haunch, and the rest being divided amongst Bul's near relatives, but a certain part would be cut up and left near the homestead, apparently for the spirits.

Another Nilotic tribe, the Shilluk, have one king and rainmaker and the long line of his ancestors are all powerful spirits. Any of these may possess the people. In one Shilluk village I noticed two sheep's skulls thrust into the thatch of a hut, and I was told that these had been sacrificed on behalf of a woman who was possessed by Dag son of Nyakang, the first king of the Shilluk. Three little pieces

of the ear of the sheep had been strung with some beads and tied round her ankle, and the spirit had departed from her. A similar device was used by a village chief named Achol, who had been imprisoned by the reigning king, the twenty-fifth since Dag. When released he was treated just as though he had been possessed by the spirit of a dead king; a sheep was killed and friends brought him bead anklets on which pieces of the ear of the sheep were strung. Achol wore these anklets to protect him from the wrath of the reigning sovereign.

I know little of the Shir religion, but one day visiting a Shir village my husband became indisposed; so the "medicine-man" by means of two small pieces of leather divined the cause of the illness. He said the spirits within the patient were strong, they were those of his mother and grandmother. He advised us to return to our village and propitiate the spirits by the sacrifice of two sheep, of which neither my husband nor I must eat any part.

Among the Baganda ghosts are honoured, shrines are built for them near the graves. "The majority of ghosts were beneficent and assisted the members of the clan to which they belonged.... The medicine man by consulting the oracle could tell people which ghost was causing them trouble.... Both men and women were liable to become possessed by ghosts. The form which possession took was generally a wasting sickness or a mild form of insanity; in such cases the medicine man would be called in to exorcise the ghost by incantations and by making the sick person inhale the smoke of certain drugs which were burned by the bedside, and which soon dislodged the ghosts.... Though ghosts were frequently thought to cause trouble, they were supposed to render help to the members of the clan to which they belonged, if they were treated well. A chief or wealthy person would occasionally make a feast for the ghost of a relative, killing some animal at the shrine and then partak-

ing of the meal with the relatives and friends whom he had invited."[18]

The Nandi have similar beliefs. "The cult of the dead is fairly well developed. The spirit is believed to reside in the shadow and when adults die it survives.... The spirits of the departed, called *oiik* ... are regarded as the cause of sickness, and when a Nandi is ill, it is necessary to discover and propitiate the particular ancestor who has occasioned the disaster. But they cannot be wholly malevolent, for they are invoked to protect children and absent warriors."[19]

"Among the A-Kamba death is said to be due to the *Aiimu* leaving the human frame, and when a person dies his *Aiimu* go and live in a wild fig tree ... the *Aiimu* will enter into the person of a woman or medicine-man, the medium will become as one possessed and will prophesy. Another aspect of the spiritual beliefs of the A-Kamba, and one which shows the intimate nature of the communion which exists in their minds between the spirits of their ancestors and the living, is demonstrated by the fact that every married woman is believed to be at the same time the wife of a living man and also the wife of some *Aiimu* or spirit of a departed ancestor.... It is firmly believed that the fertility of the wife depends to a great extent on her spiritual husband, and if a woman does not become *enceinte* during the first six months after her marriage they consider that her particular *Aiimu* is neglecting her, and they make an offering of beer and kill a goat as propitiatory, and if that fails a few months later make a bigger feast and kill a bullock.... If a woman bears quickly after marriage they are very pleased because they consider that she has found favour in the eyes of her Aiimu."[20]

[18] J. Roscoe, *The Baganda* (London, 1911), p. 286 *et seqq.*

[19] A. C. Hollis, *The Nandi* (Oxford, 1909), Introd. p. xxi.

[20] C. W. Hobley, *Ethnology of the A-Kamba and other East African Tribes* (Cambridge, 1910), pp. 85, 89 *et seq.*

The dominant idea underlying all these customs is respect for the spirits of the dead who resent the idea of neglect by their relatives; if they are propitiated all will go well, they will be friends and protectors as they are in life, hence libations and sacrifices are offered. If they are neglected they must remind their relatives by causing sickness; in many cases it is the medicine man who in a hypnotic condition recognizes the spirit and orders the sacrifice or gift required. In other instances the patient falls himself into a hypnotic condition, and through him the spirit speaks. It is natural that tribal ancestors should be regarded in the same way as the spirits of relatives, and we have seen this to be the case among the Shilluk; the general tendency is to regard such spirits as more powerful than those of the recent dead, and as exercising benign influence when well treated. The A-Zande, Adio, Mapingo and Magbwanda of the Belgian Congo all believe in the power of their dead relatives. They "believe that the dead make their desires known to the living by night. For them dreams are real, and when they see a dead man in a dream they are convinced that they are conversing with his spirit, while he gives advice, expresses his satisfaction or discontent and makes known his hopes and wishes."[21]

The A-Zande probably believe in both classes of spirits; those I saw at Omdurman certainly had great faith in the power of their tribal heroes. They were a company of soldiers all recruited from their own homes not many years before, they had brought their women folk with them, and though nominally Muslims, had not been greatly influenced by their recently adopted religion. On inquiry I found that *zār* were usually held in the black battalions on Fridays, and that there would be no objection to my watching the next performance which happened to be among the A-Zande

[21] A Hutereau, "Notes sur la Vie familiale et juridique de quelques populations du Congo Belge," *Annales du Musée du Congo Belge*, 1909, p. 50, cf. also pp. 70, 92.

company. Before describing this *zār* I will give a brief account of each of the participators, and the ancestral spirits who possessed them. There were three dancers, all of them haunted by the same spirits, Babinga and his wife N'gurma. Babinga was said to be a great A-Zande king, the first to make an iron throwing-knife (*binga*) and to show his people how to use it. He married his cousin N'gurma, and they as well as their children, Nunga, Rusea, and Angora all became familiar spirits of their descendants. Farag, a corporal, said by his officer to be a very efficient soldier, was the principal actor. When he was an infant he had not been able to suck, so his grandmother fed him by chewing sugar cane and spitting the juice into his mouth. A *kojur* (A-Zande *benza*) was called, who recognized that the spirit of Babinga was in the child's body. A wild beast was killed (for his people possessed no cattle at the time) and a *zār* (A-Zande *ataro*) was held, and although it was said that Babinga remained with the child he gave no sign of his presence until the boy was twelve years old, when he became very ill. It happened that he was captured by Zubeir Pasha at this period, and taken to Dem Zubeir, about eight days' journey north of his home. Here a cow and two sheep were killed, and Farag recovered from his illness, but ever since then it has been of vital importance to him to hear the drum (A-Zande *gaza*) every week. He need make no sacrifice, but if the drum be not played his head would throb and his chest ache. As soon as he hears this music his body trembles and he feels a strong impulse to dance. When in this condition, he sometimes receives orders from Babinga, which come to him as though he were dreaming, but unless he receives an order he does not offer a sacrifice. On parade, when the drum plays, Farag trembles, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that he refrains from dancing. Some years ago, N'gurma also took up her abode within his body, not with malicious intent, but because Babinga was pleased with Farag.

Kaltuma, wife and cousin of Farag, is also haunted by Babinga and N'gurma; she is about 35 years old. Some eleven years ago, long after her marriage with Farag, she became very ill, and one day to her surprise she found her finger nails stained with henna. She consulted a *kojur*, who told her that she must hold a *zār* to Babinga and N'gurma; she did so and a sheep was killed, and she drank the blood mixed with five kinds of scents. The third dancer, a man called Madigu, was also haunted by the same spirits. The *zār* which was performed for Kaltuma, who had been suffering from a pain in her chest, began at 11 a.m. and was held in the open air. Under a low open shelter some half dozen women stood in a row singing and shaking tin rattles, called in Omdurman *kashkash*, while three men beat the big drums, called *nugāra*. All were dressed in their best, the women with bright coloured handkerchiefs bound round their heads and gay sashes about their bodies. The dance took place in the open space before the shelter; to the left against a mud wall was a group of articles sacred to the A-Zande spirits. On a long staff waved a red flag, the throwing-knife of Babinga stitched upon it in white. Below were five pots of charcoal upon which different kinds of incense were smouldering, also a pot of simsim for Babinga, and a covered basket in which sweet potatoes, ground nuts, and maize were prepared for Rusea and Nunga as well as for their parents. One tripod supported a large pot of merissa for Babinga, another, a smaller one, for N'gurma, while a basket on a third tripod contained all sorts of odds and ends, the prized possessions of a Sudanese soldier, including a padlock, pencil, hammer, small gourd, onions, some red paint and the wood from which it is made, called m'baga, and other items; later the liver of the sheep killed in the ceremony was added to this miscellaneous collection. Hanging from the tripods were a stringed instrument with gourd resonator, a Yambio knife, and a number of sheep's skulls and bones, and fowls' legs. These were the remains of the

FIG. I. TEMPORARY SHRINE OF BABINGA AND N'GURMA.

To face p. 316.

FIG. II. KALTUMA POSSESSED.

To face p. 317.

victims killed at previous *zār*, and it was said that when enough had been collected they would be strung on a girdle, and be worn during a *zār* by the person whose familiar had made him or her ill. A piece of white cloth was flung over the tripods and beneath this temporary shrine, among the properties, Babinga and N'gurma were present.

Farag and Madigu were both bare to the waist, they wore belts decorated with feathers that hung to their knees and Madigu wore on his head a double crown of feathers with cowries sewn to the base. Farag had made use of an old sun helmet for the foundation of his feather head-dress. As soon as the drums were sounded Farag began to dance in front of the shelter, while Kaltuma stood on a mat on the right. Very soon she began to tremble, then her whole body quivered; thus N'gurma manifested herself. The woman fell on her knees and pulled her red shawl over her face, and shook her head energetically, supporting herself with her hands on the ground, and every now and then dropping her head low; occasionally she straightened her body only to bring her head down again with more violent shaking. Farag also fell on his knees, but soon sprang up again and danced, now leaping from side to side, now turning his body and making his feathers fly out. A sheep was brought, washed and censed, and then amidst the sounds of drums, rattles, and the women's high pitched cries of lu-lu-lu (*zarghuta*), its throat was cut with a single stroke of the knife, while the woman kneeling on the mat quivered and jerked spasmodically. The blood, mixed with six kinds of scents, was poured into a bowl, which a woman took and knelt opposite Kaltuma. A cloth was held low over the two kneeling women, and now, while the music became fiercer and wilder, Kaltuma drank some of the blood from the bowl which the other woman held to her lips. Madigu too was dancing now; while Farag leapt and twirled in quick succession, Madigu's movements were slower, stiffer and more jerky, with mouth open and lips pressed forward he breathed hard

through his nostrils and his eyes seemed to protrude from his head. His body bent forward from the waist, with chin thrown up and elbows stiffly held back, he raised his knees and remained some seconds first on one leg then on the other; then he would work his elbows to and fro or suddenly clasp his hands behind his back and dance more quickly. The music ceased suddenly: immediately both men stopped dancing, and Kaltuma, still kneeling on the mat, straightened her body and remained perfectly still.

Throughout the whole ceremony there were frequent intervals when the drummers stopped abruptly; every time, however wild the movements were, the dancing ended abruptly with the drumming, even when the women's rattles and cries sounded a few seconds longer. For, as Farag explained, it is the drum that excites the spirits who produce the symptoms of possession in the body in which they dwell. When the drum sounded again Kaltuma's tremors started afresh, she swayed her body and shook her head, and the men began to dance. Madigu, who assumed the same strained expression as before, as soon as he heard the sound of the drum, took a small skin, apparently of a hyæna, made a circle on the ground about two feet in diameter and placed the skin in the centre. He then brought forth a man from among the onlookers, gave him a spear and told him to hit the skin; the man failed. After much leaping to and fro Madigu thrust at the skin and failed also. The skin belonged to Babinga and no mortal could hit it, however hard he tried. The skin was removed and the spear thrust in the ground. Madigu now tried to move past the spear, but some invisible force held him back, he pressed forward and struggled in vain; beyond the spear was the land of the spirits into which he could not pass. The dancers continued their efforts, shaking, shuffling, swinging, twirling, leaping, jerking and posturing, while the women, singing and shaking their rattles, jerked their bodies to the rhythm of the music, and another stood apart and marked

time with her hands. Trembling, a woman came forward from the shelter and joined Kaltuma on the mat, dropped on her knees and swayed her body spasmodically.

Farag, still dancing frantically, seized a small knife from where it had been hanging on one of the tripods, and made a superficial incision in his arm. A gourd containing water was brought to him and he washed the blood into it and drank the mixture. This he did at the express command of Babinga, in order to give him strength, as no sacrifice had been made for him. He had received the command while he was dancing, no word had been spoken, the message had come to him as in a dream. As he did this I saw the tram-car pass only about twenty yards away, and was vividly reminded of the contrast between barbarism and modernity in this country. The native passengers saw nothing incongruous in the glimpse of the wild dance they caught between the mud brick houses.

Two women now left the shelter and danced in the open space, jerking their bodies and throwing out their elbows in the same way as the men. Farag seized the knife of Yambio and leapt wildly about. The bath in which the sheep had been washed was upset, and some of the liquid, precious by virtue of the blood in it, was gathered up and smeared on the faces of the kneeling women. Then the music stopped, and N'gurma spoke through Farag. Striding up and down with his head thrown back and eyes staring, his voice rang clearer and with a more distinct pitch than was normal. He spoke to a Sudanese subaltern, telling him his wife had promised to kill a sheep, and had not done so, she must do it. The music began again and Farag danced, but suddenly leaped forward and placed one hand on a drum, all was silent. N'gurma asked why we had come to watch this dance, had we heard of it in a dream? Again the drums struck up and again Farag stopped them, for he was not pleased with the tune, Farag then sang a few words to another tune, it was taken up directly and the

drums beat faster than ever. In the midst of his dancing Farag rushed to the flag and shook it, the music ceased abruptly.

Kaltuma was now helped to rise and she retired, the mat being removed after her. As Farag danced again a couple of canes and an ornamented fly whisk were brought forward, as N'gurma had ordered them in a previous *zār*. Then Farag approached the shelter and said to the women, "Sit down, I am Abu Shoq (the porcupine) and I am going to throw my spears." He clasped his hands in front and jerked his shoulders, then twirled wildly round and round until the music stopped again. When the drums sounded again a third woman came forward and fell on her knees, showing the usual signs of possession. The spirit of Nunga, the son of N'gurma, possessed her and he wanted to dance, but could not do so for his mother was dancing in the person of Farag. Farag therefore came forward, helped the woman to rise, and gave permission to Nunga to dance. Some one passed a cup of water to Farag; he took a mouthful and spat it out as a blessing to all assembled, then another mouthful and spat it into the cup again and gave it to the woman to drink. More wild dancing by Farag and Madigu followed, and then the drums ceased. A few minutes afterwards the two men returned to the dancing ground, no longer drinkers of blood, dressed in feathers and possessed by the spirits of their ancestors, but trim and business-like Sudanese soldiers.

In this *zār* we see A-Zande customs on the first stage of their transit from Central Africa to the Harems of Egypt. In some ways the conditions were peculiar, the whole company of soldiers being A-Zande the ceremony was purer in form than might be expected if these people had been admitted directly into Egyptian households, as would have happened had they been slaves. But the word *zār* had already been adopted for the ceremony, and doubtless other changes had taken place in the ritual; indeed, some of the

scents used were of European manufacture, bought in the market at Omdurman.

It is difficult to obtain any exact knowledge of the beliefs prevalent in Abyssinia, but besides "Waq [the high god] there is a host of lesser deities who fall into two groups, viz. the good spirits named *ayāna*, and the evil spirits named *jinnī*. The *ayāna* . . . comprise the house gods (penates) and the souls of ancestors (manes). Even in a newly built house there is an *ayāna* and crumbs are thrown on the floor for him when the people first enter the house. . . . A special caste of sorcerers has to deal with these evil spirits. Among them are different degrees and specialists, some of whom predict the future, others cure diseases by driving out the devils, and others know the art of making good weather and producing rain."[22]

Borelli describes the symptoms of possession by an evil spirit. Some one awakes at night in fearful pain, and is said immediately to be possessed by a *zār*. As a remedy a black hen is swung round the patient's head and flung on the ground, if it dies it is a good omen, the spirit has passed into the hen and killed the bird. If it lives it is bad for the patient, for the spirit has not left him. At Ankoboer the adepts of the *zār* gather together and shut themselves up for three days and nights where they give themselves up to mysterious and grotesque practices.[23] The following account of the Waddegenni from the Tigre shows more resemblance to the Egyptian ceremonies.

"Waddegenni enters into young women and into girls in an unknown way. And she into whom he enters falls very sick. But if it is not known that her disease is caused by Waddegenni and if she becomes very sick she dies of it. However, if the relatives of the sick one find out that her disease is caused by Waddegenni, they bring a drum,

[22] E. L. Littmann, Art. Abyssinia in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. i. (1908), p. 57.

[23] Jules Borelli, *Ethiopie Meridionale* (Paris, 1890), p. 133.

and they beat the drum and clap hands. At that time Waddegenni possesses the tongue of the woman and talks, saying: 'In such and such a place I have come upon her; and now make me dance so and so many days, and play such and such a tune for me!' And they make him dance as many days as he says, all of them. And on the last day they make an appointment with him after how many days he is to return. And he says: 'I shall return after two or three years.' And they make him swear that he will not come before that time, saying: 'If thou doest wrong, not keeping this term and coming before it, mayest thou not reach thy people and mayest thou be wronged, die by thy own weapon!' And he says 'Amen!' And then they prepare roasted corn and red pepper for him as his viaticum. And after he has eaten a little of it, he dances a little and falls down. Thereupon they rub the neck of the woman with the back of some iron weapon. And having led her to her house they make her enter. The woman recovers at once, and they say: 'Waddegenni has left her.' But in the year about which they have agreed with him he returns and dances a second time, and they play for him the tune which he wishes. And if he wishes a violin or a flute, they play it also for him. And they put the trinkets which he desires on the woman. But some die through him, if they do not find anybody to make him dance for them. And afterwards, if the woman has died, Waddegenni takes her body and makes her work for him or sells her to the demons. [This is what] they say."[24]

We have thus before us the possibility of a double origin of the *zār*, namely from Abyssinia and from the Sudan. The word without doubt is Abyssinian, and must have been recognised in Egypt before the opening of the Sudan by Mohammed Ali and the consequent importation of black slaves. How far the belief in the Abyssinian spirits had

[24] Enno Littmann, *Publications of the Princetown Expedition to Abyssinia* (1910, Leyden), voi. ii., p. 310 *et seq.*

spread among the lower classes it is impossible to say,—perhaps a careful examination of incantations would be of value—but it must be remembered that the trade route along the Red Sea Coast has been open for over 2,000 years, while intercourse with the peoples of the Upper Nile has ever been intermittent, a matter of raiding and plundering. Moreover, up to the fifteenth century the Christian kingdom of Aloa lay as a barrier between Muslim Egypt and the Sudan. But however long ago *zār* first reached Egypt there can be no doubt that their great popularity at the present day among the women of the upper classes is due to the influence of black slaves received into the harems on a footing of perfect intimacy. Here their cult of the dead was soon modified into a general belief in spirits which reinforced that which had perhaps already reached Egypt from Abyssinia.

BRENDA Z. SELIGMANN.

FOLK-TALES FROM WESTERN IRELAND.

BY L. M'MANUS.

THESE stories were taken, some in the summer of 1902, others more recently, down from the lips of men and women in the parish of Killeaden, Co. Mayo, with the exception of the three tales, "The Woman that Hopped like a Magpie," "The Cry of the Women," and "The Peacock Scream," which were told me by an engineer who was working for the Congested Districts Board. His brother had seen the woman that hopped like a magpie on a road at some distance from Ballina, and had heard the caoining in the same neighbourhood; while his father and a man-servant had experienced the adventure in the third story. The other tales were told simply and with belief, as if the speakers were assured of the existence of a hidden world lying within the one visible to the senses. In several instances they were told as the adventures and seeings of the speakers. In what were clearly folk-tales, like "The Woman that grinned," or in the tale of "The Well that moved," the incidents were spoken of as if they had happened quite recently, and the locality and the names of the actors were given with what seemed certainty of knowledge, as of intimate acquaintance with place and persons. The story nearly always took for its time the present or the very recent past. It began with the well-known and familiar, but swiftly reached the marvellous and the mysterious. Thus the old man, Red John S——, who told me of "The Woman who Grinned," commenced his story with "There was a boy named Rush who lived at Bellachy." Rush has

nothing whatever to do with the tale, he is introduced that it may be said he has a friend, and he passes at once from the story which then centres round the friend. In "The putting out of the Changeling," the two men (who each at a different time told me the story) give the same name to the godfather, and place the scene of the exorcising in the townland of Treenabauntrigh, in the parish of Bohola, Co. Mayo. Old Bridget Groak, in the short tale of "The Careful Mother," names the teacher Mullany, and places him in Treenkeel in the parish of Killeaden; and the young married woman, Catherine Ivors, who told the story of "The Well that Moved," brings a "station" and a priest into it.

With personal experiences it was different; there was then no vagueness: all was clear and simple, and the men and women who told me of these happenings did so with a certainty that what they related were absolutely true. One or two were young, and all were of the peasant class.

A Well that Moved.

There is a Holy Well not far from the town of Kiltimagh, in County Mayo, called Tobar Caomnie.[1] Votive rags used to be attached to the old hawthorn tree that stands near. This well, it is believed, moved to its present site from a little hill lying to the south-west. The story of its flight is familiar to everyone in the neighbourhood. A young woman, Catherine Ivors, gave it to me in detail. The well used to be on the small hill Cilleen, and some years ago, forty or fifty or perhaps longer, a priest named Father Ivors came to hold a station in the village, and the girl of the house, in a hurry to prepare food for him, ran to the well and filled her pot with water. Then she put in the meat, and hung the pot over the fire. The water refused to

[1] Pronounced Keeve-nee.

boil, in fact, remained as cold as when it came out of the well. The priest asked her where she had got the water, and she told him. He then said she had done wrong in taking it from the well, and bade her put it back. That night the well moved to the field by the Swinford road, where it is to-day. In the morning the people found it had gone from Cilleen. It is said that there were old men and women not long ago who had seen the well up in Cilleen. People show the spot where it was, and nothing will grow there. A man once tried to dig the ground, but the loy was thrown out of his hand, and a white bird flew up from the ground. There is a thorn bush on Cilleen, and if you struck it with a hatchet an animal would come out of the tree.

This is Catherine Ivors' tale baldly told. The incident of the white bird is interesting, as in an ancient Irish tale given by Mr. Nutt in his *The Happy Other Land*, the *Sidhe* approach St. Patrick in the form of white birds. Note, also, the geni of the thorn tree appears when the tree is struck with iron.

The Careful Mother.

An old woman, Bridget Groak, told me the short story of "The Careful Mother." She gave the name of the teacher and the locality he came from with the assurance of one who was relating a true incident. Treenkeel is a place in the parish of Killeaden, and she once lived there. I give her words as I took them down.

"There was a teacher, one Mullany, who was going to England. There was no train at that time, and when near Dublin he put up in a cottage for the night. In the house there was an old woman the size of a stick. It was not long he was by the fire when she was asking him about a woman who lived near the place he had come from. 'That's the best mother that's in Ireland,' she said.

"'Why's that?' says the teacher from Treenkeel.

"'It's many a journey we made to get her child,' says the old woman. 'But whether she left the child in the cradle or the bed, or with the husband, or where ever she laid it down from her, but she had a steel needle in its cap.'

"It was then the boy didn't like the talk she had or the way she was asking about the woman back in Treenkeel."

The Child carried away by the Dead.

The following story was told me by the man to whom this thing happened. It was a vivid personal memory, and had been the same to his wife—who is now dead. It was well-known at the time among all the neighbours. The man's daughter asked me not to give the name of her family or that of her sister (who was married), as they would not like to have it talked about now. The old man told the story with the sincerity of conviction.

"We were living then back there in Ardroy," he said, "the other side of Killeaden. It was before the land was striped. It happened when Breed" (not the name) "was three months old. She was our first child. It might have been late in the night, and I was awake, and my wife was with me in the bed lying next the wall, the child by her side between her and the wall. I felt the child being taken out, but if I did I couldn't keep it. The mother felt it going, taken from her side, and it failed her to keep it. I felt it taken over me, and I not able to stop its going or to speak. I seen two men standing in the kitchen, and two more outside the window. They looked well, young men. They had been dead some time. I knew them. Though the mother couldn't stir she could speak, and when she felt the child gone she said in the Irish, 'God Almighty save you,' and the child was put down by the fire. The men went out. And we got up from the bed, and the child was on the hearth. They had to leave her when the mother

spoke. It was said that many children were taken at that time."

A Fairy Stroke.

Another member of this family—a young man—got a fairy stroke a few years ago and died. The old man and his daughter told me about it. He got the stroke when out late one night, and knew it. He wound up his watch just before he died, and spoke in a clear strong voice. At the same time his brother-in-law saw him cross a field and went home and told his wife. She was the daughter whom the young men, whose bodies were supposed to be in the grave-yard, had tried to kidnap as a baby.

The Lost Child.

Biddy Lavan, an old woman, told me the story of the lost child of Máire na-h' Obert. She never doubted the truth of what she said: she knew the woman. I give it in her words as I heard them.

"Did ye know Tommy O'Donnell? He lived up there in Kiltimagh. He had an old mother, and she told me the story herself, and the tears would be running down her cheeks when she'd be telling it. When she was a young woman she went out into a field they called Lis h' Obert to milk the cows, and she took her child with her. It wasn't a year at the time, and she put it sitting on the ground while she would be milking. The child fell over on the grass, and it was what she thought it had stretched itself out to get the flowers, and she did not say 'God bless it.' When she had done the milking, she took up the child and carried it into the house, and boiled an egg and fed it. She had no salt to put in the egg, but for that she'd have saved it. The next morning what did she get but the child dead. Three days after it was buried the people were talking, and told her it was not her child that she had buried. She got

up wild with the grief and said she would find out if it was her child that was in it. And she ran back all the way to the churchyard and began tearing open the grave. But she had not worked long when a great wind blew from the grave and flung up her clothes over her face, so with that she got afraid and went home. And three months after that there did die a cousin of her own, and she said he must be buried in the same grave as the child, that she might open the coffin and see if it was her child that was in it. So they buried the cousin in the one grave, and when they took the lid off the little coffin what did they get but the black head of an old man with a mouthful of black teeth, and the child had but one little tooth. Many a time Tommy O'Donnell's old mother would tell me this, and the tears would be running down her face."

To Eat Salt after a Fairy-stroke keeps You from being Taken.

Biddy Lavan told me that returning once in the evening from the town of Swinford she met "the *puca*." "I went into a house at Treenabauntrigh. I had to pass down the *borin* back by Tim Doyle's, and it was not dark when I left the house, but I took the sacred coal with me. I could see my way well, but I thought the sacred coal would be company. When I got down in the *borin* I seen a horse grazing in the dyke one side of me. I was sure it was someone's horse feeding there, and I kept on walking till I was past the dyke. Then there came the leap of four hoofs on the road right at my back, and I thought the horse had me and I was swallowed up. I let a big cry, and looked back, but I had the sense left in me to look over my right shoulder and not over the left, and there I seen the horse in the same place in the dyke. I had a great sweat break over me, and what with the trembling I don't know how I kept going till I got to my mother's house. And as soon as my

eyes lit on the fire on the hearth I fell down in a faint. It was well I had not seen a light before, for if I had seen one when out on the road I might have fallen into a bog-hole, or on the road and died."

I asked why she fainted when she saw the light, and was told that if you have "seen anything strange" you will faint at sight of the first light you see afterwards. This idea seems the survival of some early ethnic belief; in attributing a mysterious power to light, and regarding a a coal of fire at night carried in the hand as sacred and able to guard the bearer from the preternatural beings that wander in the dark, we seem to have a ray from the sun-god Lugh smiting again "the grim and ill-looking band."

A Mysterious Bull.

A story somewhat similar to Biddy Lavan's experience was told me by a young man. One night he was returning to the village of Bohola from a house where he had been playing cards. It was between one and two in the morning, and there was a full moon. The road leading to the village was a long, straight one, and he could see the whole way to the village. When about one hundred yards from the first house he suddenly saw a bull standing in the middle of the road where nothing had been a moment before. It was a big, dark animal, and it stood still with its face towards him. He knew there was no bull in any of the fields that bordered the road. When he got close to it, he went on the grass to go by. At the same moment the bull turned its head and licked the flank nearest to him. A great fear seized Byrne, and he hastened his steps. Looking back a second later he found the bull had vanished. On reaching the village, he roused up a friend, who lit a candle, whereupon Byrne fainted. Here the same result occurred on the appearance of a light as had happened in the case of Biddy Lavan.

The Putting Out of the Changeling.

Red John Solan of Killeaden told me of the putting out of the changeling. I also heard the story from another old man. The two men gave the same name to the godfather, and placed the scene of the exorcising in the neighbouring village of Treenbauntrigh.

A child was born there, whose godfather's name was Pat Walsh. Soon after it was born it began to ail, and as the years went on got no better, so that when it was six years old it was as small as a child of three. It was always hungry and very troublesome. At last it took to its bed, and lay there with the face of an old man. It was apparently dying, yet would not die. All the neighbours saw it was not a "right child," and the father and mother knew it as well. Each day people would come in to see it die, but each day it was there grinning at them. Word was brought to Pat Walsh of the state of affairs, and he went over to the house, and up to the bed, and looked at the child. "If you aren't out of this house by night," he said, "I'll put you out with a fork." And he made a mixture (the nature of which was told me), that if thrown on a changeling would make it go. When night came the bed was empty—the child had gone. Before it vanished Pat Walsh went home. He said he would be back in the morning to see if the child was still in the bed. He had a dog with him, a fierce fighter. It was dark when he left the house. When he had crossed two fields he came to a ditch; a thorn bush stood near it. He heard a noise in the ditch, and something jumped out of it at him. What shape it had he could not tell, but his dog rushed towards it and drove it off. It came again at him from the bush. It had no shape that he knew, but was like a big lump. It followed him all the way, jumping at him till he reached the river. Only for the dog it would have killed him. He crossed the river, and was safe. The thing could not come across the water.

The Fairy Woman.

Red John Solan also told me the following. Only one name is mentioned, that of the boy who had a friend. He then disappears, and the friend becomes the central figure. This is how he told it.

"There was a boy named Rush, who lived back at Ballachy, and it's what he had a friend who went to the fair of Charlestown. The friend delayed in the town till late, and all the people had gone home from the fair. It was a fine night when he set out from the town, and on his coming along alone on the road, he seen a woman on before him. 'Well,' he says to himself, 'it's good to have company,' and walked out. As he was coming up with her, she turned her head away as if not wanting him to see her face, and he then thought she was one of the neighbours, and was ashamed to be seen out so late by herself. So he said to himself that he would not pass her by without knowing who was in it. With that he got beside her, and thought to look in her face, when she turned and grinned back at him, with her long teeth showing. He thought to walk past then and leave her, but she kept on before him, looking back with the grin on her face. There was a stream before them with big rocks and stepping-stones, and when the woman got to the stream she went out on the stepping-stones till she was in the middle of the river, when she sat down on a stone with her face to the boy, and the grin on her. He seen he could not get by her, and he was troubled how to get home. It was then he heard a great noise, thrumming and thumping along the road on the other side. And what was making the noise but his own two dogs—a hound and a bull-dog—that he had left at home in the morning. They were coming at that rate to save him. The woman heard them coming, and he saw blood in her eyes, and she moved aside on the stone, and the hound passed and stood behind the boy. And she let

the bull-dog by, and it stood behind the boy. With that he set the two dogs at the woman, and then there was the shrieking and the screaming down the stream. When he got the woman off the stepping-stones, he went over and ran home. The next morning he asked his father and mother if the dogs had come in. They said they had not, and that the night past they had been tearing the bed-clothes off them, trying to get out, till at last the hound jumped through the window, and the bull-dog after it. So the boy went back to the river to see what had happened, and if there were any tracks or traces of the dogs, and it was what he found but their entrails, that was all that was left of the dogs."

Perhaps the woman that grinned is Badb the war goddess.

The Buachaill Bo-aire.

Old Bridget Groah told me this story of the *buachaill bo-aire.*

"You never heard of *buachaill bo-aire,*" she said, "and how his food came down to him from heaven. It came to him because, minding the cows, he could not go to Mass on Sunday. One Sunday the Almighty God came to him and told him to go to Mass, and the boy did not know it was the Almighty God that spoke to him, and this is the excuse he gave. He said that if he left them the cows would go astray as he had no one to mind them. So the Almighty God said he would mind them, and told the boy to go to Mass. The boy got ready, and put on his cota-mór, and tied a rope round his middle, and went to Mass. As soon as he was in the chapel he took off his cota-mór and threw it up across the shadow of the sun, and the shadow held it up. And everyone in the chapel thought some saint was in it. When Mass was over the boy went home to his cows. The next Sunday the Almighty God came to him again to mind his cows while he went to Mass.

When he got into the chapel he threw off his cota-mór, and threw it up on the shadow. And when he thought the shadow would hold it up the cota-mór fell down on the floor. He had committed a sin, for when he threw up the cota-mór on the shadow, he had looked round and about and seen everyone dressed but himself. And he thought he ought to be dressed. And the Almighty God took him there on the altar.

He got no food from that out from heaven and died. He was taken to heaven, for the Almighty God did not like to leave him sinning. A son of pride is too bad."

The Woman who Hopped like a Magpie.

The two following stories were told me by an engineer in the employment of the Congested Districts Board, a Mayo man, and of Scotch Gaelic descent. I wrote them down as he told them.

"Some friends had been spending the day at our place, and my brother drove them home at night. He brought a a sheep-dog with him. It was about twelve o'clock, when coming back he was between Foxford and Kiltebirn wood, at a place where an old white thorn tree grows by the side of the road. He saw a woman jump out from beneath this tree. It was about twenty yards in front of the car. He wondered who the woman was, and said to himself, 'I wonder if she is one of the Clarke's' (a family that lived in a cottage by the side of the road some way on). He spoke to the dog and told it to follow the woman. But instead of obeying it whined and ran under the car, and then tried to get up by my brother's side. He noticed that the woman ran in a peculiar way, hopping like a magpie instead of running like a human being. He determined to overtake her, and set the horse into a smart trot, but she kept in front. Being anxious to get up to her before she reached the house, he set the horse into a gallop, but she still kept ahead. When

she got to the cottage, she went by hopping swiftly. She was dressed in a short red petticoat, with a hood on her head, and he could see her feet clearly in the moonlight. She went on before him till she came to a sandpit on the left-hand side of the road where there is a well. She went in there, and as he drove past he heard a terrible yell.

"My brother was on horseback one night on the same road and about the same hour. The mare he rode was accustomed to get a drink of water at a small stream which flows underneath the road. On coming to the stream she turned in at the accustomed spot, and while she was drinking, he heard a cry as if a number of women were mourning the dead. At the same moment he felt the mare start beneath him, and flinging up her head, she looked round. He was about one hundred yards from the tree where he had seen the woman. He said to himself, 'I wonder who is dead in Shraheens,' a village on the side of the mountain from which the cry came, and was surprised he had not heard of the death. For a time then he thought nothing more of the cry, though he heard it continuously, and it seemed to be drawing nearer. He was a mile from Kiltebirn wood when he first heard it, and it went on, just like women caoining till he reached the wood. It appeared to proceed across the hill, coming towards him on the left. He now began to wonder if it were possible that anyone was to be buried at such an unusual hour. There was an old churchyard on his right about a mile off, across the Moy. He tried to bring the mare to a walk in order to listen better to the sound, but she would not be kept at a walk, and broke into a fast trot. By this time he could hear the cry very distinctly, just like a lot of women at a wake. As he rode by the wood he heard movements among the trees, and sounds as if sticks were being broken under the tread of feet. When near the middle of the wood, the cry came so close that he expected to see the funeral procession leave the wood and cross the road before

him. At that point the mare stopped and refused to go on. The cry now seemed to come from the dyke. He determined to find out what was there, and dismounted, putting the reins round his arm as the mare became restless. He then went close to the dyke, and felt the bottom with the ash plant he carried for a whip, but found no one. He sprang into the saddle, and cried out, 'If the devil from hell is before me, I'll go through.' At the same time he thought every vein in his body was like a rope. Not that he felt afraid, but just ready to fight anything. He struck the mare several times, and at last she made a spring as if jumping a high wall, and galloped on. Immediately after she had leaped the cry passed over the road behind him. And then he felt afraid—not very much, and rode away fast. The mare was in a terrible state, all white with foam when he got home."

Mr. MacC—— also told me this story. One night his father and a servant were returning from Ballina with two carts. Each man led his horse; and the servant's cart was first. There was a distance of three yards or so between the carts. They came to a part of the road where the country was open and bare on both sides. One wheel of the first cart appeared to go over something, and Mr. MacC—— heard a scream close to his feet like the cry of a peacock. He at once stopped, and held the lantern he carried over the spot, but saw only the road. He then called to his servant, but the latter went on as if he had not heard him. When he overtook the servant he asked him if he had not heard the scream, and why he did not come back. "I heard the cry well enough," the man said, "but if you had seen what I had seen you wouldn't have come back. There was a little man on the road, running before the horse, and by the side of the wheel, and grinning up at me. He ran back by the wheel and then I heard the scream." This servant told that twice on going along that road at night, a woman had sprang into the cart and ridden in it for some distance, and

that while she was sitting in it the cart became so heavy that the horse could scarcely drag the load. She would sit still and silent, and though he dared not fully look at her, he could see her by sidelong glances. Then, having kept him company for a time, she would leap off and disappear.

The Woman taken by the Fairies.

Lis-Ard is an oval tree-crowned rath on the summit of a hill in Killeaden. It is the *Cnocan Sevear*—the sharp-edged little hill of the blind peasant poet Raftery. "A blessed place," he calls it in one of his poems in the Irish, "that the sun shines on." It is a noted fairy haunt; and a tale is told of a woman who, having "been carried away," managed to get herself rescued before the fatal seven years elapsed, and who on returning to her friends told them that she had visited every fairy rath in Ireland, but in none had she seen so many beautiful palaces as those in Lis Ard. One day the old man whose baby had been so nearly carried away was digging at the foot of the hill. He was alone, and the sun was setting. He looked up and saw a great number of men and women just within the rath, or at the edge of the trees, looking down at him. The men were standing, and the women were sitting down. The women had black dresses on and white caps on their heads. They never moved, but "kept looking down at me," he said. "I knew then it was time for me to be going, and I took up the loy and said 'Good luck to ye,' and with that they went off."

On the side of the hill is an old white thorn. A woman in Killeaden dreamt that there was gold under it guarded by a dog. In the dream she was told that she and an old man in Killeaden were to dig for it, but they must take some living thing with them to give the dog. She told the old man, Johnny Canavan, but they were afraid to dig lest the dog should devour them. The old man told me the

right thing to give the dog was a "young foal." Could this be some dimmed tradition of the sacrifices of horses to an evil power?

A Woman put out of Her Way.

Nancy Cunningham, an old woman in Killeaden, told me how she was once "put out of her way." She was returning one night from a neighbour's house, but omitted to take a coal with her, as she had only a very short distance to go, and she knew she would soon see the light in her own cottage. But when she ought to have seen it she did not see it, and had to keep walking on. It seemed to her she was going through a wood, and yet she knew she must be close to her cottage, and there was no wood. At last she remembered that to take off something she wore and turn it inside out would dispel the glamour. So she took off her shawl and turned it the other way, and instantly found herself at a neighbour's *borin*, and long past her own cottage.

A Churchyard Apparition.

Tadhg Conlon, of Lisdubh, an old man, told me of what he saw on the church-road that runs through Killeaden. There is a dip in this road called Pullaghwan, where uncanny things are supposed to occur. Tadhg was returning from a visit to his cousin in Killeaden, and found himself about midnight near this place. As he got to Pullaghwan he saw a dark figure by the side of the road, and he thought it was a man watching his turf, for turf was being then stolen from the bog. He spoke to the figure and got no answer, and then saw it was standing in something—which he presently discovered was a coffin. He hurried by, and then looked back, to see the figure and the coffin rise up from the ground. "I seen them in the air," he said, "and it was not long till I was at the top of the rise."

When he had told me this a neighbour's daughter, who had come into the cottage, said that there was a hawthorn tree near her house, from which not long ago a man had cut a bough, and soon afterwards a strange little white woman came in at the door.

A Death Apparition.

A young girl, Catherine Conor, of Killeaden, was lying awake in her bed in the kitchen, when she saw a strange little man standing by the dresser, looking at her. She got very frightened, and jumped out of bed and ran to the recess where her father and mother slept. When she looked back the little man had gone. Three months afterwards she was standing on Lis Ard, and felt hands take her and throw her forward. She went to America and said she would die on Lady Day, the 25th of March. She became ill, and died, as she had foretold, on Lady Day.

Fairy Music.

A ruin, a castle, stands in a field near the road to Foxford. An old man, named Scanlon, passing by the castle heard the music of bag-pipes. "It was fine, beautiful music, very clear," he said. Yet he found no piper in the castle, nor any man nor woman when he went in.

A Tale of a Funeral.

Anthony O'Neill, who lives on the road to Foxford, declared the two following stories were his own personal experience, but they are familiar to me, and clearly folk-tales. When he was a boy, he said, his father burnt a kiln of lime, and put him to mind it the second night. As he sat there he saw a funeral coming down the hill, and two men carrying a coffin. They came up to the kiln, and one

of them said, "Who is to carry the coffin?" And the other said, "It is Anthony O'Neill," and told him to carry the coffin. He refused, but they made him; and the weight nearly crushed him to the ground. They led him through a country he did not know, and went into a graveyard. The two men began to dig a grave, and something in the coffin struggled to get out. The men told him that if he let the thing out they would put him in the coffin. When the grave was ready they laid the coffin in it, and shovelled the earth on top. They then left the graveyard, and went to a house. There was a big room in it, and rows of tables along the walls, with big dishes of stirrabout and noggins of milk. There were many men and women in the room, eating and drinking, and they asked Anthony to take some stirrabout. He was going to do so, when a woman he knew, named Anne Goulding, who had died in child-birth, pinched him in the back, and he refused to eat. He got out of the house, and found himself in his own quarter-land, and the kiln before him. He has seen "the people" twice, he said, and added that there were times when it was easy for them to take the people they want; easy to take a woman in child-birth, and a young man when he marries.

The Tale of a King.

About thirty-three years ago, just after his marriage, he told me, he was standing in one of his own fields when he saw a king. I asked how he knew it was a king. He said by his look, and his dress, which was of every colour, and there was gold on his neck, and gold on his head, and gold on his arms. The king spoke to him, and told him he must help him to get his bride. He refused, but found he had to help. The king took a gold trumpet from his pocket, and blew on it, and in a minute the field was full of men and horses. He was put on one, and they rode through a country

he had never seen before, till they reached a house where there was going to be a wedding. The king and his men took him into a loft, where they could look through a hole and see the wedding party. The bride was crossing into another room when she sneezed twice, and her friends said nothing, Then she sneezed again, and Anthony cried out, "God bless you!" And the king and his companions were off in a minute. The people of the house heard him groaning, and thought he was a robber, and were going to send for the police. He told them he was not a robber, and that he was afraid they would not believe him if he told them how he came there. After a while they did believe his story, and he stayed with them a week. They drove him home in a carriage, and they were two days on the journey. He was put down at Ballymiles Bridge, and walked from there to his home. His wife and his neighbours thought he had gone to England; and his wife had gone to a cousin near Kiltymagh looking for him, and to Meelich to her friends there. I asked him if he had read or dreamt this story. And he said, "I did neither read or dream it. I saw the king and rode with him. It is as true as the Gospel the priest read on Sunday."

Charms in Childbed.

I have heard of a woman who was very ill at the time one of her babies was born. Before it was born, the woman who attended her took a handkerchief that belonged to the woman's husband, who was in England, and put it round her. I have also heard of women who put on their husband's waistcoats on such occasions.

L. M'Manus.

COLLECTANEA.

Stray Notes on the Folk-lore of Aberdeenshire and the North-east of Scotland.

A Legend of Buried Treasure.

"In one of the fields of the Kirktown bordering with Oldyleiper, at the base of a hillock, is a small loch or morass, where it is said a large copper vessel or kettle full of shining gold is hid, and that several attempts were made to find it out, but by some unforeseen event happening they always proved unsuccessful. The last person engaged in a search for this treasure, by perseverance and hard labour, had overcome almost every obstacle, and it was almost within his grasp, when he heard a voice shouting aloud, 'The kirk and manse are on fire.' The gold-seeker ran to the top of the hillock, in full view of the church and manse, but finding he had gone on an April errand returned with all haste to the 'pose,' when, behold, he could scarcely recognise the spot where he had spent so many hours of toil and labour. All was covered over again in its usual form, and seeing his hopes thus frustrated he abandoned the project; so here it may still be supposed to be guarded by some supernatural being who has the power to defeat every attempt made to remove its precious charge." (Dinnie, *History of Birse.*)

A similar story is told of the Corbie Pot, a deep pool in the Crynach burn, parish of Maryculter, Kincardineshire, and also of a pool in the Culter burn, parish of Peterculter, Aberdeenshire.[1]

[1] A similar Buried Treasure story comes from the Rose Hole, Beckhampsted Common, Hertfordshire, where an old man named Rose is said to have discovered that a chest of gold was buried. When the diggers found an iron chest, one of them exclaimed, "Dang it, Jack, here it is!" on which the

Fumack Fair.

"The ancient name of the parish [Botriphine] was *Fumack Kirk*, so called from S. Fumack, the patron saint. A little below the Established manse is S. Fumack's Well. An annual Fair is held in February, on a Green on the opposite side of the Railway line from the Well. According to a "Description of the Parish," *circa* 1726, the 'wooden image is washed yearly, with much formality, by an old woman (quho keeps it) at his Fair on the third of May, in his own well there.' The Image, having been swept away by a flood of the Isla, was carried down to the mouth of the Deveron, where it was stranded, and afterwards burned, as a monument of superstition, in presence of the Parish Minister. The old custom of a game at Football is still practised at *Fumack Fair*. Formerly the Gudewives, having 'brewed their brewster,' used to shake their bags over the still *for luck*. They believed that if the whisky did not operate so as to make the men fight at the Fair and "draw bluid," it would not be a good season following." (Gordon, *Book of the Chronicles of Keith*, p. 443.)

With the above ritual washing of an image, compare the following:—

"In a Niche in the north wall of the church [of Ruthven] is placed the Effigy of Thomas Gordon of Daach, *i.e.* "Tam o' Riven," who fought the Monk of Grange. The effigy is cut in stone, and is known by the name of "Tam o' the stane." The Warrior is in full armour, with his sword by his side. The visor of the helmet is raised, showing the features, which are much obliterated by long exposure to atmospheric influences. No inscription is now to be seen, but some of the older Inhabitants say that there was an Inscription on the Sword-belt round the body. The late Gordon of Craig repaired *The Tomb of Tam*;—and also an old woman white-washed the Figure annually." (Gordon, *op. cit.*, p. 409.)

sides of the pit fell in, and they had barely time to escape premature burial. When they returned next morning they could find no trace of the treasure. W. B. Gerish, 11th Series *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 306.—EDITOR.

Leechcraft and Witchcraft.

The following account of "the Muckle Wheel Ban'," is taken down from the description of an old man, a native of the glen of Cushnie, West Aberdeenshire. The incident narrated actually occurred in the aforesaid glen some sixty years ago, and its truth can be vouched for.

An old farmer, having lost several of his calves through sickness, thought it advisable to mention the fact to Nannie, who had the reputation in the glen of being a "canny wifie," and with whom he happened to be on very good terms. He stated that another of his calves was ill, and Nannie said, "We'll pit it through the Muckle Wheel Ban', Sanners." (The "muckle wheel" was the driving wheel of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel which was driven by hand, by placing the hand on the top of the wheel, and giving it a strong, sharp, backward turn. It was connected by a band—"the muckle wheel ban'"—with the spindle, and was at least three times the circumference of the later type of wheel which was driven by a treadle. Only an expert could use it, from the fact that the right hand was constantly occupied with the driving of the wheel.) Having only one calf left the farmer was naturally very solicitous for its well-being, and said so to Nanny. The calf was accordingly brought into the house and the wheel set in motion. Having passed the calf through "the ban'" Nanny gave it a sound smack on the back and said, "Ye'll live to be a gey ox yet and gang i' the ploo."

In further conversation with the farmer she remarked, "They're nae far awa that's interferin' wi' yer caur [calves], Sanners." "Nay, Nanny?" "Na, Sanners, they're nae that! They'll be comin' in sometimes to see ye, bit jist meal doon some breed in a sup milk, an' gae them that to drink. They'll nae be for takkin' 't at first, but press them to tak' it, an' try an' spull some o' the milk on them an' they'll tak' it quick eneuch efter that." The amount of pressure that had to be exercised, or the celerity with which the proffered refreshment was taken, was evidently the test of guilty or not guilty as regards meditated evil towards the person visited.

The same informant also recounted the following incident which happened in his own family. On one occasion his father

had been at a meat market, and had returned home with a lusty porker of some six weeks' old in a poke (bag) slung over his shoulder. On entering his house he flung down the poke in a half-hearted way and said, "There'll be little thrift wi' that beast!" "Oh, fat wye that?" asked his wife. "Weel, I met Mary D. on the road." Some six months after this, on returning from his day's darg, he was made acquainted with the painful fact that his pig had choked. "I tellt ye Mary wad dee't" (do it) was his comment.

Following close on this catastrophe a crofter from the "back end" of the glen was one night wending his way home, "well primed," the priming, no doubt, being largely the illicit product of the glen. The night was dark and wild, and as the said Mary's Sheilin' was not far off the crofter's route, he thought it a suitable occasion for giving Mary "a line of his min'" regarding her cantrips and general behaviour. In due time he reached Mary's abode, and as no light was visible he had a difficulty in finding the door. He knocked without reply and knocked again. Then, finding the door "off the latch," he walked warily in. In the dim light of a dying peat fire he spied a female figure smoking a pipe by the fireside. Without turning her head to see who her visitor was she addressed him in the following words, "In the name o' God, fat brings ye here in sic a nicht, Jeems?" Jeems explained in strong and uncomplimentary language the reason of his visit, and having exhausted his store of expletives he drew himself up to his full height, and as a parting shot declared, "Ye chokit Willie Tamson's pig last week; but jist try yersel wi' me, ye bitch!" It is recorded that from this date, having cowed the witch, Jeems prospered in all his worldly affairs, while Mary held him in great respect to the end of her days. (From notes given me by Mr. J. R., Peterculter.)

The afore-mentioned Mary D. was looked on as a witch, and the usual tale of her turning herself at will into a hare was prevalent in the district.

In the parish of Strachan, Kincardineshire, within the last twenty years, a young servant girl declined to skin a hare which her mistress handed over to her. The girl's refusal was voiced thus: "Na, na, it micht be somebody's granny!"

Fairies.

In the same glen of Cushnie one old man never passed the Fairy Hillock there without holding his cap on, as he always declared the proximity of the hillock made his hair stand on end.

Communing with the Dead.

At Coull an old couple lived on a croft—"a sma' croft wi' twa coos." They lived happily together. On the man's death his wife kept on the croft, but whenever she bought or sold anything she always went to the old man's grave and explained the whole matter to him. He had been a great user of snuff, and on these occasions she always deposited a little heap of snuff on the grave, so that he might regale himself with it till her next visit. (Told me by H. R., aged 75, as having occurred in his youth.)

At Tarland, as a boy, the same narrator was badly scared while coming through the kirkyard at night by "something white" moving about below a flat gravestone supported on four short pillars. Investigation proved this to be a woman whose husband had been buried there some time previously. She had been a "bad 'umman," and her regret made her come there nightly to commune with the dead.

"An old story is still in remembrance about one of the tenants of the ale-house kept at the churchyard of Birse, Aberdeenshire. It is said that having had the misfortune to lose his wife, he, after having her decently buried in the churchyard behind his house, invited his neighbours who had attended on that melancholy occasion to partake of some refreshment before leaving. This they all agreed to, and after consuming a good dinner and several "cups of nappie ale" each, they naturally conjectured that a "jine" would not be out of the question, and as they were now in good spirits, and had been so handsomely treated, before parting they were willing to be their "pint a piece." But the landlord was a man of modesty and feeling, and would not consent to this proposal. However, the cash was collected and laid on the table, and of course he soon gave way to the majority, upon condition of having the liberty to enquire of his wife, and if she gave her consent he would make no objection. This they all agreed to,

and away he went to the grave of his newly-buried wife, from which the question, "Will I sell them drink, Nanny?" found answer, "Hae they ony siller, John?" "Awat they hae plenty o' siller." "Weel, weel, gie ye them drink as lang's they hae siller, an' ye'll get plenty o' guid auld bottle't ale i' the amery ahint the hallin door." Some wag in the company had no doubt assisted the dead woman in answering this question." (Dinnie's *Account of the Parish of Birse*, Aberdeen, 1865.)

The wag may have assisted in the answer, but the fact remains that the man went out to commune with the dead, as in the Coull case.

Funerals.

Michie (*Deeside Tales*, p. 20) makes reference to the following: "It was one of the superstitions of the times that if the perpetrator of a murder could by any chance see through beneath the body of his victim, he would escape the punishment of his crime. So far from proving always true, this belief had sometimes even led to the detection of the murderer, when he might otherwise have escaped. Cases have been known where, during the funeral of a person who had met his death by foul means, the culprit was detected by displaying some anxiety to look under the coffin. This superstition also gave rise to a singular custom, long observed in the Highlands at the funerals of persons supposed to have been murdered. Before 'lifting,' the coffin was draped with Highland plaids, which hung from its sides to the ground, so that no one might be able to see through beneath it when it was being conveyed to the place of interment."

"*Reistin'*" a funeral.—A. M. (died in 1910, aged 83) told me a tale narrated to him by his father as having happened at a funeral in Strathdon in the old days. While the coffin was being carried over a burn it became suddenly so heavy that the procession came to a stand-still in mid stream and no progress could be made. At last one old man asked if any man was present who shaved on the Sabbath day. One of those present acknowledged that he did, and was told to step forward and lay his hand on the coffin. It immediately became lighter, and the procession went forward without further difficulty.

Alexander Thomson, schoolmaster of Strathdon, was drowned in the disastrous floods of 1829. His body on being recovered from the river was taken to a cottage belonging to an old woman, who objected to the corpse being brought in unless it was first "carried roond the hoose." This was done; but the flood, later, rose further and reached and destroyed her house. She attributed this to the fact that the body had only been carried once round the house, and not three times. (From A. H., died 1910, aged 75.)

A local verse on the drowned schoolmaster runs:

"Sandy Thomson has been drooned,
Schoolmaster o' Strathdon,
Mony places share the loss
Beside the Dee and Don,
Sandy Thomson has been drooned,
Schoolmaster o' Strathdon."

A Resurrectionist Story.—In the parish of Newhills, at the beginning of last century, a funeral had been in progress. The "tyke-wake" had been unduly prolonged for two days in a barn, until the whisky had run low. One of the company was dispatched for more, and, during his absence, the coffin was, as a practical joke, set up on end outside the door to scare him on his return. He duly reappeared with the fresh supplies, but to the surprise of the rest of the company made no remark about the coffin. At last one man said, "Did ye nae see onything as ye cam' in?" "Na!" he replied, "Fat wis there to see?" And on going out the assembly duly found there was nothing to see. Some resurrectionists who had happened to pass had seized the opportunity and the coffin with its contents, which never was seen again.

"*Canny Folk.*"

In the fishing villages, in the old days, were certain people, men and women, whose advice it was well to take before setting out to sea or on other important occasions. In the village of Newtonhills, Kincardineshire, such a "canny man" was, thirty years ago, called into and kept in the house during the progress of a tedious labour, with the idea that his presence would influence its progress favourably.

Birth.

If a child cries lustily after it is born, the bystanders say, "It's gat a gueed brain, ony-wye." "Ye may say fat ye like, but I ken this o't," said an old woman, "oot o' a' my ten, my aul'est laddie wis the only een that grat maist awfu' fan he wis born, an' he's been cliverer than ony o' them."

A premature child will live if born at the seventh month, but not at the eighth.

If twins should get husbands and wives, one of them will be childless.

A doublewhorl in the hair of a child means that it will live to see two kings crowned, or that it will be "a great wanderer."

In olden days two mutches (caps), an inner plain one and an outer one of a more ornamental variety, were put on the child's head. The first inner one, taken off when soiled, was never washed and put on again, but flung in the fire. Similarly, the first soiled napkin was never washed and used again, but was flung out on the green. (*Durris, Kincardineshire.*)

Children baptized after dark will see "bokies" (ghosts). (*Parish of Kaig.*)

Sundry Beliefs and Sayings.

Crows building near a house bring luck.

Swallows building also bring luck. It is very unlucky to harry a swallow's nest. A swallow flying beneath the arm causes paralysis of the arm.

If a woman loses her marriage-ring "she will lose her man."

It is unlucky to put boots on the table, but the ill-luck may be counteracted by spitting on the soles. Some years ago, after examining and condemning a pair of narrow-toed boots in a ploughman's house, I placed them on the table, and the ploughman's wife immediately removed them, saying, "Would ye hae strife in the hoose afore nicht?" She was consoled when I told her, what she did not know, how the evil might be averted.

It is unlucky to open an umbrella in a house: it presages a death.

It is unlucky to pick up your umbrella yourself if you drop it.

It is unlucky to write a prescription on black-edged notepaper.

It is unlucky to shake hands twice when saying good-bye.

If shingles meet round the body, the illness will be fatal.

If your left ear burns, your lover is thinking of you; if your right ear, your mother is thinking of you.

If the wind changes when you are "making a face," your face will permanently keep the expression: said as a warning to children.

Proverbs and Sayings.

"There's great stots in Ireland, but they canna win oure for their horns"; said contemptuously to a boaster.

"We maun just mak' o' the warl' as the warl' wull mak' wi's."

"The crab fills wi' the corn."

"Foul saut's gueed eneuch for hairy butter."

"There's but an ill year betwixt a rich man an' a peer (poor); said of farmers."

"Ye never see them gaen fae Auchtermair to Auchterless"; said of ministers.

"I dinna bile my cabbages twice"; said when asked to repeat a remark.

"The fire's the bonniest flower in the garden"; said in cold weather.

"A len' should aye gae lauchin hame"; *i.e.* should be returned with some small addition.

"He's feared o' the death he'll never dee"; said of a nervous man.

"There is a toon ayont the sea,
They ca't the toon o' Ayr,
An' them that winna dae weel here,
Winna dae weel there."

(*Aberdeen Evening Express*, Ap. 11, 1907.) Cf. Horace, "*Cœlum non animum*," etc.

Local Proverbs.

Fyvie.—"The parish o' Fyvie's sap, tends to run into the cap."

Tomintoul.—It is said that the Deil when flying over Tomintoul says, "Bonny Tomintoul! ye're a' my ain bairns!" Probably of Protestant origin, as there are many Catholics there.

Buchan.—"There's rowth (plenty) o' a'thing in Buchan, haud awa' freet (fruit)."

Micras.—Of Micras, Deeside. "There's nae an honest man in Micras but een (one), an' he stole the cannas" (the canvas on which grain was flailed); used in Micras eighty years ago.

Strathdon.—"Ye can aye tell Nochty-side loons by 'thee,' 'thou,' an' 'Wilta'"; said in Strathdon eighty years ago. Glen Nochty opens into Strathdon.

Pitfodels.—"Pit fae ye Pitfodels, there's men i' the Mearns!" the Slogan of the Menzies of Pitfodels.

The Mearns.—"The men o' the Mearns canna do mair than they may." This saying is said to have originated from an unsuccessful attack made by the men o' the Mearns on some caterans in the castle of Birse.

Weather Lore, Seasons, etc.

A caul' May an' a windy
Maks a full May an' a findy.

May birds are aye cheepin'.
May cats are aye meutin' (mewing).

O' marriages in May
Bairns die in a dreay.

When the sky's like the waves o' the sea
Wet weather it will be.

"The Gab o' May": cold weather at the beginning of May.

"The Teuchat (lap-wing) Storm": coarse weather at middle or end of April.

"The Cauld Kalendars o' May."

"The Reedie Rows o' May": large waves that come rolling in, on otherwise calm days in May. (Footdee, Aberdeen.)

"The purse-mou'"—lines of clouds converging towards one end: a forerunner of rough weather.

Black cumuli—nimbus clouds sometimes described as "awfu' swine-looking clouds."

"Goat's hair"—a cloudy sky resembling this is indicative of wind.

Beef-brose an' bannock day
  Please let us home,
For a' the folk in oor toon
  Hae gone to Foggie loan.

(Said by Rothienorman school children on "Faster's-even." The custom was for the children to write this on the black-board before the master came in, and he, when he saw it, granted the holiday.)

"Next comes Candlemas, and then the new meen,
An' the first Tuesday after that is aye fasteren-e'en."
(Dinnie's *History of Birse.*)

A harden Sabbath's a linen week. (A coarse Sunday is followed by a week of good weather.)

Three bad Sundays will be followed by a week of fine weather.

"East and Wast
  The sign o' a blast,
North and Sooth
  The sign o' a drooth."

(Said of the disposition of clouds in the sky.)

"Of fat's before, ye'll hear no more,
But fat's behin', ye'll bitterly fin."

This is said of parhelia, or mock suns. If seen to the east (*i.e.* "behind the sun"), they are of ill omen: if to the west (*i.e.* "before the sun"), they are of no moment.

"Fin the sea's at Aberdour,
  The ill weather's a' ower,
But fin the sea's at Auchentumb
  The ill weather's a' t' come."

(*I.e.*, It is considered a sure prognostication of coming bad weather when the noise of the waves beating on the rocky coast of Buchan is heard far inland.)

Nursery Tales and Children's Songs.

The Bannockie [1]

A mannie and a wifie pit oot a bannockie to dry, an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to twa waal washers. "Fat a bonny bannockie," they said: "far cam ye fae?"

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, an' noo I've come to you."

They flung their tubs at it; an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to twa barn thrashers. "Fat a bonny bannockie," they said: "far cam ye fae?"

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, twa waal washers, an' noo I've come to you."

They flung their flails at it; an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to a mannie an' his clogs. "Fat a bonny bannockie," he said: "far cam ye fae?"

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, twa waal washers, twa barn thrashers, an' noo I've come to you."

He flung his clogs at it; an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to a shepherd and his dogs. "Fat a bonny bannockie," he said: "far cam ye fae?"

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, twa waal washers, twa barn thrashers, a mannie an' his clogs, an' noo I've come to you."

He set his dogs at it; an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to a tod in the burn. "Fat a bonny bannockie," it said: "far cam ye fae?"

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, twa waal washers, twa barn thrashers, a mannie an' his clogs, a shepherd an' his dogs, an' noo I've come to you."

The tod shook its tail at it; an' it ran owre the hills an' owre the hills till it cam to a craw on the dyke. "Fat a bonny bannockie," it said: "far cam ye fae?"

[1] Three versions of "The Wee Bannock," from Ayrshire, Dumfriesshire, and Selkirkshire, are given in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* The Aberdeenshire one is the only one where the bannock survives its visit to the tod (fox).—*Cruden.*

"I cam fae a wee wee wifie an' a far less mannie, twa waal washers, twa barn thrashers, a mannie an' his clogs, a shepherd an' his dogs, an' a tod in the burn, an' noo I've come to you."

The craw flapped its wings at it an' it flew owre the hills an' owre the hills till it flew back to the mannie an' the wifie, an' they catched it.

The Mousie and the Rotten.

A mousie and a rotten were to try a race to America. The mousie fell and broke its hinch, and gaed to the souter to get it shewed.

"Souter, souter, shew my hinch unto my pinch, and lat me win my wasie."

"Na, awyte no," says the souter, "I winna shew your hinch unless ye gang to the soo for birse to me."

"Soo, soo, birse me that I may birse the souter, the souter shew my hinch unto my pinch and lat me win my wasie."

"Na, awyte no," says the soo, "I winna birse ye unless ye gang to the brewster wife for bran to me."

"Brewster wife, brewster wife, bran me that I may bran the soo, and soo, soo, birse me that I may birse the souter, the souter shew my hinch unto my pinch and lat me win my wasie."

"Na, awyte no," says the brewster wife, "unless ye gang to the coo for milk to me."

"Coo, coo, milk me that I may milk the brewster wife; brewster wife bran me that I may bran the soo; the soo birse me that I may birse the souter; the souter shew my hinch unto my pinch and lat me win my wasie."

"Na, awyte no," says the coo, "unless ye gang to the barn-man for strae to me."

"Barn-man, barn-man, strae me, that I may strae the coo; and coo, coo, milk me that I may milk the brewster wife; brewster wife bran me that I may bran the soo; soo, soo, birse me that I may birse the souter; souter, souter, shew my hinch unto my pinch and lat me win my wasie."

The coo got the strae, the brewster wife got milk, the soo got the bran, the mousie got the birse, and the souter shewed its hinch, and the mousie was first in America.

There was a wife an' she dee't, an' her man green't [longed for] for her liver. He took it oot an' roastit it an' ate it; an' she cam in ae day. He said:—

"Fat maks your feet sae braid?"
"I've gaen mair than ever I've read."
"Fat maks your een sae howe?"
"It's lyin' sae lang amon' the dowe."
"Fat gars your guts hing oot?"
"It was you! It was you!" (*Cruden.*)

Gowf ba', cherry tree,
Catch a bird an' gie it me,
Let the tree be high or low,
Let the weather be frost or snow.

Gowf ba', cherry tree,
How many apples do you give me?
One for the leddy, an' anither for the laird,
An' anither for the little boy that sits in the yaird.
(*Old Aberdeen, eighty years ago.*)

Whistle Bairdie had a coo,
White and black aboot the mou,
Wasna that a dainty coo
Belonged to Whistle Bairdie?

Ting-a-ling-a-long-tong,
Fa's that 'at's deid?
Aul' Cattie Gilbert,
Wi' a sair heid.
A' them 'at kent her
Fan she wis alive,
Come till her beerial
Atween fower an' five.

Brose an' butter an' a',
Sowens an' succar an' a',
An' isna she verra weel aff
'At gets brose an' butter an' a'?

Honey an' ham, an' jeely an' jam,
An' a skate like a barn-door.

Dance to your daddy, my little lady,
Dance to your daddy, my bonny lamb,
An' ye'll get a fishie in a little dishie,
An' a whirligiggie an' a supple Tam.

We are a' King William's men,
Ma thurie an' my thorie,
An' we are a' King William's men
Within a golden sorie.[1]

Pit the doggie to the mill,
This gait an' that gait,
Tak' a lick oot o' this wifie's pyock,
An' a lick oot o' the neist wifie s pyock,

An' a drink at the mill dam,
An' gang hame, loup for spang, loup for
spang, loup for spang!

My father an' mither wis Irish,
An' I am Irish too,
I boucht a fiddle for ninepence,
An' it wis Irish too,
An' a' the tunes 'at it could play
Wis "owre the hills an' far away,"
I bruck it here, I bruck it there,
An' I bruck it through the middle.

As I gaed by my aunty's door
My aunty wis suppin' sowens,
I socht a sup, I got a sup,
I socht a suppy mair;
She gaed me in the moo
Wi' the red het spurtle,
An' burnt it an' left but a hair.
An' here's it!

(*Parish of Cruden.*)

[1] Cf. Shetland carol, "We are a' Queen Mary's Men." *County Folklore*, vol. iii., p. 253.

Fan I wis een
I gaed my leen,
Fan I wis twa
I shot a craw,
Fan I wis three
I clim'ed a tree,
Fan I wis four
I gaed a glour,
Fan I wis five
I didna thrive,
Fan I wis sax
I got my smacks,
Fan I wis siven
I gaed to Stanehiven,
Fan I wis aucht
I carried a fraucht,
Fan I wis nine
I muckit the swine,
Fan I wis ten
I killed a hen,
Fan I wis eliven
I cam fae Stanehiven.
Fan I was twal
I fell into the draw-waal,
Fan I wis thirteen, fourteen
  I gaed to Aikey Fair,
Fan I was fifteen, saxteen
  Fat to dee there?
Fan I was seventeen, auchteen
  To buy an auld meer,
Fan I was nineteen, twenty
  She was owre dear.

(*Parish of Cruden.*)

Children's Singing Games.

Little Sally Walker sitting in the sand,
Crying and weeping for a young man.
Rise, Sally, rise and wipe away your tears,
Fly to the East and fly to the West,
Fly to the one that you love best.
There's a couple got married in joy,
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after and seven years to come
This young couple may rise and be done.
Up streets, down streets and a penny glass,
Isn't . . . a nice young lass?
But isn't . . . as nice as she?
Both to be married and they canna agree.
Clean bright candlesticks, clean fireside,
Draw back the curtains and let's see the bride.

A' the men in oor toon lives a happy life,
Except . . . and he wants a wife.
A wife shall he hae, and a widow shall he be,
For look at . . . , she sits on his knee.
She paints her face and she curls her hair,
And she kisses her lad at the foot o' the stair.

The wind and the wind and the wind blows high,
And the rain comes pattering from the sky.
. . . says she'll die,
For a lad on the rolling high.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the flower of the golden city,
She has got lovers, one, two, three,
Pray and tell me who they be?
. . . says he'll have her,
In his bosom he will clasp her,
Lash the whip and away we go,
Off to Newcastle races O!

Wattery, wattery well flowers, spring up so high,
We are all maidens and we must all die,

Except . . . and she is the youngest one.
She can kick and she can fling,
And she can turn the sofa.
O fie, fie for shame,
Turn your back to the walls again !

We are two lovers come from Spain,
  All in French garlands,
We've come to court your daughter Jane,
  So adieu to you, my darlings.

My daughter Jane, she is so young,
  All in French garlands,
She cannot bear your flattering tongue,
  So adieu to you, my darlings.

If this young man should chance to die,
  And leave his wife a widow,
The bells shall ring, and the church shall sing,
  And we'll all clap hands together.

So a-doaving, a-doaving,
  A-doaving by the hand,
We'll take this pretty fair maid,
  We'll take her by the hand.

Counting out Rhymes.

Eetam, peetam, penny pie,
  Pap-a-lorrie, jinky-jye,
Stan' ye oot-bye
  For the bonnie penny pie.

Eenerie, twa-erie, tuckerie, taiven,
Alamacrackerie ten or elaiven,
Peen Jean, muskey dan,
Teedlum, Fodlum, twenty-wan.

Written in Books.

If onybody gets a len'
Be's gude as sen' it hame again.

——— is my name,
Scotland is my nation,
——— is my dwelling-place,
A pleasant habitation;
And when I'm dead and in my grave
And all my bones are rotten,
Tak' up this book and think on me
When I am quite forgotten.

OLD SONGS.

I set spurs to my neadie
An' awa I did ride,
To fair Lunnon city
Seekin' for a bride.
The girls they cam efter me,
By one, by two, by ten,
I taul them I would mairry,
I taul them I would mairry,
I taul them I would mairry,
But I never taul them when.

I aince had a sweetheart
I loved her as my life,
An' ofttimes I thocht
I would mak her my wife.

But she proved false to me,
  For she loved all sorts o' men.
I taul her I would mairry,
I taul her I would mairry,
I taul her I would mairry,
  But I never taul her when.

I coorted a widow
  Who had great stores of gold.

. . . . .

. . . . .

I coorted her till she gave me
  Nine hunner pounds an' ten.
An' I taul her I would mairry,
I taul her I would mairry,
I taul her I would mairry,
  But I never taul her when.

I set spurs to my neadie
  An' awa I did ride,
To fair Lunnon city,
  Seekin' for a bride.
The girls they cam efter me,
  But catch me if you can,
For I taul them I would mairry,
I taul them I would mairry,
I taul them I would mairry,
  But I never taul them when.

I am a rantin' aul' maid
  An' I've been single lang,
I took into my aul' heid
  That I would like a man.

Chorus: Fal al the diddle al,
Fal al de day,
Fal al the diddle al,
Fal al de day.

I gaed to a singin' class,
  And bonny lads were there,
The first that took my fancy
  Was ane wi' curly hair.

He said to me, "My bonny lass,
  Fat wye div ye gang hame?"
Richt modestly I answered him,
  "The very wye I came."

He said to me, "My bonny lass,
  Fat like's the ane ye lo'e?"
Richt modestly I answered him,
  "He's richt like you."

He said to me, "My bonny lass,
  Fat is't they ca' your name?"
Richt modestly I answered him,
  "They ca' me Meg at hame."

He said to me, "My bonny lass,
  Am I the lad ye lo'e?"
Richt modestly I answered him,
  "Ye've guessed richt noo."

Parish of Cruden.

As I gaed by yon toonie farm
A barkie cam oot an' doggit at me,
I took my flauchter shooder fae aff my spad
I gaed it such a lug i' the lasher,
I gart a' its water een again.

(A nonsense recitation with the words transposed.—*Parish of Cruden.*)

"Fustle, fustle, aul' wife,
  An' I'll gie ye a hen."
"I couldna fustle
  Altho' ye gied me ten."

"Fustle, fustle, aul' wife,
  An' I'll gie ye a coo."
"I couldna fustle
  Altho' ye gied me two."

"Fustle, fustle, aul' wife,
An' I'll gie ye a man."
"F—f—f—f— [Imitation of unsuccessful whistling.]
I'll dee the best I can."[1]

My ae string walletie,
My twa string walletie,
My three string walletie,
O, weary fa' your dogs, gude wife,
They're rivin' a' my walleties!

(*Strathdon*, ninety years ago.)

DAVID RORIE, M.D.

FOLKLORE NOTES FROM PIEDMONT, III.

(*Continued from vol. xxiv. p.* 364).

On the evening of the first of May the boys of the village in Piedmont, Savoy, and Provence, still practise the very ancient custom of planting a pine tree covered with garlands in front of the house of the most beautiful girl in the hamlet.

In Haute Savoy, on the first Sunday after Easter, in all the villages which are near a common, the children bring bundles of wood and effigies made of reeds, which they burn, and dance round the fire, all the time uttering a sort of wail.

ESTELLA CANZIANI.

FOLKLORE FROM NEWMARKET, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Frogs.—Grooms catch a frog and keep it in a bottle or tin until nothing but the bones remains. At the new moon they draw these up stream in running water; one of the bones which floats is kept as a charm in the pocket or hung round the neck. This

[1] A variant of this is in Chambers's *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland.*

gives the man power to control any horse, however vicious it may be. One of my informants said the charm made a very savage horse so tame that it used to follow him about.

In connection with this belief, it may be noted that in a case in Scotland, at the Aberdeen Sheriff's Court, a farm servant was charged with entering his master's stable at night and ill-treating a mare. It was alleged that, having tied the head of the animal close to the woodwork in front of its stall, he got up close to the forestall, brandished a turnip cleek, and attempted to strike the mare with it, terrifying her and causing her to struggle violently. His master, hearing a noise in the stable, ran up and saved the mare from further injury. The Fiscal, in imposing a heavy fine on the offender, remarked that the accused had given no explanation of his conduct, but that his master had said something about "horseman's word," which the Court did not understand.[1] A correspondent, writing next day to the same newspaper, states that "'the horseman's word' used to be a sort of freemasonry among farm servants, and men were initiated to the brotherhood and given 'the horseman's word,' or the secret of managing horses."

Boots.—If boots, especially new boots, are left on a table, a quarrel is sure to occur.

Table.—When I was sitting one day on a table in her house, a labourer's wife said that I must be wanting to get married. I find this belief to be prevalent in this district. If a knife drops from a table on to the ground, a man will soon visit you; if a fork, a woman.

Lullaby.—The following is a common lullaby:

"Sleep like a { lady! / gentleman!
You shall have milk
When the cows come home.
Father is the butcher,
Mother cooks the meat,
Johnnie rocks the cradle
While baby goes to sleep!"

The Man in the Moon.—When I asked a little boy about the Man in the Moon, he said that a man used to live with his grandmother. One day he came back from work and found that the

[1] *Aberdeen Free Press*, 2nd March, 1914.

supper was not ready. So he kicked the old woman up in the air, and to his surprise she went through the roof and straight up to the moon, where she is now looking down on him.

Saliva.—The same boy tells me that if you spit on your watch, say a charm, and look at the moon, you will have good luck all the days of your life.

Money Spiders.—From the same informant I learn that if you catch the spider known as "a money-spinner," wave it round your head three times and then let it crawl on the top of your head, it brings money.

Salt.—When salt is spilt, nothing must be said until it has been thrown over the shoulder, otherwise ill-luck follows.

A Cure for Toothache in Suffolk.—Clasp a birch tree in your arms. Then cut a slit in it, and sever a piece of hair with your left hand from behind your ear. Bury it in the slit, and when the hair has disappeared so will the toothache.

Saliva.—To bring good luck, spit on a horseshoe, boot tip, or any bit of iron; if you have a companion, he should do the same. Then shut your eyes and pitch it away in the air, so that you do not know where it has gone. It you happen to find the iron again, you must repeat the ritual.

A Cure for a Stye in the Eye.—Rub it with a black cat's tail.

Artificial Flowers.—Wearing artificial flowers or "everlastings" brings good luck.

Churching of Women.—After the birth of a child the mother will not go down the street or anywhere, even to buy provisions, until she has been churched. This custom causes trouble to the clergy, who are often asked to church women at all sorts of hours, so that they may be able to visit their friends or do some shopping. An unmarried woman giving birth to a child is said to be "married but not churched."

Omen from the Apron-string.—If a servant finds one apron-string undone she expects a visitor, or some one is thinking of her. When two people say accidentally the same word at the same time, it means that some one is thinking of them.

Viaticum for the Dead.—A servant remembers seeing at Burrough Green a penny put in the mouth of an old man when he lay in his coffin.

Stumbling.—In Suffolk it is said that if you stumble or fall down while running up stairs you are going to a wedding.

Clothes inside out.—If you turn your clothes inside out and accidentally put them on thus, it is a sign of a present.

The Haddock.—The thumb-like mark on the gills of a haddock was caused by Christ having touched it with His thumb when He was out fishing in St. Peter's boat.

Killing a Beetle, Cockroach, Spider.—Killing a beetle or cockroach causes rain; a spider, ill-luck in Suffolk.

Cross-eyed People.—In Cambridgeshire if a cross-eyed person looks at you, you will have ill-luck all day, for such people can see right through you and know your thoughts.

A Crowing Hen.—The cook of a vicar in this neighbourhood said that a crowing hen had bewitched the "chickens" (*i.e.* ducklings), so she killed it.

Omens for Luck.—I was told of a man in Liverpool, a well-educated merchant, who till the day of his death always touched the door outside the station and the lamp-post further up the road; if he chanced to forget to do this, he went back and did it. A Liverpool market-woman told a friend's sister that "there was luck between" when somebody dropped money when passing between them. A friend from Northants tells me that if you drop your umbrella or stick you should not pick it up for fear of ill-luck, but make a friend who is with you do it.

RONALD BURN.

FOLKLORE FROM KENT.

A Noted Witch.—At Ightham in Kent many tales are told of the witch Widow A——, who died some 60 years ago. She was believed to have supernatural powers of vision. One day, when she was on a hill many miles away, she saw a man giving some apples to boys, and called out to him. But when he searched the place he could find no trace of her or of the spot whence it was possible for her to have watched him. She used to wander at nights. One night her husband saw her preparing to start, and

called out, "What! off again to-night?" She answered, "Well, here's over everything," and flew up the chimney. He wanted to go too, but he forgot the charm, and only bumped against the mantelpiece. A man in the neighbourhood used often to hunt a hare which he lost near her cottage. He always found the door locked, and it was generally believed that the witch used to get in through the sink-drain. She had a piece of sheet iron fixed on her doorpost, and it was supposed that the object of this was that she might hear a rattle if any one tried to nail a horse-shoe on the door. If this were accomplished it was thought that she could not get in or out. Some boys once tried to discover whether she was really a witch or not by sticking pins into her footmarks. While they were creeping close behind her she heard them and turned round. So they were convinced that she was a witch. She used to make her living by selling yeast, and if any one offended her she had the power of making the bread so hard that it was uneatable. On one occasion, when a farmer's team of horses refused to move, she said something and they started off at once.

Rustic remedies.—A knucklebone of mutton carried in the pocket cures or prevents cramp. Other devices are to carry a pan of water into the bedroom of the sufferer and leave it there; to keep a piece of tarred string in the pocket; to place your shoes in the form of a T at night. Rheumatism is relieved by carrying brimstone in your pocket.

Omens.—If you meet a horse with a white cross, or a grey horse, spit on your boots and make the sign of the cross. To see a piebald horse is unlucky; but if you *do* see one and then wish a wish, it will be granted you. A horse with three white feet is to be rejected. Never look at the new moon over your left shoulder. Never place a sitting hen on twelve eggs. If you put your arm in the morning through the wrong sleeve of your coat, wear it so all day, or evil will befall you. If, when going to a funeral, you forget anything, you must go back and out at the back door, and then start again, or you will have bad luck.

P. J. Heather.

Wine over a Coffin.

Gipsy Ceremonial at Funeral of a Boy—The funeral of little Marko Dakar, the Hungarian gipsy boy who died suddenly on Friday last, took place at St. Mary's Cemetery, Ilford, yesterday. The grief of the parents at the mortuary was heartrending.

Before the coffin was closed each member of the funeral party placed silver and copper coins inside it, and the father also placed some bread and meat beside the coins. The secretary of the Gipsy Club, at the request of the mourners, took a photograph of the dead child, who was dressed in his best clothes with a new red hat and beautifully embroidered shoes, and the coffin was then closed.

At the graveside the father of the child poured wine over the coffin, and when it was lowered into the ground more wine was sprinkled over it. The mourners listened attentively to the short service, at the conclusion of which the Roman Catholic priest asked why they did not attend Mass. The father replied, "We can only pray in Romany, and God does not understand the language."

During the afternoon the ceremony of "trisn"[1] was observed by the gipsies, this consisting of sitting round the fire and making incantations for the spirit of the departed. This ceremony will be repeated to-morrow, and a funeral feast will be held six days later, and again six weeks, six months, and twelve months after the funeral.—*Daily Mail*, 18th Nov., 1913.

Sussex Folklore.

Omens.—If the sun shines on Christmas Day a good fruit year may be expected.

On Christmas night all the cattle kneel and pray at midnight.

March will search,
April will try,
May will tell you if you'll live or die.

[1] For the *trisn* funeral ceremony, see *Journal Gypsy Lore Society*, vol. vi., p. 300.

If a man walking in the fields can plant his foot on seven daisies it is a sign that winter has gone and spring is at hand.

When primroses blossom you must not take into the house less than seven at one time, or there will be bad luck with the chickens.

When you first hear the cuckoo take note how you are occupied, for what you are doing then will be your chief business during the year. If you hear the cuckoo after June 24th it is the sign of a death in the family.

Lady Day (25th March) or Old Lady Day (6th April) is the beginning of the farm year, and farm servants are engaged or re-engaged at that date. In Sussex the farm year begins on 29th September, when labour has to be engaged and the rent paid. This is the most anxious time for the farmer in the whole year.

A warm Easter Sunday is dangerous: better a dry, wild one.

A wet Easter Day, a wet summer and rain;
A fine Easter Day, plenty of grass but little good hay.

A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July is not worth a butterfly.

Girls think May to be an unlucky month. Courtship begun in May is soon broken off. Marriage in May is sure to be unlucky. Even to be born in May is undesirable. Many people will not buy new clothes in May, and make no change which they can possibly avoid.

June 11th is a good day to begin hay-making. There is an old saying: "Eleventh of June, grass or nune (none)."

At Hallowe'en chestnuts are roasted. Two are placed before a hot fire and named after two young people in whom you are interested. If the chestnuts burn steadily side by side, they will marry and live happily ever afterwards: should either burst or jump away, the match will not come off.

Ducks must not be hatched between what we call the Two Midsummers—24th June and 6th July. If they are they become deformed, and cannot walk: their legs are cramped and useless, and they soon die.

(Recorded by Mrs. Hardy, Wiston, Sussex.)

Worcestershire Folklore.

Calendar Customs.—The following notes were taken in the northern part of the county:

Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday, is not much observed in the Dudley district. Veal and rice pudding are served for dinner. Simnel cakes are largely sold, but no one knew anything of a special cake for Mothering Sunday.

At Whitsuntide it has long been the custom to wear new or best clothes, often white for women.

Easter is a popular season for marriages.

Kates Hill Wake, held at Midsummer, was very popular and largely frequented between 1860 and 1880, but it has now lost its importance; there are only a few stalls, and people do not trouble to attend.

Going into the country on May Sunday is the chief outing of the year.

A fertility omen.—In the Dudley district, if at an ordinary family tea, more than one person fills the cups, there will be an increase in the family within the year.

A wishing well.—Below the Church of St. Kenelm, on the Halesowen side of Clent Hills, there is a Wishing Well. I was directed to taste the water and turn round nine times before making my wish. This is not the true St. Kenelm's Well, which is higher up the road leading past St. Kenelm's Church to Clent. The well was filled up some years ago, as it was situated on a declivity and was dangerous to carters.

T. E. Lones.

West Indian Folklore.

The Zombi.—The Zombi, as it is called in the French, or the Jumby of the English-speaking West Indian Islands, is not a ghost, a *revenant*, nor a maker of malicious magic. It has a trace of the vampire about it, and probably its nearest parallel is the Irish Spectre Lover, a spirit capable of assuming human form and of winning the heart of a person of the other sex, from whom it

obtains a promise of meeting it, say in a month's time, in a neighbouring churchyard. During this interval the victim droops and fades, finally dying just at the time to allow of his or her burial at the very hour appointed for the meeting. The Zombi is sometimes even more rapid in its movements, the end coming after a few hours of bliss. Sometimes the evil spirit appears as a three-legged horse, and with one of its legs it is able to inflict a severe kick on an unwary traveller. Sometimes, as a gigantic dog, it springs at the throat of its victim. Fortunately it sometimes appears as a small creature which can be trapped; and for this purpose Negroes hang up outside their huts bottles half filled with water, into which, when the Zombi ventures to quench its thirst, it may be imprisoned, not killed, but henceforth in the service of its captor. Dominica swarms with these creatures, and they are so widely feared that no bribe will induce a Negro to venture out in the dark. The coloured population of the West Indian Islands is now at any rate nominally Christian; but neither priest nor pastor has been able to stamp out the fear of evil spirits. This is especially the case with Martinique, where if you ask any Negro about the Zombi, he will answer in his quaint patois, "Mais q'oui Missié (Monsieur), c'est ben c'nu."

MARY F. A. TENCH, F.R.A.I.

FOLKLORE OF LONDON DRESSMAKERS.

London dressmakers consider it to be most unlucky to use a black pin in fitting a gown. At a recent visit to my dressmaker I was told that a black pin had inadvertently been used not long since in fitting a wedding dress. "That wedding gown was never worn, because the gentleman the young lady was to marry was killed!" Green is an unlucky colour. "It is not always unlucky, but I made a beautiful green dress not long ago, and it was never worn by its owner, because she went into deep mourning just as it was finished." After a dress is finished and is being worn there seems to be no objection to the use of black pins.

E. M. L.

The Devil's Rocks, near Downton Castle, Ludlow, Shropshire.

On these rocks you can see the marks of the Devil's feet, where he used to dance; the four pillars are his partners. Close by is the little stone seat on which he used to rest.

E. M. Leather.

The Saliva Superstition.

A few weeks ago I noticed one of my schoolboys taking up a white stone from the road, spitting upon it, and then throwing it over his head. In doing so he repeated the following distich:

> "Lucky stone, lucky stone,
> Bring me luck when I go home."

Upon enquiry I found that it would afterwards be unlucky for him to look back when turning round a corner.

"Aeron" (Glyn Traiarn, North Wales), writing in *Bygones*, 1893-4, p. 60.

The Nightingale an Ill-Omened Bird.

Recently at Newport, Shropshire, a pair of nightingales built for the first time near the canal, and people used to collect at night to listen to them singing. People now say that it would be a good thing if they never returned, because bad luck, including seven deaths, occurred in the neighbourhood as a result of their sojourn.

E. F. Bennion.

An Omen from Dress.

In the neighbourhood of Watford, King's Langley, and Abbots Langley in West Herts, it is a common belief that if the lower

edge of a woman's skirt has become turned up so as to form a kind of pocket, some good fortune, such as a present of a new dress, will come to the owner.

T. E. Lones.

Bubbling Wells in Somerset.

On the first three Sundays in May people visited, and perhaps do still, three wells at Taunton. When the water bubbled patients stood in the wells and were cured of "any humours." On these days after twelve o'clock young men used to play "birn ball" in the streets.

J. B. Partridge.

Epiphany and Easter Observances in Westmoreland.

On the Eve of the Epiphany, at Brough-under-Stainmore, there is an annual procession called "The Carrying of the Holling" or Holy tree (see *Parliamentary Gazette*, 1843, vol. i., p. 297). In this and the neighbouring counties young folk or mummers used to perform a sort of play, and begged for pace eggs. At Kendal children still gather in the Castle Fields for "Jerring of Pace Eggs" on Easter Tuesday. The eggs which were unbroken were hailed as "conquerors." The game of "Grandy Needles" consisted of a line of young men on one side and young women on the other, forming an arch, under which they all passed in succession. This game, which took place on Easter Tuesday, ceased about 1860. (Mr. G. Rushforth, parish clerk, Kendal, in 1906.)

J. B. Partridge.

Folklore from Essex.

Watching the Wardstaffe.—At Ongar and Harlow, lands were held by the service of watching the Wardstaffe, which was cut

yearly on Low Sunday, by the Bailiff of the Hundred, from some willow bough growing in Abbotte-Rothing Wood.[1]

Inhabitants of the Manor of Loughton had the right of lopping trees for firewood in Epping Forest from St. Martin's Day to St. George's Day. It was said to be due to a grant from Queen Elizabeth, and to be "conditional on their commencing to lop the trees as the clock struck midnight on the preceding night. They were wont to meet for that purpose at Staples Hill, within the Forest, where, after lighting a fire, and celebrating the occasion with draughts of beer, they lopped from twelve o'clock till two o'clock, and then returned to their homes. The branches, according to the custom, could not be faggoted in the Forest, but were made into heaps, six feet high, and were then drawn out of the Forest on sledges. In olden times the first load was drawn out by white horses."

The wood could only be cut for the use of the inhabitants of the Parish. It was done for the last time in 1879.[2]

J. B. Partridge.

Gloucestershire Legends.

Legend of the Cleeve Hill Stone.—Between Marl Cleeve and Offenham, on the left bank of the Avon, is a long, and almost straight ridge, which slopes down abruptly to the river and its meadows. Along its brow runs an old (reputedly Roman) road; and where this is crossed by a way leading from the village of Prior's Cleeve to Cleeve Mill, is a prehistoric barrow, upon which is a heavy mass of stone, evidently the base of a fourteenth century wayside cross. The presence of this stone is accounted for by a legend.

Once upon a time, the Devil perched on Meon Hill (in Quinton, Co. Gloucester), and looking towards Evesham, was annoyed by the sight of its Abbey, then in great prosperity. There being a big stone at hand, he kicked it at the Abbey with malicious

[1] See Morant's *History of Essex*, i. 126.

[2] Eversley, *Commons, Forests, and Footpaths*, 1910, p. 67.

intention; but Evesham bells beginning to ring, it swerved to the right, and fell where it now lies.

Goblins.—The Mickleton Hooter, or Belhowja, had his haunt in Mickleton Hollow (sometimes called Weeping Hollow), a deep, wooded glen which runs up into the Ilmington Hills, above the village of Mickleton. Accounts of this fearful being having been seen are not wanting, but as a rule he was only to be heard, and that near midnight. His howlings, yellings, and shriekings are reported to have been heard by very many persons; among others by my maternal grandmother and her sister, who, when returning late in the evening from Hidcote Bartrum to Upper Stoke, had to pass close by the head of the Hollow. The sounds which they heard were enough to alarm them very greatly.

In my younger days no one thought of questioning the fact of the horrible noises to be heard in Mickleton Hollow, but sceptical persons suggested that the howlings of vixen foxes, repeated and confused by echoes from the steep, and in some places precipitous, banks around, may have been the cause. It is, however, to be observed that though there are plenty of vixen foxes and echoes elsewhere, there is no other Mickleton Hooter in the neighbourhood.

F. S. Potter.

Folklore from Yorkshire (North Riding).

The Pancake Bell.—At Richmond, Pancake bell is still rung on Shrove Tuesday.

Carling Sunday.—Passion Sunday is known as "Carling Sunday." Pease pudding is given away at small inns.

Oak wearing.—On May 29th, twenty years ago, the children all wore oak, and got a holiday.

Hiring Fairs.—Hiring Fairs are early in May and November for ploughmen and hinds, who still stand near the Cross, and take their "God's penny." Hinds are hired for a year, other servants for six months. Twenty years ago girls stood for hiring, but not now.

St. Mark's Eve.—On St. Mark's Eve it was the custom in Marrick, and other villages in Swaledale, to watch in the church porch before midnight for the spirits of those who are going to die during the year. As midnight strikes, the spirits are supposed to pass by you into the church. If you are going to die yourself you fall asleep in the porch, and cannot be wakened. About fifty years ago my informant's uncle and another young fellow went off on St. Mark's Eve to the church at Marrick to watch, but they were so afraid of falling asleep that they turned back.

Grinton Feast.—Grinton Feast is not kept on the date of the church dedication, which is St. Andrew, but on the Sunday after August 12th. It used to be observed for three days, with sports in the afternoon and dancing at night. On the Monday before the sports, two men dressed in women's clothes went round to every house begging for cheese cakes. Everyone gave them some. These were kept till the dance in the evening. It was unlucky not to taste one.

Bartle Fair.—Reeth formerly had a great Bartle Fair. (The mother church is St. Andrew, Grinton.)

Bonfires.—Bonfires are general on November 5th in Grinton and Reeth, but there are no Guys. At the small shops gingerbread was sold at this season, and also sticks of twisted toffée, known as "Tom Trot"—made at no other time. Gingerbread was also made in the cottages for November 5th.

Christmas Observances.—Furmety is still eaten on Christmas Eve in Swaledale. The corn with which it is made is a present from the grocer.

Sword dancers still go round on Christmas Eve, dancing and singing a song about "Poor old horse."

The Yule log is generally given. It is brought into the house after dusk on Christmas Eve, and is at once put on the hearth. It is unlucky to have to light it again after it has once been started, and it ought not to go out until it has burned away.

To sit round the Yule log and tell ghost stories is a great thing to do on this night, also card-playing.

Two large coloured candles are a Christmas present from the grocer. Just before supper on Christmas Eve (when furmety is eaten), while the Yule log is burning, all other lights are put out,

and the candles are lighted from the Yule log by the youngest person present. While they are being lighted, all are silent and wish. The wish must not be told, but you see if you get it during the year. As soon as the candles are on the table, silence may be broken. They must be allowed to burn themselves out, and no other lights may be lighted that night.

Some people, especially cottagers, put a ring, thimble, and sixpence into the Christmas cake. (From Mrs. Day, Minchinhampton, a native of Swaledale.)

Pace-Egging.—In Wensleydale, young men dressed up used to go round before Easter "pace-egging."

Hay-time Feast.—At the end of each farmer's hay-time, a feast, or "mell," is given to the workers. Harvest feasts are unknown in the Dales, as very little corn is now grown. (From the Rev. W. Whaley, West Witton.)

Devil's Arrows.—About half a mile south of Boroughbridge are three rude monumental pillars, called the Devil's Arrows. A great fair was held here on St. Barnabas' Day, 11th June. (*Parliamentary Gazette* (1843), vol. ii., p. 225. It is not clear from the context whether the fair was held on this exact spot.)

J. B. Partridge.

County Clare Folk-Tales and Myths, IV.

(*Continued from vol. xxiv., p.* 381).

I overlooked a curious folk-tale of Brian Boruma in the Annals of Loch Cé (*Rolls Ser.* p. 7). In 1014 two of the King's "orderly servants" told of a vision in which clerics were singing and reading. The clergy told how Senan, son of Gerrchinn (St. Senan of Iniscatha), came to demand debts due to him from Brian. This had also been dreamed thirty-seven years before, A.D. 977. King Brian, it may be noted, had "violated"[1] St. Senan's sacred island at the mouth of the Shannon A.D. 975, though only when driving

[1] Tighermach's *Annals* say "wasted."

out the Danes. Compare this with Senan's revenge on Richard de Clare, 1318 (vol. xxiv. p. 374).

Mr. R. Twigge, F.S.A., gave me the following interesting early folk-tale about King Donaldmore (Domhnall mór) O'Brien in 1194. It is found in one of the Bodleian MSS. (Laud 614 fo. 108), "Fragments of Historie, translated out of an old Irish MS., in the custodie of Florence MacCartie." The extracts end about 1440. Florence was twice imprisoned in the Tower of London, 1589-1591 and 1601-1626; he was a good scholar and accomplished man.

Telling of the burial of Domhnall O'Brien, King of Munster, died 1194-5, it adds: "As the funeral procession was wending its way carrying his corse for burial, two monks met the corse and company at a place called Bearnenaghtry (? Bernach Echtge, a pass in Slieve Auchty), and lifted the corse upon them from those who carried it; and passing through that sharde or pass [in the hill] a blaste of wynde carried them and the corse out of sight; and never since could it be knowne what became of him or them."

For the "Soul cage" myth and note in vol. xxii., p. 450, note 6, I have again failed to find the tale extant near Dunbeg. I never met any similar one along the W. and S. coast from Donegal to Wexford. See *North Munster Archæol. Soc.* vol. iii. p. 122.

Vol. xxii. p. 54.—*Foundation Sacrifices.* Several cases of such with human victims are mentioned in early authorities. Those at Emania Fort in Cormac's *Glossary*, *ante* 902, and at Tailti.

A skeleton was found in the wall of Dun Conor, and apparent sepulchral cists in the ramparts of the promontory forts of Cashlaunicrobin in Tirawley, and Bunnafahy in Achil, both in Co. Mayo. The remarkable case in Nennius of a child offered at the making of a fort is well known. This has been strangely borne out in recent excavations in France (*Soc. Préhist. Française*, tome x. p. 700) where was found a skeleton of a child, aged about seven; of an adult (the head cut off and placed on a stone slab laid on the thorax and in a built cell), and the skull of a young child, the face turned inwards, all in the middle of the rampart.

The *Life of St. Cellach* gives a transitional stage, the slaying of swine, on digging the fort of Dunfine in Co. Sligo or Co. Mayo.

THOS. J. WESTROPP.

Harvest Rites in Ireland.

The following interesting account of harvest rites in Ireland, sent by Mr. H. M'Neile M'Cormick, of Cultra House, Co. Down, has been forwarded by Sir J. Frazer, who writes: "There are a number of archaic features in this account:—the Celtic name for the last corn (*calacht*, answering to the Gaelic *cailleach*, 'old wife'): the custom of cutting it by throwing the hooks; the placing of it round the neck of the farmer's wife; and the name of the harvest supper. Mr. M'Cormick states that Toome, where the custom was observed in 1913, is a district of the County of Antrim on the border of the County of Derry. It is about forty miles from Belfast, and is one of the two districts of Antrim in which the basis of the population is Celtic."

"An old harvest ceremony, "Cutting the Calacht," formerly largely practised in Ireland, but now almost extinct, was observed at Toome, County Antrim, about ten days ago. It consists in leaving the last bunch of corn in the corner of the last field uncut. This is plaited and called the "calacht." The reapers provide themselves with hooks, and standing back a reasonable distance take turns to "shy" at it. The successful candidate then places it round the neck of the master's wife (in this case there was no master's wife, so it was placed round the master's neck) and triumphantly leads her into the house, claiming the first drink. After this it is hung up in the centre of the kitchen, where a sufficient quantity of liquid refreshment is provided for all, followed by a tea and general jollification. This is usually known as a "churn." "Calacht," in Irish, signifies an old woman, witch, or hag, who was considered responsible for all the misfortunes from which the peasantry suffered. She was represented by the upstanding plant of corn, and in former times it was customary for the successful reaper to bear it in triumph to the farmer's wife, telling her that he has cut down the old witch who caused her the ill-luck from which she suffered, and that henceforth there is nothing but good luck in store for her and her household. While much of the reason of the ceremony may be now forgotten, it is interesting to note that the important item, *i.e.*, the liquid refreshment, still survives, "churns," as a wind-up to the harvest, being

held in much favour throughout the entire country. This old custom is still practised in the Highlands of Scotland."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*, October 15, 1913.

Iron a Sacred Metal.

Describing a remarkable collection of Greek surgical instruments found at Kolophon in Ionia, a writer in *The Times*, 25th March, 1914, remarks:

"It is an interesting fact that in ancient times knives were made either of stone or bronze. This custom was followed, not because iron was unknown, but because that metal was held in superstitious fear—a fear which lingered into the Christian era. According to Plutarch it was actually unlawful to introduce any iron implement into a Greek temple, and no Roman priest might be shaved by an iron razor or iron scissors. Surgical knives, however, had steel blades. Nevertheless even these bore, on the opposite side from the actual blade, a leaf-like projection of bronze with two edges—a survival of the earlier bronze blade, preserved, apparently, for ceremonial reasons. Each of the six knives (or rather knife handles) in this collection shows a groove for the steel blade which it originally possessed."

W. Crooke.

Notes on Folk Beliefs.

Unberufen: Touching Wood.

Boasting is generally believed to be dangerous. When a man brags we know that evil days are close upon him, and we are conscious of a dim foreboding, not perhaps amounting quite to apprehension, but rather a vague sense of discomfort and unrest. This sensation lasts until it is allayed by the performance of a magical rite—touching wood. In Germany the ritual is more elaborate, and is accompanied by words of power, the boaster saying: "Unberufen—unberufen. Ein, zwei, drei," striking wood thrice as he counts. At first sight it may appear that touching wood is of the same nature as the gambler's pawn, a forfeiture deliberately made to turn aside bad luck. But this is not so:

the one is sacrifice, the other magic. The explanation is suggested by the children's game "Tiggy, Tiggy, Touch Wood," where the child stands forward daringly and recites the couplet:

> "Tiggy, tiggy, touch wood,
> I've got no wood."

Or,

> "Ticky, ticky Touch wood, my black hen,
> She lays eggs for gentlemen:
> Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
> Ticky, ticky Touch wood, my black hen."[1]

and when pursued flies to the protection of the nearest tree, or in towns, where a tree is not available, a railing or a piece of furniture will serve: but it must be of wood. This game takes us back to the time when Northern Europe was forest land, and man a most defenceless animal. Long after he may have ceased to live in trees, and probably, though in a less degree, in the earlier pastoral stage, the natural impulse was to fly for refuge to a tree, which few beasts of prey can climb. The dangers of the forest beset us no more, but we still retain some vague idea that evil will result from boasting, and we give the same old warning whose value our ancestors recognised so well: "Touch wood!"[2]

W. H. F. Basevi.

A Key for a Coffin.

An old Irishman, a Roman Catholic, was buried here a few days ago. His neighbours say that when he knew himself to be

[1] Lady Gomme, *Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, vol. ii., p. 292 f.

[2] Mr. J. Nicholson (Sixth Series, *Notes and Queries*, vol. x., p. 266) states that the game "Tiggy, Tiggy, Touch Wood" comes down from the time when northern England was divided into wapentakes. When a new chief magistrate of this area was appointed all the freemen had to assemble. His spear was fixed upright in the ground, and all present had to "tig," or touch, its ashen handle with their spears, as a token of allegiance to him. He who came not to "tig" was an enemy, and could be pursued and punished; but he who touched was considered exempt. The boy who has touched calls out "Kings" as a form of exemption, which probably points to the fact that the king's thanes could procure exemption by stating their office, and without touching the spear.—Editor.

dying he gave his wife a key to put in his coffin, to open the door of heaven for him when he reached it.

Can Irish folklorists give any information about this? Where are such keys to be procured? and by what means are they endued with their power? Or are they in reality amulets, which are properly connected with pious aspirations rather than with actual entrance into the heavenly abode?

Kirton-in-Lindsey. MABEL PEACOCK.

The Headless Horseman.

In a Kachchhi ballad about the battle of Jhârâ in Cutch, fought in 1762, we have the familiar statement that when a warrior's head was cut off the trunk went on fighting. Then is added the curious statement, new to me, that it did not stop fighting till it was addressed by a woman, when it, too, fell dead. The verse runs:

"Mathô chhaṇyô paṭ-tê
Khôdh tê viṛyô
Jadê istrî gâlâyô
Taḍê chhaṇî paṭ pêô."

"The head dropped on the ground,
The trunk continued fighting.
When a woman addressed it,
Then it, too, dropped and fell upon the ground."

G. A. GRIERSON.

SUPERSTITION REGARDING CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

Sitting in front of two women on top of an omnibus yesterday I heard one remark in excitement to the other, "Look, there is a sweep!" and the other replied, "Yes—and there are two more! We *are* in luck!" Then each speaker bade the sweeps good-morning, and as the omnibus bore them past the sweeps one remarked, "We shall get something to-day—or perhaps we shall make some wonderful bargains at the sales."

In our family we always say good-morning to a sweep, the idea being that doing so ensures a present during the day.

D. C. HAVERFIELD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Romance of Mélusine, and Absence of Men during Childbed.

In *Folk-Lore* (vol. xxiv., p. 194), Mr. E. S. Hartland, in mentioning how Pressine stipulated that her husband should not intrude upon her childbed, touches on the general seclusion of women from men at such times, both amongst savage peoples and generally throughout Europe.

It is of interest, perhaps, to note how this is insisted upon in ballad literature. Taking a few cases at random we find in "Leesome Brand" that the lady says:—

> "O gin I had but a gude midwife
> Here this day to save my life,
> And ease me o' my misery
> O dear, how happy I would be!"

To which her lover replies:—

> "My love, we're far frae ony town
> There is nae midwife to be foun'.
> But if ye'll be content wi' me,
> I'll do for you what man can dee.'

But the lady insists:—

> "'For no, for no, this maunna be,'
> Wi' a sigh, replied this gay ladye.
> 'When I endure my grief and pain,
> My company ye maun refrain.'"

The lover is sent to hunt while she is in labour, with the proviso:—

> "Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,
> For she is of the woman kynde.'

In "Bonnie Annie" the lady refuses her lover's help at a similar time, but apparently more on the ground of his inexperience :—

"She hadna sailed far till the young thing cried 'Women!'
'What women can do, my dear, I'll do for you.'
'O haud your tongue, foolish man, dinna talk vainly,
For ye never kent what a woman driet for you.'"

Again in "Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter" we have, under like circumstances :—

"O for a few of yon junipers
To cheer my heart again,
And likewise for a gude midwife,
To ease me of my pain."

When the lover proffers his services the lady replies :—

"Had far away frae me, Archibald,
For this will never dee,
That's nae the fashion o' our land
And it's nae be used by me."

In "Rose the Red and White Lily" the lady refuses small help thus :—

"'Twas never my mither's fashion,' she says,
'Nor sall it ever be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain,
Where ladies dreed their pine.'"

In "Prince Heathen" the coarseness of the lover in outraging the woman's feelings is shewn by the fact that he refuses female aid to her :—

"He's taen her out upon the green,
When she saw women never ane,
But only him and's merry young men
Till she brought hame a bonny young son."

The reverse of this is shewn in "Burd Isabel and Earl Patrick" when the proper course is carried out :—

"It fell ance upon a day
She fell in travail pain,
He has gane to the stair-head,
Some ladies to call in."

But while the man himself is banished at such times, it is curious to note how his clothing may exercise a protective and beneficial

influence. Gregor (*Folklore of North-East Scotland*, p. 5) mentions how a pair of trousers was hung at the foot of the bed to protect mother, and child when it arrived, from the fairies. Henderson (*Folklore of the Northern Counties*, p. 14) relates how at Selkirk, Scotland, a mother saved her child from the fairies by seizing her husband's waistcoat and placing it over herself and the child. Similarly we have the custom in Scotland and elsewhere of the newly-born female child being received in the father's shirt. This is not so much, however, with the idea of protection, as of securing future fertility for the child, as the male child is placed in the mother's petticoat.

In Spain,[1] if there is difficulty in getting the milk to flow, it may be induced by the mother putting on her husband's shirt immediately after he has taken it off. In Holland,[2] for inflamed nipples, the newly-worn woollen night-cap of the husband is applied to the affected part. In France[3] the husband's hat is frequently, amongst the peasantry, put on to hasten labour, the hat being in some cases first turned inside out (Lorraine and Tours). In the same districts, and in parts of the country round Toulouse, the husband's entire clothing is donned as an assistance to rapid labour.

DAVID RORIE, M.D.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN AND YULE-TIDE.

In Mr. Percy Maylam's *Hooden Horse*, the author quotes a passage from Tille's *Yule and Christmas*, p. 115, stating "that the Christmas rides of the Wild Huntsman and his host cannot be proved to be older than the sixteenth century."

An English peasant woman, who probably never heard of the German legend, told me a few years ago in Lincolnshire, that there

[1] *British Medical Journal*, Oct. 15, 1910, quoting articles by Dr. Martin Carrera y Dellunder in *Gaceta Medica Catalena* of Feb. 15 and March 15, 1910.

[2] *Ibid.* Nov. 19, 1910, quoting article by Dr. A. Van Audel of Govinchen in July, Sept. and Oct. numbers of *Janus*.

[3] *Ibid.* Aug. 12, 1905, quoting Dr. Isambert of Tours in *Journal d'Obstét. de Gynec.*, etc., July 20, 1905. (See p. 341 *supra*.)

was a saying you should never leave clothes out to dry on New-Year's-Eve. If you did drops of blood would be found on them in the morning.

If I remember rightly, such drops of blood fall in France when the equivalent of the German Wild Hunt rages through the air.

Does not Tille consider that the custom of the Christmas-tree did not prevail in ancient times, because he has failed to find any mention of it in literature of an earlier date?

If he is correct the English Christmas-bough, or Christmas-bush, must have originated apart from the German tree, both descending from his ancestral rod or twig of blessing, but in different lines.

But how far may lack of evidence be trusted? How little we know of English November-fires before the Gunpowder Plot. Yet the probability is that we had autumnal-fires long before the days of Guy Fawkes.

M. Peacock.

Nursery Rhymes.

The rhymes in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv. p. 74 *et seq.*, recall several which I heard as a child, but did not know to be old or popular. I give the provenance of each as nearly as I know it.

(1) Cf. p. 81.—This I often heard from my mother who was born about 1852 near Ballyshannon. Hence the version is probably Northern Irish. Unfortunately I have forgotten several lines. What I can remember runs:

> "There was a man of double deed,
> Who sowed a garden full of seed;
> When the seed began to grow,
> He sowed a garden full of snow.
> When the snow began to melt,
> He sowed a garden full of felt (?spelt)."

Some lines which followed I have forgotten; the rhyme then goes on, "Like an eagle in the sky," and so, omitting "'twas' in all cases down to "Like a stick about your back," where it ends, the last line being given very emphatically, and accompanied with a pretence of a slap.

(2) Cf. p. 82.—This I had from my nurse's daughter, about 1888. We were then living in Brantford, Ontario, where she was at school and got the rhyme from some of her schoolmates. Naturally there are no Cromwell legends in Ontario, so the name has become changed:

"Old Grumble is dead and in his grave,
H'm, ha, in his grave;
There grew an old appletree over his head
H'm, ha, over his head;
The apples grew ripe and ready to fall,
H'm, ha, etc.,
There came an old woman and gathered them all;
Up jumped old Grumble and hit her a knock
And made the old woman go hippity-hop;
And then she sat down on a strawberry hill,
And while she sat there she made her will;
And all her effects they lay on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself."

"A strawberry hill" is, of course, nonsense; it would appear to be the place-name, Strawberry Hill, made into a common noun by persons whose knowledge of English geography is, like that of most Canadians, not very perfect.

(3) An interesting example of the transference of a festival is the occasional use of a modification of the rhyme for May 29. Among Ontario school children it sometimes became:

"The twenty-fourth of May
Is the Queen's birthday.
If you don't give us a holiday
We'll all run away."

Royal Oak Day is completely forgotten, indeed popular sentiment would most likely be against, not for, Charles II. But the immense popularity of Queen Victoria and the fact of her birthday coming near the right time filled the gap.

H. J. Rose.

The Death Coach.

Mr. Westropp says in *Folklore*, June 30th, 1910, p. 192, that "the 'headless coach' or 'coach a bower' seems of far later date than the banshee." If so, it must still be of a very respectable antiquity.

Death-carts are to be heard of in Lancashire and Lincolnshire, from which fact it may be argued that they are sure to be known in other English counties.

Death-carts driven by the last person buried in the churchyard, or by some other personification of the King of Terrors, may be said to swarm in Brittany, where, I believe, there are also death-boats.

The following quotation from the *Lapp who cheated Death*, which was published in the *Manchester Guardian*, April 20th, 1909, shows that the North of Europe cherishes the same superstition:

"Summer had come. The dwarf birches were in leaf, the Arctic brambles in blossom. Svänti, my Lapp host, lay at full length chewing tobacco. . . . Such a question as "Why is snow white?" never failed to draw forth some of his legendary lore.

"Snow is white and ice is white because white is the colour of death. Ice and snow come from the home of the dead, the land of darkness, far away in the north. There dwells the Reindeer of Death. When he comes south his sledge is empty, driverless; when he goes north it is filled with the souls of the dead, and the chief among them holds the rein. Sometimes on still winter nights one may hear the click of hoofs, though the herd is far off, and no living creature stirs; then it is that the mother hushes her child and whispers, 'Be still, lest the Reindeer of Death should hear you, for he is roaming about seeking souls to fill the empty sledge.' Only once has a living man sat in that sledge." Svänti paused tantalisingly.

[Here follows the story of Joukko.]

"Tell me one thing," I begged. "If the White Reindeer carries off the dead in its sledge across the snow, what happens to the souls of those Samelats [*i.e.* Lapps] who die in summer?" Svänti looked at me sideways with a puckered brow and muttered something in Lappish. "It is not lucky to speak so much of the dead," he said at last in Norwegian, "for we know that the souls of Samelats wander about during the days of sunshine, waiting until the sledge comes to fetch them in the dark months. So now let us rather talk of snaring birds or trapping lynxes."

H. Mackenzie.

Once again one may say of popular lore, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose". In Lincolnshire, I may add, a four-wheeled waggon is now used in country parishes to take the dead to the grave-yard, if a hearse is too costly. Yet I never heard the ghostly vehicle which comes to forebode the passing of a soul spoken of as the "death-waggon."

Are there no representations of chariots carrying away souls in the art of Rome, Greece (with its colonies), and Egypt?

MABEL PEACOCK.

REVIEWS.

THE MYTH OF THE PENT CUCKOO. By JOHN EDWARD FIELD, M.A. Pp. vii + 212. London: Elliot Stock. 1913.

THE Vicar of Benson declares his book to be an "enquiry into the meaning and value of the widespread story of the men who pent, or hedged in, the cuckoo," and he purports in the second place "to give an account of a series of sites bearing the traditional name of Cuckoo Pens along the southern slopes of the Chiltern Hills," (p. v). The latter subject is treated at the greater length, and with some originality; but as a study in folklore the book will hardly be accepted. The author's professed intention of establishing a connection between the Men of Gotham stories and these fifteen sites on the Chilterns is rather obscured by the mass of archæological, historical, and etymological matter he has introduced —in itself quite acceptable and interesting. The argument runs something like this. All, or nearly all, of the "Cuckoo Pens," (as a rule isolated clumps of trees), are associated with ancient earthworks. Racial enmities are often the foundation of beliefs and legends calculated to bring ridicule on a particular people. When one finds, as at Swyncombe Down, that the popular belief is that within the Cuckoo Pen "the Philistines one day pent up the cuckoo" (p. 96), Mr. Field would have the cuckoo to be "the beleaguered Briton" (p. 97). He sees here and elsewhere a survival of the bitter century of Anglo-British contests. Why cuckoo? Pressed by this difficulty, the author traces a corruption from *Cuck* Pen, the verb *to cuck* being used contemptuously for the utterance of unintelligible sounds. "To the ears of the English a Briton would merely 'cuck' when he spoke, and his race would be called the cuck-folk" (p. 204).

Whatever their judgment on this theory, students may be grateful to Mr. Field for bringing to the surface both the cuckoo myth and the Cuckoo Pens. There are many variants of the myth, which is of course widespread. Sometimes it is an owl which is penned (Holt, Norfolk), or a crow (Cornwall), or a dab-chick (Sussex). And "Cuckoo Pen," or some variant, is a far more common field-name than the author seems to think. In Staffordshire, for instance, it is found as "Cuckoo Cage" and "Cuckoo Corner," and a perusal of Tithe schedules would probably show that most parishes possess it. However, this is a matter for local research. Meanwhile the general reader will find in this book a detailed survey of many of the old roads, dykes, and earthworks of Berks and Bucks, and a discussion of their bearing upon the course of the English invasion campaigns. Mr. Field has certainly been successful in presenting, in an attractive fashion, the historical and antiquarian interest of a district which he evidently knows at first hand. And as dealing with a problem in field-nomenclature the book deserves attention.

S. A. H. Burne.

Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore. By Elizabeth Mary Wright. Oxford: University Press. 1913. Pp. xx + 342.

Philology, in the reaction from the high hopes that, thirty or forty years ago, were entertained of it as a key to ethnology, mythology, and tradition, attracts just now less attention than is its due. This is especially the case with the study of the English language. It does not appear that Mrs. Wright's object in the work before us was to exhibit the true relations between language and folk-lore, yet she succeeds in doing so in a really remarkable way. She first gives a chapter on Dialect-speakers ("the folk"). Then follow ten chapters devoted to Dialects, and ten to the Folk-lore embodied in dialect. Thus she exhibits Language as the form which clothes Thought, and as the vehicle of expression of Thought. She shows us what subjects the people think of and what they think about them. The popular opinion that the peasantry of Great Britain have a very limited vocabulary is not yet extinct,

in spite of the publication of the weighty tomes of the *English Dialect Dictionary*. But on subjects which concern their daily life and occupy their minds the folk have no lack of words. The operations of husbandry have an elaborate vocabulary of their own. Grass cut for hay lies successively in a *swath*, a *windrow*, a *coil*, and a *cock*, before it is removed to the *rick* or *stack*. Corn, before reaping-machines were introduced, might be cut either with a *sickle* or a *badging-hook* (or equivalent names), and the methods of using the tool were each distinguished by special names also. The horses in a team are the *fore-horse* and the *thill-horse*, or the *leader*, the *pinner*, and the *shafter*. Different receptacles for carrying goods or tools, in one and the same area, are a *bag* (sack), a *budget*, a *wisket*, and a *carriage*, respectively. Synonyms occur. A boggy place, in Cheshire, is called a *gouty* place, explained as a *wobby* place, and that as a *mizzick*, and that again as a *murgin* (p. 24). The multitude of the superstitious fears that beset the folk is reflected in the wealth of words to express them. One may be *ill-wished*, *overlooked*, *overshadowed*, or *blinked*, may be *witched*, or *laid under a spell*; be *will-led*, or *pixy-led*; be *fleyed*, *gallied*, *interrupted*, or *terrified*, by *boggarts*, *bogies*, *barghests*, *pharisees*, or *wish-hounds*, according to the locality of one's abode (chap. xii.).

This matter of locality is one in which dialect may be of special service to the folklorist. The boundaries of local dialects are sometimes very sharp and precise. On the watershed between the Wear and the Tees, all the streams running northwards to the Wear are Saxon *burns*, while those which run southwards to the Tees are Scandinavian *becks* (p. 7). A coincidence between the boundaries of dialect and custom, where it occurs, forms valuable ethnographical evidence; where such boundaries do not coincide, the variations of custom may be suspected to have had other than a racial origin.

Mrs. Wright tells her tale in an artless and simple style which very much becomes it. Her authorities are, of course, chiefly those of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, and she enlivens her work with many apposite examples, often gathered from her personal experience. The book may be specially recommended to those students of social anthropology who do not yet appreciate the value of British evidence.

C. S. Burne.

The English Folk-Dance Society's Journal.

The first number of the Journal issued by the English Folk-Dance Society, and edited by Mr. Percival Lucas, shows that this new Society is now well started and engaged in valuable work. A special feature is the report of Cirencester and District Branch, and a Bibliography of the Morris Dance, prepared by the Editor. The secretary is Mrs. Huxtable, 73 Avenue Chambers, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

Sport and Folklore in the Himalaya. By Captain H. L. Haughton. Demy 8vo. Pp. ix + 332. 12s. 6d. net. London: E. Arnold. 1913.

In this book, in addition to some good stories of sport, the author gives a considerable collection of folklore from that little worked region, the Himalaya. Gilgit, in particular, supplies much material: fairy tales, myths based on historical fact or custom, of snakes guarding the mystic coral tree on the summit of Nanga Parbat, legends connected with Alexander the Great, known as Zu-l-Karnain, "Lord of the Two Horns," ruler of East and West. Numerous tales of Nāgs or snakes show the wide prevalence of the serpent cult. Mrs. Banbuddhi, "Old Lady of the Forest," is a wild creature, gaunt and tall, with long, matted hair and burning sunken eyes; she has the feet of a beast joined to her legs back to front. The Chili tree (*pinus excelsa*) is used at a rite performed when the herds are first driven down to the summer grazing grounds. Until this is done no *ghi*, milk, or butter may be sold or given away. In each flock the best milch-goat is annually selected or re-selected. The first *ghi* made from her milk is placed in a new bowl and melted over a fire made of Chili wood. When it is melted a branch of the tree is dipped into it, set on fire, and then extinguished before it actually blazes, but continues to smoke freely. The smoking branch is then passed over and round the body of the chosen animal, so that it is purified by the smoke. The remnant of the *ghi* is rubbed on its forehead

and horns. When this is done the animal becomes sacrosanct, and is never sold, however tempting a price may be offered for it. From that time *ghi* is freely sold until the same season in the next year (p. 95 *et seq.*). At a place in Gilgit there is said to have been a golden chain hanging down to earth from the sky. Any persons suspected of wrong-doing or falsehood were taken to the place and forced to hold the chain while they swore that they were innocent or that their statements were true. This suggests the Homeric reference (*Iliad*, viii., 18 *et seq.*), and the Aurea Catena Homeri, which was handed down through the Neo-Platonists to the alchemists of the Middle Ages.

In one tale from Astor we have a fairy marrying a mortal husband on condition that he should not shoot markhor and ibex in the hot season. As usual, he violates his tabu, and he and his dogs are turned into stones (p. 112 *et seq.*). In another tale the queen falls ill and the people seek a strong man to succeed her. They know not where to find him till a cock crows out the words: "A king may be found in Baldas!" When they search there they find a youth who turns out to be the long lost son of the queen: she had murdered her husband and flung her child into the Indus, whence he was rescued by his foster-parents (p. 164 *et seq.*).[1]

In the tale of Adam-Khor, "Eater of Men," who claims to be invulnerable, his daughter induces him to tell his secret: "My soul is made of butter, and can be destroyed only by fire." So she tells the people, and they bring wood and straw and surround the fort with a girdle of fire. When the monster finds his heart melting within him he leaps into the air with a shout of rage, and escapes to the glaciers, where he lives to this day, busy cooling his damaged soul.

Enough has been selected to show the value of Captain Haughton's collection.

W. Crooke.

[1] For magical methods of selecting a king see E. S. Hartland, *Ritual and Beliefs* (1914), p. 290 *et seq.*

PEMBA, THE SPICE ISLAND OF ZANZIBAR. By CAPTAIN J. E. E. CRASTER, Demy 8vo. Pp. 358. 12s. 6d. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1913.

THIS is an interesting account of the adventures of two British officers engaged in the survey of the island of Pemba, the climate of which is most dangerous to Europeans, and the inhabitants, a half-negro, half-arab breed, suspicious and hard to manage. As Captain Craster worked through an interpreter, he has little to tell of the people and their folklore. He could find no case of totemism, except where a mother warns her children not to eat some particular food. "That is women's business: why should we bother about it?" was the reply to his enquiries (p. 104). The only way of preventing theft of the cloth used as flags was to smear it with red paint (p. 105). The baobab tree is haunted by devils; any one who climbs it, or cuts its branches, will meet with an accident (p. 156). The witch doctors gave a good deal of trouble in the hope of getting rid of the strangers. Demonism is the prevailing belief—a compound of the Negro and Arab systems (chap. xv.). The blue water lily, the acacia flower, and shoots of the tree aloe are used to invoke devils (p. 311). Coconuts, with texts from the Koran written on their shells, are put beside paths to keep off spiritual and human enemies (p. 315). To cure disease, charms are written on a saucer, the ink is dissolved in water, and administered to the patient (p. 324 *et seq.*).

RELIGIOUS CHASTITY. An Ethnological Study. By JOHN MAIN. New York, 1913. 8vo, pp. xxii + 365. (No price.)

WITH books as with people prejudices are easily aroused to bias judgment. It is possible that this is a better book than I believe it to be. The author's ear for style is none too acute, though doubtless some of her phrases will jar less on American ears. I do not know if the verb "to tote about" or the substantive "chores" belong to the literary idiom of the sister branch of the English language. But there are many indications of loose writing which in any language indicate a want of clarity of thought. A statement, for example, on p. 183 literally means that unborn children

help a priest in his field work, which is not what the author wishes to tell us. Unfortunate too is her attachment to the adjective "chiefly," *e.g.* "this suicidal custom was more or less restricted to the chiefly class."

There are, however, more culpable errors than mere errors of ear. Internal evidence makes it fairly clear that the author has not the advantage of a first-hand knowledge of classical literature. But surely she could have obtained the services of some proof reader who might have spared us the forms ἕρος γάρος or γλμος (not once is the phrase correctly spelled), or on p. 195 the puzzling transliterations *Peitoć* and Gr. *Evpústepnos.* Again, when quoting a very familiar passage from Chaucer it is careless to leave out the not unimportant word "ne." I suggest by the way that "limitour" would be better represented by "mendicant friar" than by "pious beggar." Whenever Spenser is quoted, he is always referred to as *op. cit.* or *Ib.*, and on p. 118 there is the curious reference "*op. cit.*, iii, vi, 5-7 (*Ib.*, Bk. viii, Ch. xix.)." Now it may seem that these strictures are a mere picking of holes and unessential to the book, but I feel that the same want of careful mastery of detail and lack of self criticism affect the matter, as well as the manner, of the work. In many places the author shows signs of not having mastered in detail the data with which she is dealing. The rhetorical question too often attempts to gloze over a *petitio principii.* For instance, there is the frequent assumption, in many of her cases quite unwarranted, that a virgin priestess is necessarily regarded as a wife of the God she serves.

On classical matters she is poorly equipped. Certainly scholars will be reluctant to tread in the wake of some of her inroads. On p. 41 the statement "the suttee was not unknown among the Greeks" is untrue. Her few stories of the heart-broken fidelity of wives are no evidence at all for the existence of the custom of the suttee, and she herself notes the difficulty of Diodorus in accounting for a practice so alien to classical manners. The conclusion drawn from a passage in Pausanias on p. 175 is not so much due to a misunderstanding of the original as to want of clear thinking. Of course it is a prerogative of divinity to have temples and priestesses in Greece as in most other places. The statement on p. 98 that "Frey, like Appollo, a phallic god of

the sun, is in love, in quite Apollic fashion, with a mortal maid" is as unfortunate in matter as it is in form, and is not likely to find favour with classical scholars. Some of the generalisations about things Egyptian and Indian are possibly as unbalanced. At least the author's adventures in the classical field do not give one confidence in her guiding.

This is indeed a work with many grave defects, but at the same time it is not without qualities. Prejudices may peep out, but it is not inspired by any perverted fad, and there is never intentional dishonesty of method. The faults, I suspect, are due to inexperience in the science of weighing evidence and a certain lack of training. The author has attempted a task at present beyond the powers of her equipment. Industry, interest, and wide reading are there, but of no particular department of her subject is the author complete mistress. To survey mankind from China to Peru it is essential that the writer should know by personal experience the detailed intricacies and difficulties of a smaller portion of the field. But setting aside the blunders, mistakes of method, and the weakness of too facile generalisations, the material contained in the work provides a very useful book of reference on certain topics. Occasionally the material overwhelms its collector, but it is often, particularly in the earlier part of the book, methodically arranged. In the later parts, for instance in the chapter on *Chastity in Christianity*, the want of sensitiveness to differences of quality in evidence makes itself felt, and the chapter becomes an aggregate of curious rather than useful items. But for the attitude of the Lower Culture towards widows and the rituals connected with widowhood, and for such topics as the sexual relations, theoretical and actual, between divinity, priest and priestess, the work constitutes a valuable index.

There is, by the way, a classical reference which might find a place among the author's collection. It consists of a statement in the so-called *Letters of Aeschines* that Trojan maidens before marriage waded into the Skamander and made formal offering in words of their maidenhood to the river. On one occasion a mortal took a mean advantage of the custom. The passage is quoted and discussed in Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. iv., p. 423.

W. R. Halliday.

DER TRAUMSCHLÜSSEL DES JAGADDEVA. Ein Beitrag zur indischen Mantik. Von JULIUS VON NEGELEIN. [*Religionsgeschichtliche Versuche und Vorarbeiten*, xi. Band, 4 Heft]. Pp. xxiv + 428. 17 *m.* Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann. 1912. 8vo.

THIS volume is worthy of the well-known series to which it belongs, and is eminently successful in the accomplishment of its purpose. The author does not set out to write a disquisition on Indian divination, but undertakes the more laborious and useful task of collecting and sifting material and reducing it to such order as is practicable in the case of subject matter so chaotic and confused.

The kernel of the work is a complete guide to the interpretation of dreams by Jagaddeva the son of Durlabharāja, of whom little seems to be known. The two books, the first of which deals with dreams of good import and the second with dreams of bad import, are worked through item by item, text and translation. To each verse Negelein has added parallel material from Sanskrit sources both printed and manuscript, so that the whole forms a representative *corpus* of Indian dream lore. Indeed the homogeneity of the parallel texts quoted show that our document contains sound doctrine. Throughout there is an admirably efficient system of cross references which, together with an index to the most important items, gives the student effective control over the material which the author's learning has collected. There is also a verbal index to the Sanskrit text.

In the introduction there are some brief but suggestive notes on the direct relation of Indian, Arabic, Greek, and modern European dream love. It would be interesting to know how far the dream books of Modern India, (presumably literate superstition in India possesses them), correspond to the ancient tradition. I have bought one or two dream books in Greece, and there habitually Artemidorus is invoked as the authority, and large portions of the dream prognostications are taken bodily from his pages. I suspect that similar methods may condition the production of modern dream books in India.

The Key of Dreams, however, hardly caters throughout for the

ordinary dreamer. It is doubtful if many people dream that when riding on the back of an elephant, even if it is only an elephant made of clay, (that degree of latitude is allowed), they drink up the bottomless sea. Of course it is true, alas, that few of us become princes.

Von Negelein has noticed the reference to elephants[1] in Artemidorus, to whom the significance of the elephant in Indian dreams was evidently known.[2] In Indian folk-tales, of course, the royal elephant frequently chooses the new monarch.

Both Artemidorus and the Indian author realise that there are many dreams which are due to natural causes and have no significance. They may be the results of overfeeding or mental concentration. Both books concern themselves only with allegorical dreams, as the Greek calls them, that is to say, dreams which cannot be accounted for by any condition of the patient, and are further not of the simple kind which merely foreshadows directly a future happening. The Indian makes play with the temperaments, the windy, the choleric, the sanguine temperament, and so on. The planets and the temperaments, which played an exceedingly important part in the learned superstition of the late classical and mediaeval periods, do not affect the theory of Artemidorus.

Any interpretation of omens will proceed largely on the basis of analogy and association. That is true both of the Indian and the Greek. Our elephant is a case in point. Occasionally also the principle of opposites enters. Perhaps this is the true reason, rather than a postulated Semitic influence, why to dream of eating a man's head is lucky.[3] The example of this principle most familiar to folklorists will be the almost universal significance of dreaming of a wedding, which portends a funeral, and *vice versa*.

[1] Speaking of elephants, the following entry in the index has a pleasant simplicity, for which the reader of that rather dull dog Jagaddeva may be grateful: Elefant, kein Haustier.

[2] Artemidorus, II. 12. Outside Italy and India an elephant portends danger. It is a terrifying animal, and especially to those not accustomed to it. In Italy it portends greatness, kingship, etc., but it is always of bad import to a woman, and he quotes a sad case.

[3] See p. xiv.

Again, in the interpretation of omens everywhere there is a tendency to elaboration. The circumstances under which they occur must all be taken into due account. It is largely through this proviso that the intricacy of the sciences is achieved. The Indian lays down rules for the date of fulfilment corresponding to the period of the night in which the dream is seen. A dream in the first night watch is fulfilled in a year; a dream in the second night watch in six months, and so on. The Greek, on the other hand, is more insistent than the Indian on the difference of interpretation depending on the person, sex, and standing of the dreamer; his interpretations are regulated for the rich man, the poor man, the woman, the slave, etc.

There are, of course, any number of points of interest, of similarities and differences, to be quarried from this in itself somewhat wearisome document. To quote a case where the parallel almost certainly has no historical association, the telling of an evil dream to the Sun, is also sound classical doctrine. Dr. von Negelein has earned the gratitude of all students of divination by making accessible to them this authentic body of Indian tradition in a form prepared for their hand. It can have been no light task to sift, arrange, and index material so chaotic, and for the greater bulk of it so tedious, but thanks to his unselfish labours his more fortunate successors are enabled at their leisure to extract the plums from the dough.

W. R. HALLIDAY.

DIE LEBENSALTER. Ein Beitrag zur Antiken Ethnologie und zur Geschichte der Zahlen. Mit einem Anhang über die Schrift von der Siebenzahl. Von FRANZ BOLL. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1913. 8vo, pp. iv + 58. Two pl. 2 *m.* 40 *pf.*

THAT this book is reprinted from a periodical[1] will be revealed to the reader, who has omitted to notice the announcement on the fly-leaf, by the problems presented by the index. In the index the pagination of the periodical has inconveniently been retained. To save other victims of this maladresse the trouble of working

[1] *Neue Jahrbücher für das klassische Altertum*, vol. xxxi.

out the puzzle presented, I mention the fact that internal evidence makes it clear that page 1 of the book corresponds to page 89 of the periodical, and consequently a deduction of 88 from the number given in the index provides the zealous inquirer with the requisite page. It is a pity that carelessness of this kind should be allowed to blemish the production of a good book.

The book itself contains a mass of information, useful references, and valuable *Quellenforschung*. Its subject is of interest to the lover of Shakespeare, the student of folklore, and the explorer of that tortuous maze of erudite folly which the Middle Ages inherited from antiquity.

The starting point is the pictures of "the Ages of Man" familiar in mediaeval art, and to-day purchaseable in the markets of rustic Germany. Flanked, may be, on one side by Lord Roberts shaking hands with Cronje over the corpse of a white horse, and on the other, perhaps, by a picture of the War of Liberation, "the Ages of Man" adorn many a café in Modern Greece. The prints are, I think, imported from Germany. They are very popular.

The conception of life as consisting of a series of defined stages is the product of an instinctive philosophy. Πάντα ῥεῖ, life is a succession of changes, identity is a problem. The dichotomy of crabbed age and youth forces itself on the least attentive moraliser. Platitude after platitude it has evoked in all times and all ages. The triple division arises, according to Boll, from the dual. It is in a sense more real and corresponds to political fact. "We once were warriors," say Plutarch's old men; "we *are* the warriors," reply the men; "we are the better warriors of the future," chime in the boys. The quotation, if you will, is moralising, but none the less the boys, the warriors, the old men, wise in counsel though weakened in thew, represent the fundamental political analysis of society at a certain stage.

In antiquity the triple division was supported by the analogy of morning, noon, and evening, the quadruple was based on that of the four seasons. In art as well as in literature the four ages of life were popular. Sporadically 5, 6, 9, 10 occur as the number of the ages of man, but 3, 4, and, most important, 7 are the favourite.

The bulk of the book is occupied with the Seven Ages, a division which goes back to a poem of Solon. Interesting in itself the discussion also leads one into obscure but fascinating by-paths. As one advances in time the system of the Seven Ages become more elaborate and its associations wider in scope. Astrology comes into the story, and the seven planets are associated with the Seven Ages, a fact of some importance for the history of mediaeval theories medical and moral; moral, for through the medium of gnostic lore the seven planets provide the Middle Ages with the Seven Deadly Sins.

The scheme given in Ptolemy's *Tetrabiblos* is discussed, and one is overwhelmed by the waste of ingenuity, learning, and dexterity which went to the making of these preposterous systems. The way in which the recognised astronomical order of the planets is preserved, the length of the different ages adjusted to their respective orbits, and the suitable astrological qualities retained for the different periods of life, is a marvel of dexterity. The system has all the beauty of an intricate yet perfectly fitting puzzle.

Finally, when we turn to the melancholy Jacques, we see in detail how strictly Shakespeare conforms to the recognised canon handed on through the Middle Ages and doubtless familiar in the popular literature of his day.

The book concludes with an appendix on the Hippokratean περὶ ἑβδομάδων which Roscher thought to be the earliest fragment of Ionian philosophy. Boll makes out a strong case for believing it to be very much later, and in character to be a work not crudely in advance of, but crudely behind the best knowledge of its time.

W. R. Halliday.

Die Verlobung im Volks- und Rechtsbrauch, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Schweiz vergleichend-historisch dargestellt. Von Hanns Bächtold. Basel: Verlag der Schweiz. Gesellschaft für Volkskunde, 1913. 8vo, pp. 219.

This doctorate dissertation is a good and careful piece of work. It is designed to form one chapter out of twenty-five of a book

dealing with Betrothal and Marriage Customs, and covers pp. 72 to 218 of the projected work. Researches into the official papers of his native land combined with the knowledge of local folk customs have furnished the author with his foundation, and very wisely and profitably he begins his studies at home, though he draws on European folk-custom for illustrations of his Swiss material.

For convenience the pagination of the larger work has been given,[1] and it would perhaps have been kinder to readers of this forerunner if the bibliography promised in the completed book had also been added. As I have begun importuning the author, I should like further to suggest that at least the foreign student would be grateful for a few illustrations. It would certainly be of interest to have pictures say of the various types of ritual marriage coins described on pp. 81 *et seq.*, or of the bridal chests of p. 118.

The bulk of the book is concerned with the collection of evidence as to betrothal ceremonies, the forms of written contracts, the verbal declarations, customs like those of *Confarreatio* or the mutual drinking of wine, pledges, and betrothal gifts. Among the latter the ring of course takes the foremost place, and a great deal of interesting material has been collected in connection with its use. The practice of hiring rings belonging to the church for temporary use during the ceremony (p. 88) was new to me, and the fulminations of the Church against the use of more than one ring has a curious justification. One ring only may be used *in signum rejectae a Christo polygamiae.*

Amongst other interesting facts elicited with regard to pledges may be mentioned the light thrown upon the conventional pictorial representation of the *Sposalizio* of Joseph and Mary by the giving of twigs and the breaking of staves in betrothal ritual, the one what van Gennep would call a *rite d'agrégation* and the other a *rite de separation.*[2]

The chapter on *Brautkauf und Brautraub* comes to very little more than a list of alleged survivals of these hypothetical marriage customs. For the present we are warned not lightly to accept the

[1] For the purpose of reference here I have used the pagination of the present instalment.

[2] See pp. 56 *et seq.*

attribution, and the discussion of the various practices in detail is postponed to the chapters still to come.

The last section of the book is an interesting discussion of the relation of betrothal to the final ceremony. For the conclusions some of the evidence collected earlier in the book will have prepared us. One notices how often in folk practice the betrothal is the essential rite, and throughout we see the Church gradually enforcing the claims of the religious ceremony. Even the ratification of the betrothal was originally secular, and the *traditio puellae* in early German law a civil rite. Martin Luther's view, quoted on p. 142, appears to be that the religious ceremony consists solely in the blessing of a contract already made.

A good deal of the material collected from the early official records is interesting to the student of institutions. One sees the gradual checking of possible abuses by legal safeguards, as, for instance, the enforcement by legal enactment of the presence of reputable witnesses at a declaration of betrothal (p. 14) or common-sense inspiring a sumptuary law against too great an extravagance in betrothal presents (p. 119). If only a similar check could be exercised in the analogous case of funerals among our own people!

It will be seen that the researches of Dr. Bächtold have collected a quantity of interesting facts. His handling of them is marked by sound sense and a real mastery of his material. The complete book, when it appears, is bound to be of great importance for students alike of legal institutions and of folklore. Both classes of readers will be interested to observe the many concrete cases presented where folk practice is the outcrop of an earlier stratum of legal institutions.

W. R. HALLIDAY.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL REPORT ON THE IBO-SPEAKING PEOPLES OF NIGERIA: Part I., *Law and Custom of the Ibo of the Awka Neighbourhood, S. Nigeria*; Part II., *English-Ibo and Ibo-English Dictionary*; Part III., *Proverbs, Narratives, Vocabularies and Grammar.* By NORTHCOTE W. THOMAS. Demy 8vo. Pp. 161, 391, 199. London: Harrison & Sons. 1913.

THIS painstaking survey of the Ibo-speaking tribes furnishes matter of considerable interest. We have a full account of the

Ezenri or priestly king of Nri, who, like his fellow sovereigns described by Sir J. Frazer, is subjected to many curious taboos: he may not see a corpse, even of one of his own children; a woman who has not washed in the morning may not salute him or come to his house; he may not touch the water of the adjoining lake with his foot; no one is allowed to rub his back while he is bathing; his wives are not permitted to wash with other women; the shaving of his head is attended with various ceremonies; he may not sit on the ground or eat in the house of another, and when a boy cooks for him he may not touch anything, and so on. He, however, holds his office for life, and sickness and old age do not disqualify him (Part i., chap. iv.). Aro, the year, is worshipped, and at the end of the year, as at the Hindu Dīwāli, the women carry old pots, clothes, baskets, etc., to his shrine, and throw them away, with the belief that in this way they rid themselves of pain and sickness for the coming year (*ibid.*, p. 28). Certain children are supposed to come from the tree world, and if the trees of which they are reincarnations are cut down, the children will die (*ibid.*, p. 31). An interesting kind of "medicine" to repel thieves has European parallels: the "doctor," or magician, puts a broom in a pot, and when the wind blows it shakes and drives thieves away (*ibid.*, p. 44). To repel an *akalogoli*, or evil spirit, a pot with a broom in it is placed against the wall just inside the door, or a forked stick hangs from that part of the framework which supports the roof; the *akalogoli* is supposed to catch its foot in the fork of this stick, just as the witch is believed to be caught in the witch's ladder in England (*ibid.*, p. 40). A man who has killed a leopard may not go to the *Ajana*, or earth shrine, for a year; the hunter has to sit down for twenty-eight days without working, and may eat only such food as has been put in a pot and hung over a fire: he sleeps in a good house, and people watch so that other leopards may not come and help him (*ibid.*, p. 45). Mr. Thomas bases his account of birth customs on two sets of ideas: in the first place, both mother and child are centres of dangerous force, and must be isolated so that certain people may not touch or see them, animals may not come near them, and before this state can be changed various ablutions have to be performed; in the second place, they are in a state of dangerous receptivity, and conse-

quently need protection from evil spirits and other dangers (*ibid.*, p. 71). Part III. includes a collection of proverbs and some folk-tales recorded in the tribal dialect with an English translation.

W. CROOKE.

PSYCHE'S TASK: A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE INFLUENCE OF SUPERSTITION ON THE GROWTH OF INSTITUTIONS. By J. G. FRAZER. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. Pp. viii + 186. London: Macmillan & Co. 1913. Price 5s. net.

THIS course of lectures, originally delivered before the Royal Institution, displays the wealth of anthropological knowledge and the beauty of style familiar to all readers of *The Golden Bough.* Its purpose is to show that while we are apt to think of superstition as an unmitigated evil, false in itself and pernicious in its consequences, it has a brighter side. This is summed up in four propositions: that among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for government, private property, marriage, and human life. The first is illustrated by the belief that rulers have been regarded with superstitious awe as beings of a higher order and endowed with mightier powers than common folk; the second by the system of taboo, superstitious fear deterring men from appropriating their neighbours' goods; the third by the fact that sexual immorality is believed of itself to entail, naturally and inevitably, without the intervention of society, most serious consequences not only on the culprits themselves, but also on the community, whose very existence is menaced by the destruction of the food supply; the fourth by the belief that the dread of the ghost operates in a twofold way to protect human life, by making every individual for his own sake more reluctant to slay his fellow, and by arousing the whole community to punish the slayer.

In this edition the question of avoidance between a man and his wife's relations, of which the taboo of the mother-in-law is the most familiar, is fully discussed, with the conclusion that it is probably a precaution against criminal intimacy, and incidentally, that there is a close connexion between the avoidance of the wife's relations and the dread of an infertile marriage.

We also have a reprint of Sir J. Frazer's Inaugural Lecture when he was appointed to the Chair of Anthropology at Liverpool, in which he discusses the Scope of Social Anthropology, and pleads for the study of backward races in consequence of the rapid disappearance of savagery. This book may be safely recommended as an admirable introduction to the study of anthropology and folklore, and as an exhibition of the scientific methods which have raised it to its present position.

W. CROOKE.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Childhood of the World: A Simple Account of Man's Origin and Early History. By EDWARD CLODD. New edition. Rewritten and enlarged. Crown 8vo. Pp. vi + 240. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1914. Price 4s. 6d. net.

IT is almost superfluous to recommend this new edition of a book, originally published in 1872, which has been several times reprinted, and translated into Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Italian, Sekwana, and Swedish. It is divided into three parts: Man the Worker; Man the Thinker; Man the Discoverer and Inventor. In the present edition, which is provided with an excellent bibliography, it summarises, in an interesting way, the present state of anthropological knowledge.

The Infancy of Religion By D. C. OWEN, M.A., Rector of Stoke Abbott. Post 8vo. Pp. vi + 143. Oxford: University Press. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE object of this book is to answer the question: Can religion legitimately be called an instinct of human nature? Is it as much of the essence of man as, for example, the gift of speech? Or is it something that he has acquired in the course of his history? The answer is, as might have been expected, a demonstration of the reality of the religious sense, and of the tenacity of its hold upon primitive folk. With a considerable knowledge of current anthropological literature, the writer deals in succession with Man and Nature; Man and the Supernatural; Man and his Kind;

Sacrifice; Prayer; the World of the Dead; Religion and Progress. There is little novelty in the exposition, but the book is well arranged and interesting. The following passage gives his views on Idolatry:

"The idol of stone and wood has been fiercely castigated by the devotees of the higher religions. But if they had been made aware of the real and wholesome service rendered by the idol, of the assistance it lent benighted peoples to gain a clearer understanding, and a more genuine appreciation of the personal properties of the being whom they worshipped, their onslaught on idolatry would have been less severe, and they would have been rather disposed to be sympathetic. If the idol has the effect of limiting and debasing the transcendent qualities of the deity, his spirituality, his ineffable might, it had its compensating uses in that it brought him nearer to the worshipper and made him a more intelligible being" (p. 37).

The Khasis. By Lt.-Col. P. R. T. GURDON, C.S.I., Commissioner of the Assam Valley Districts and Honorary Director of Ethnography in Assam. Second edition. Pp. xxiv + 232. Demy 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co. 1914. Price 10s.

THE first edition of this excellent monograph, descriptive of an interesting tribe, was published in 1907, and was fully reviewed in these pages.[1] It is now reprinted in its original form, with some new illustrations. The statistics have been brought up to date according to the census of 1911. It is to be regretted that the opportunity of a reprint has not been taken to reconstruct the bibliography according to scientific methods, and it might have been expected that further study of the tribe would have added more material. But even as it stands the book is of high value, and the account of the erection of memorial stones in honour of dead is of considerable interest for the study of megalithic monuments in other parts of the world.

[1] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii., p. 240 *et seqq.*

Books for Review should be addressed to
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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.] DECEMBER, 1914. No. IV.

EVENING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1914.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Mr. H. C. Hill, Mr. P. P. H. Hasluck, Mr. D. A. Ford, Mr. R. V. Russell, and Col. Basevi.

The enrolment of the Cochin State Museum as a subscriber to the Society and the withdrawal of the subscription of the College Hall Library and the resignation of the following members, viz.: Lady C. Boyle, Dr. Jevons, Mrs. Pope, Mr. A. Singer, Mr. L. Reynolds, Mr. H. S. Kingsford, Mr. G. W. Ferrington, and Mr. E. A. Barber were announced.

Mr. W. Crooke read a paper entitled "The Dasahra, an Autumn Festival of the Hindus," and in the discussion which followed the President, Dr. Gaster, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Longworth Dames, His Honour J. S. Udal, and Miss Burne took part.

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Crooke for his paper.

EVENING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1914.

SIR LAURENCE GOMME (VICE-PRESIDENT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The death of Sir G. F. Hardy was announced.

The resignations of Mrs. Burgess, Mr. W. W. Skeat, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. E. H. Binney, Mr. J. E. Simpkins Mr. M. Letts, Mr. J. Humphreys, Dr. Farnell, and Major Tremearne were also announced.

His Honour J. S. Udal read a paper on the "Superstitions of the Shawia (Berbers)," by Mr. M. W. Hilton Simpson, who was prevented by his military duties from being present at the meeting, and in the discussion which followed the Chairman, Dr. Hildburgh, Miss Burne, and Mr. Carline took part.

The meeting terminated with hearty votes of thanks to Mr. Hilton Simpson for his paper and to His Honour J. S. Udal for reading it.

THE CHEVAUCHÉE DE ST. MICHEL.

BY MISS EDITH F. CAREY.

(*Read at Meeting, May 20th*, 1914.)

IT may be as well to begin this account of the Chevauchée de St. Michel in Guernsey by a few words on the Channel Islands as a group.

Politically and historically they belong to England, but geographically and racially they are, as Victor Hugo described them, "morceaux de France, tombés à la mer et ramassés par l'Angleterre." Each island has a curious individuality of its own, its special fauna and flora, its own patois, its distinctive group of family names; but one feature they all have in common—they all possess megalithic remains, and old records and place-names reveal an extraordinary number of dolmens and menhirs existing in early times, although the greater part of them have now, unfortunately, been destroyed.

Early in the eleventh century Guernsey was divided into two great fiefs, belonging respectively to the Néels de St. Sauveur, Vicomtes of Le Cotentin, and to Anchetil, Vicomte du Bessin. In 1048 the Néels rebelled against their Duke, and their lands in Guernsey were forfeited and given to the abbey of Marmoutiers, while the lands of Anchetil were divided in nearly equal portions between the abbey of Mont St. Michel in Normandy, and the descendants of Anchetil, the Earls of Chester; the lands held by the abbey being called Fief St. Michel and those held by the earls Fief le Comte. Portions of these great fiefs were subse-

quently subdivided among various Norman nobles, and, after our separation from Normandy in the reign of King John, the lands held by those Norman laymen who took the part of Philip Augustus escheated to the English Crown, and thus formed our present Fief le Roi, but the Norman abbots retained their lands until the dissolution of the monasteries in the fifteenth century, and, ecclesiastically, all the islands remained in the diocese of Coutances until the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

That the procession of which I am about to speak was more or less confined to the boundaries of these various fiefs, must be my excuse for dwelling on these apparently irrelevant details.

The Court of the Priory of St. Michel-du-Valle was only second to the Royal Court in importance, and it retained its jurisdiction in the island until 1862. Its headquarters were in the district where most of our dolmens were situated, and where our earliest missionaries concentrated their energies in stamping out paganism. It consisted of a seneschal, eleven vavasseurs, six sergeants, a greffier, four prevôts or sheriffs, eight bordiers, and a wand-bearer or porte-lance.[1] As the fief extended from the extreme north-east to the south-west corner of the island, for the convenience of its tenants its Court was held alternately at the Vale Priory, south of the Vale Church and below the site of what was once a Logan stone, where the Chief Pleas were held and the cases of the northern residents were decided; and in the cemetery of St. Mary de Castro in the centre of the island, on a spot marked by some flat stones bordering the north wall of the churchyard, where the causes of the tenants of the southern portions of the fief were pleaded.

[1] The titles of the vavasseurs were:—Gervaise, Capelle, Soulaire, Maresq, Grent Maison, Garis, Béhon, Agenor, Piquenie, Le Moye, Hoüet. The titles of the sergeants:—Gaillot, Paisson, de la Lande, Roque des Roques, Bourg, l'Ange. The titles of the sheriffs:—The Vale, Grand Moûtier, Petit Moûtier, Rozel; and of the bordiers:—Béquerel, Rebour, Renost, Ricard, Nant, Salmon, Infart, and Scarabie.

One peculiar prerogative of this feudal Court was the triennial inspection and keeping in order of the Chemin-du-Roi or King's Highway throughout the island. This ceremony of inspection was known as the Chevauchée de St. Michel, and survived until the year 1837.

The order of it was as follows:—

Before each occasion of the Chevauchée the Court of St. Michel, at the Chief Pleas held on Easter Monday, settled such preliminaries as fixing the date on which the procession was to be held, regulating the costumes to be worn by the pions[2] or footmen in attendance on the Court, and other matters. The earliest official record we have of the prescribed dress is dated May 24th 1768, when Mr. Henry Budd was seneschal. It reads as follows:—

"A black cap (calotte) with a red ribbon at the back, a ruffled shirt (une chemise à manchette), with black ribbon wristbands and a black ribbon round the neck, white breeches with red ribbons tied round the knee, white stockings, and red ribbons on their wands."

Exactly the same costume was appointed for the Chevauchée of 1786, and a very similar one for the Chevauchées of the 9th June 1813, the 8th of June 1825, and 31st May 1837, with the following alterations:—In 1813 a white handkerchief was to be worn round the neck above the white frilled shirt, and also a sort of white smock frock or "habit rond" bound with scarlet ribbon was worn outside the shirt. In 1825 the "habit rond" was transformed into a white waistcoat or "gilet blanc" bordered with red ribbon, and the same costume was ordained for 1837. This may, I think, be taken as an indication that black, white and red were the colours associated with this ceremony from time immemorial.

I will now detail the observances which took place on the 9th of June 1813, as it is the oldest Chevauchée of which

[2] Pion, from Mediaeval Latin *pedonem*, a footman; cf. a *pawn* at chess. *New English Dictionary*, s.vv. peon, pawn.

contemporary records and descriptions exist, and is the most likely to have adhered literally to the ancient order of procedure.

On the 27th of May 1813, before Thomas Falla, Esq., seneschal of the Court and jurisdiction of St. Michel, and the vavasseurs of the said Court. "The Court being to-day assembled to regulate the order to be pursued on Wednesday the 9th June proximo" (the day appointed by the Court for the Chevauchée of His Majesty to pass), having decreed the dress of the pions, went on to ordain that "Messieurs les prevôts of the Court are ordered to warn all those who are obliged to assist at the said Chevauchée to find themselves with their swords,[3] their pions, and their horses, the aforesaid 9th of June, at seven[4] o'clock in the morning at the Court of St. Michel, according to ancient custom; in default of appearance to be subject to such penalties as it shall please the Court to award. And also shall Monsieur le Gouverneur be duly warned, and Thomas Falla, Esq., Senechal, and Messrs. Jean Mahy and Nicholas Moullin, Vavassors, are nominated by the Court to form a Committee so as to take the necessary measures to regulate the conformity of the said act concerning the dress of the pions. (Signed) Jean Ozanne, Greffier."

On the above day, conformably to the said Act, all the

[3] The three members of the Chevauchée who wore swords were the King's sheriff, the seneschal of St. Michel, and the porte-lance. Probably in mediaeval days they wore full armour, while the other mounted officials would have worn semi armour, and the unmounted men would have worn fustian, with pikes, and probably bows of ribbon with the symbolic colours.

[4] In the sixteenth century records of the Chevauchée no definite time of meeting, further than "au temps et lieu accoutumée," is mentioned. The earliest notice of a stated hour being recorded was on the 30th May 1608, when the Court was summoned to meet at six a.m. This continued to be the time appointed until 1660, when five o'clock was fixed upon, and this was the hour until 1705. Then, for many years, the Chevauchée was adjourned, and when it finally did take place in 1759, seven o'clock was the hour fixed. In 1768 the Court reverted to six o'clock, and in 1813, as we see, selected seven a.m. as the hour for the *rendez-vous*.

pions, dressed in the prescribed costume, met at seven o'clock in the morning at the Court of St Michel, and there also assembled the officers of the Royal Court and the vavasseurs, who were all mounted on horseback. The King's officers and the seneschal of St. Michel each had two pions, one on each side of his bridle rein: the vavasseurs were only entitled to one. They began with a short inspection and a good breakfast on the emplacement east of the Vale Church. After breakfast the members of the cortège, with their swords at their sides, mounted their horses, the greffier of the Court said the customary prayer, and the seneschal read the proclamation, and then they started in the following order:—

The sheriff of the Vale on horseback with his pion walking; then the King's sheriff with two pions at his bridle rein; then the three sheriffs of the Court of St. Michel, called respectively the sheriffs of Grand Moûtier, of Petit Moûtier and of Rozel, each with a pion at his bridle rein. Behind them came, in the following order, the officers of the Royal Court, namely:—The King's sergeant, the King's greffier, the King's procureur, or attorney-general, the King's comptroller, or solicitor-general, and the King's receiver, all mounted, and each with two pions walking at his bridle reins. Then came the lance-bearer and his two pions, the greffier and the seneschal of the Court of St. Michel with their respective pions, and, finally, the vavasseurs of the Court of St. Michel, each with one pion. Whilst on the march, the five sheriffs carried by turns a white wand, in the following order:—The sheriff of the Vale, from the Vale Church to the end of the Grand Pont; the King's sheriff, from the end of the Grand Pont as far as the Forest, that being the limit of Fief le Roi; the sheriff of Grand Moûtier, from the Forest to the Grand Moulins, or King's Mills; the sheriff of Petit Moûtier, from the King's Mills to the Douit des Landes du Marché; and the sheriff of Rozel, from the last-mentioned place to the Vale. As

each sheriff approached his respective fief, he carried the wand and rode in front of the procession whilst his own domain was being traversed. During the procession the lance-bearer carried a wand of eleven and a quarter feet long, and any obstacle this wand encountered, stones, branches, débris, etc., had to be cleared away and the proprietor fined, which helped to defray the day's expenses.

From time immemorial the especial and recognized privilege of the pions—who were chosen for their good looks—was that of kissing every woman they met, whether gentle or simple, married or single, Governor's wife or labourer's daughter, the only restriction being that only one pion was allowed to kiss the same lady. This privilege was, of course, invariably exercised.

After leaving the Court the procession entered the Braye du Valle, and there the seneschal freed the pions from their attendance on the bridle reins and gave them authority to embrace any woman they might meet, recommending good behaviour, and directing them to join their cavaliers at the Hougue-à-la-Perre. The route followed was through the Braye by an old roadway now closed, bordered by sea-walls and terminating at the Rue du Vidcocq, then through la Rue des Mares Pelées to Sohier, les Landes, and along la Rue des Marais, where they came out on la Grande Rue, and passed between la Mare Sansonnet and Bordeaux Harbour. They then went through another road now closed up, south of the Rocque Barrée, and then to Les Bordages across le Grand Pont to the Ronde Cheminée, and thence to the Hougue-à-la-Perre. One halting place was at a small menhir, now destroyed, called La Pierre Pointue, which was situated at Les Monts on the boundaries of the Fief d'Anneville. There formerly existed a cross, la Croix des Monts, in its immediate vicinity. Round this stone the procession passed, from east to west, and the pions danced.

At Hougue-à-la-Perre they entered Fief-le-Roi, and at the

sound of a bugle the pions rejoined the bridle reins of their cavaliers, and they were there met by His Majesty's representative, the Governor, with his staff, the bailiff of Guernsey, and various island gentlemen. In 1813 the Governor, Sir John Doyle, had decorated his horses with red ribbons in honour of the Chevauchée.

The whole cavalcade then moved on, preceded by the band of the town regiment, who also met them on the boundaries of the Royal fief. These musicians were dressed in long white smocks, or, as the local paper described them, "revêtus d'un surplis en forme de chemise,"[5] and in large straw hats with turned down brims. This very unmilitary costume must, I think, have been traditionally associated with the Chevauchée, as it is quite unlike all the uniforms of that date worn by our local militia; it may have been a survival of some ancient, perhaps rustic, possibly priestly, band of minstrels and musicians. Six of our local cavalry or dragoons brought up the rear, and thus augmented they marched through the Pollet into High Street, arriving at the Church of St. Peter-Port at noon.

At the west door of the church stood a round table, covered with a white tablecloth and supplied with bread and wine. Here the King's sheriff and the King's sergeant dismounted, and the rest of the cavalcade made a tour round the table, taking refreshment from the hands of these two King's officers as they did so. This old offering of bread and wine may have been a feudal due voluntarily incurred by the King in gratitude for having his highway kept in repair, but more probably it was a survival of some primitive festival once held on this spot. For just opposite this site once stood the Fontaine St. Pierre, and next to it once stood an ancient stone marking the boundaries of the fief owned by the abbot of Marmoutiers. On this stone the vavasseurs of this feudal Court used to call

[5] *Le Miroir politique*, 10me Juin, 1813.

over the names of the villeins at their triennial meetings. Probably the circular tour, which in later times was made round the table, originally was made round the stone.

During this interval the band played serenades and marches; the bugles then sounded the retreat, and the cavalcade then proceeded through Berthelot Street to the College Fields, and, passing through the Grange, they reached the Gravée, where His Excellency took his leave. This spot was once the site of a menhir—or Longue Roque, in local parlance—which has long since been destroyed. They then went on by Petite Marche to the St. Martin's road, as far as the ancient manor of Ville-au-Roi, one of the oldest houses in the island. The arched stone entrance of the old avenue was tastefully decorated with flags and arches of flowers with a crown in the centre, and on one of the arches the motto "Vive la Chevauchée" was displayed. Here, according to old manorial custom, the party was gratuitously regaled with milk. In the days of William the Conqueror, Hugh de Rosel held large tracts of land—called Fief Rosel—from Ranulph, son of Anchetil, Vicomte de Bessin; among these lands were two fiefs (both called Rosel) in Guernsey and a Fief Rosel in Jersey. The Ville-au-Roi was the western boundary of the larger of the two Guernsey fiefs, and this dole of milk, which was of immemorial antiquity, may also have been a subsidy from the Seigneur de Rosel to the abbot of Mont St. Michel for keeping his roads in repair, or it may have had to do with primitive rites in connection with a Tolmen or Pierre Percée, which, although destroyed, still gives its name to the neighbouring estate. Here the bandsmen left them, and the procession then moved on towards the southern parishes, the pions proceeding to Le Bourg at the Forest by way of Les Caches, and the horsemen of the party riding to Jerbourg to a district called Feugré, from the bracken or fougère which still covers it. This is situated just below

where is now Doyle's Column, and where the old earthwork or Castle of Jerbourg once stood. They halted at the stone, now destroyed, which stood north of a well which still remains. It was a flat slab of rock about a yard long by two feet broad, standing on either a stone pillar or on rough masonry, and raised about two feet from the ground. It probably was once a boundary of the Fief de Jerbourg; and quite near there stood La Croix de Jerbourg.[6]

From Jerbourg the cavalcade joined the pions at Le Bourg, opposite the Forest Church, and here the ritual dance was performed as before. Sir Edgar MacCulloch (*Guernsey Folklore*, p. 127) states that on this spot an upright stone, called La Roque des Fées, once stood, but it was destroyed when the road was widened. Another stone, distinguished by its cup-markings, is now built into the wall at Le Bourg. It was originally used as a mounting stone, and is known as the "Perron du Roi," this name being rudely incised on it. This was once the limits of the Royal Fief. From this stone those members of the Chevauchée who had dismounted were supposed to regain their saddles, and an Ordonnance of the Royal Court, dated 1828,[7] points out that it had been moved from its original position, on the opposite side of the road, and recommends that it should be replaced and kept to its former use as a "montoir."

On leaving the Forest Parish they moved on by Les Brulliots, and passing the site of the original Church of Torteval arrived at a house called the Château des Pezeries at Pleinmont, where a marquee was erected, and cold meats and wine were provided for the horsemen. The

[6] The *Gazette de Guernezey*, 11me Juin 1825, says:—"A Jerbourg, où il y avait dit-on autrefois un autel des Druids, pour manifester le mépris qu'inspirent ces restes d'idolatrie, ils executaient—à ce qu'on assure—dans les premiers tems sur ce prétendu autel, une cérémonie qui nous rapelle l'expedient auquel Gulliver eut recours pour étiendre les flammes qui embrassaient le palais de l'empereur de Lilliput."

[7] *Recueil d'Ordonnances*, II, p. 355.

pions had their repast seated on the grass on a circular grass plateau which had, by ancient use, been especially hollowed out for them, and is still known as "La Table des Pions." On this plateau, tradition says, the fairies dance. From Pleinmont they traversed the old Chemin du Roi, passing the Roque Poisson and the Sablons until they reached Perelle Bay, and there, in a little field called the Biloterie, right on the sea-shore, stood a small boulder, about two feet high, which has now entirely disappeared under a mass of shingle. It must have been another boundary stone, for it stood just on the edge of Fief St. Michel where it touches Fief le Comte, near by must have stood the Croix de Lihou, which was also situated on the sea-shore.

Round this stone the Chevauchée had to march in solemn procession before they resumed their journey.

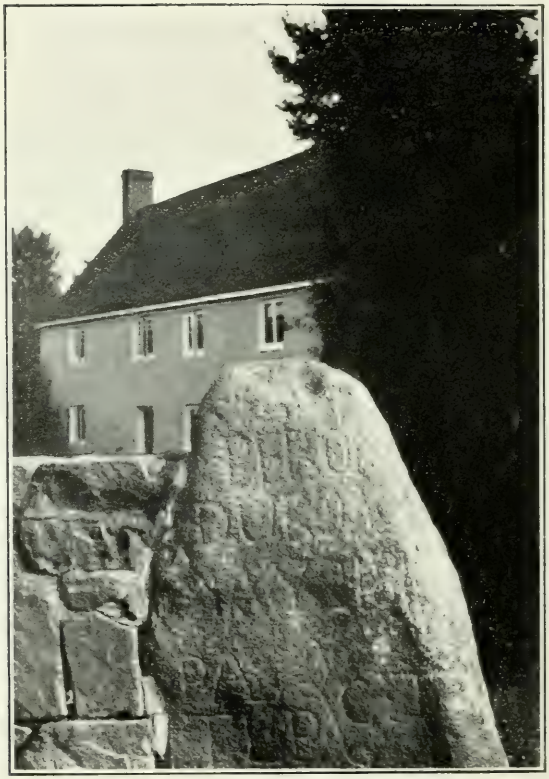
The procession then traversed the Mont Saint, or Holy Hill, still consecrated to the fairies in the popular mind, passing *en route* the old house called Les Jenemies. At the door of this house stood a small boulder about two feet high and two feet round, which was also used as a mounting stone. By immemorial custom this stone, on the approach of the Chevauchée, had to be rolled inside the building. Nearly opposite this house once stood La Croix Jenemie. The Chevauchée then proceeded under the granite promontory known as the "Roque où le Coq Chante," and its next halt was at the Grande Moulins or King's Mills. On their arrival the mill was put in motion, and the miller came out with a plate in each hand, one containing wheat flour and the other barley flour which had at that instant been ground by the mill. The miller then placed himself on a large flat stone which stood in the courtyard in front of the mill, and the procession made a tour round him. When this mill changed hands in 1908 the contract stipulated that the future proprietors were "tenus de remplir tous et tels servitudes auxquels le dit Moulin est tenu et assujetté

Plate XIX.

VALE CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE OF ST. MICHEL.

To face p. 420.

Plate XX.



PERRON DU ROI.

toutes les fois que la Chevauchée de Sa Majesté court, et ce comme d'ancienneté."[8]

From this contract we learn that the mill itself was situated on the boundaries of Fiefs St. Michel and Groignet. This stone therefore must have formerly been a boundary stone, and its sanctity may be inferred from the fact that, though it quite blocked the way of carts coming up to the door, nevertheless, flat though it was, no cart might go over it, but had to back round it to discharge its freight.

The procession then proceeded by St. George, the Haye du Puits, Saumarez, Les Landes du Marché,[9] and the Clos-du-Valle, and made their final halt originally at the Court house of St. Michel, but in later days at the neighbouring farm house of the Cognon, where they were again rejoined by the Governor, the bailiff, and some of the principal residents ; a sumptuous dinner took place, the greffier made a concluding prayer, and the ceremony was concluded.

Needless to say, these obviously irrelevant customs provoked much criticism from dispassionate observers. The Rev. Thomas Le Marchant, in his *Approbation et Animadversion des Lois*, written in the middle of the seventeenth century, complains of the unsatisfactory nature of the institution for keeping the roads in repair. He justly pointed out[10] :—1st. That the public roads should be inspected at least twice a year instead of once in three years ; 2nd. That the inspection should take place in March or September during the bad weather, instead of in May or June when they were looking their best ; 3rd. That exactly the same route was always followed, and many roads, and

[8] Contract in Greffe.

[9] Somewhere near this spot stood a certain stone on which, so the Assize Roll of 1299 tells us, one Robert le Marchant, "longtemps au service du Roi," stood to read a Proclamation, and from this stone he was thrown down by John de Vivier.

[10] Tome 1, p. 88.

even the entire Parish of St. Andrew's, were never visited at all; 4th. That such an inspection was surely the business of the bailiff and jurate of the Royal Court, and not of an inferior Court, which did not even confine itself to its own fief, but traversed the whole island from one end to the other, levying fines on persons not in its jurisdiction and insisting on the reparation of roads far beyond the limits of its own territory. He concluded by saying that "Toute cette cavalcade (ou plustost mascarade) se fait tout en un jour, depuis une extremité de l'Isle jusques à l'autre, et par conséquent fort à la legère, en tant mesure que la pluspart du dit jour se passe en ostentations, menues collations par le chemin, visitation des fers de leurs chevaulx et conte des cloux d'iceux, tournoyements à l'entour de certaines pierres, et autres telles singeries."

The custom, here alluded to, of counting the nails in their horses' shoes seems to have disappeared in later days. It may have had reference to the old superstition, recorded by Culpepper, that the fern Botrychium lunaria—popularly known as Moonwort—would "unshoe such horses as tread upon it," as it has been proved that this fern, although now extinct, was once found in the island.[11]

In trying to unravel the origin and history of a ceremony which was, as far as its details are concerned, exclusively confined to the island of Guernsey, we discover that the abbots of St. Michel claimed the prerogative of holding the Chevauchée from the earliest times. For in the Assize Roll of 1309[12] the abbot declared "that at the end of the eyre[13] he ought to cause the rod of the Lord the King to be carried throughout all the highways of his fee of the Vale to search whether any encroachments shall have been made there. And he ought to cause those encroachments to be fined and to take the fines thereof, and so his predecessors

[11] *Flora of Guernsey*, by E. D. Marquand, p. 212.

[12] Special publication of the Société Jersiaise, p. 48.

[13] The assize held by the itinerant judges of that time.

were wont to do from ancient times. And he answers freely therein and puts himself upon the jury of the country, but he cannot show any Royal grant made to him therein, nor that it was allowed elsewhere in the Court of the Lord the King, but only that he says they were so used from ancient times."

This date of 1309 proves that the theory put forward by many of our historians, that this Chevauchée was derived from the Corpus Christi festival, is incorrect, as the Corpus Christi procession was not instituted until 1261, nor generally enforced until early in the fourteenth century, whereas we see that in 1309 the Chevauchée was regarded as an institution dating from "ancient times." Also the earliest official notices of the Chevauchée prove that in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the ceremony invariably took place on a *Monday*, whereas the festival of Corpus Christi has always been held on a *Thursday*.

The books of the Court of St. Michel do not seem to have been officially kept until 1507; the greater part of them are now to be found in the Greffe of our Royal Court. The earliest notice of the Chevauchée I have come across in these records is dated 26th April 1530, when, at the Chief Pleas of the Court held after Easter, it is ordained that the Chevauchée shall take place "le prochain lundy d'après le jo^r St. Nichollas en moys de May prochain." This St. Nicholas, who is no longer to be found in the Roman Breviary, was a Swedish saint whose festival was kept on either the 6th or the 9th of May; so that the Chevauchée was then apparently originally held about a fortnight earlier that in later years, for in 1536 it is ordained to be held "le lundy de la my May si le temps est convenable." This change in the date may possibly be due to the change in the calendar instituted by Pope Gregory in 1582, although not adopted in England until 1751.

From 1599 onwards the last Monday in May seems to have been the generally recognized date, and it took place

regularly every three years until 1644, when the Civil War, in which the islands were deeply involved, was in progress, and we find that the Chevauchée was obliged to be postponed, at the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, owing to the danger incurred in passing along roads exposed to the fire of the enemy; and this state of things lasted until 1657. Again, after 1676 the Chevauchée was held very irregularly, being continually put off for various reasons, the absence of the Governor, the request of the King's receiver, etc., and now when it did take place we find that it no longer was fixed exclusively on a Monday, but on any convenient day either in the last week in May or the first week in June. In the eighteenth century it was also very often put off on such excuses as war with France, scarcity of grain, the number of alien immigrants in the island, the disinclination of the members, or the expense, which had to be defrayed out of the Crown revenues.

At different times we find that various receiver-generals of His Majesty's rents, as loyal Crown officials, tried to eliminate this drain on their royal master's purse. As early as 1439 John Phylippe, receiver of the King's rents, was cited to appear before Denis le Marchant, seneschal of the Court of St. Michel, to explain his neglect in providing various dinners which the King, as seigneur of the Royal Court, owed his co-seigneurs and officials, especially those during the course of the Chevauchée. The old deed from which I quote describes them as follows:—When starting from the door of the Vale Priory there should be "du pain et du vin abondament et honnestement servis"; at the door of the Church of St. Peter-Port there should be provided "une table ronde, mise, fournie et garnie bien et honnestement de doublier, pain et vin"; also on arrival at "les portes de pleinmont" there should be "du pain et à boire"; and on the return of the Chevauchée to the said Priory they were entitled to have a "disner bien et honnestement tous ensemble es depens et coustages de nôtre dit Seigneur."

The case was argued before the Court of St. Michel on the 9th July 1439, and by "un bon et loyal serment de douze prud'hommes de la dite paroisse de St. Michel du Valle"—who, of course, found it more profitable to agree with the abbot on the spot than with the King in the offing—unanimously decided that His Majesty owed these repasts "de droit et d'ancienne coustume."[14]

As a matter of fact, in the Royal Extente or Rent Roll of 1331 these meals were not included in the list of dues owed by the King to his subjects. On the contrary, it is there stated that the abbot owed the Royal Court "trois dîners ou repas, au Baillif, au Clerq, au Prevost, et au Bedel, avec trois chevaulx et deux garçons, de coûtume ancienne," and although the Chevauchée is not mentioned by name, this clause undoubtedly refers to it, as the significant proviso is made that due notice should be given to the abbot by the King's sheriff, and that a Saturday should intervene between the notice and the feast, "pour achapter les vitailles pour le dit disner"—which points to the abbot's feast being a movable one, whereas the Court of Chief Pleas, after which the King's dinners are always given, is held at a certain fixed date. Thus it is evident that the Norman abbots with great astuteness had managed to transfer these expenses from their own shoulders to those of an English king to whom they owed no allegiance.

An analysis of these different customs discloses various layers or strata built up by successive stages of civilization.

Beginning at the top, we find its latest and most obvious development, the inspection of the roads and the due maintenance of the King's highways. A little deeper down we come to the feasting and the dancing at various points, all originally connected with boundary stones, along the route.

No actual record of the dances danced at the Chevauchée has come down to us, but the one traditional dance con-

[14] This judgment was ratified by a decree of the Royal Court dated 16th May 1572 (*Jugements et Records*, 134 A. Guernsey Greffe).

nected with all our old festivals and merry-makings has always been the one known as "A mon beau Laurier," where the dancers join hands and whirl round, curtsey, and kiss a central object—in the later days either a man or a woman—but perhaps originally either a sacred stone or a primeval altar, or indeed a symbolic deity, waiting (in the person of the victim) to be sacrificed at the conclusion of the dance.

It is worth noting that each of these halting places was consecrated in later days either by a wayside cross or a Christian church, for the earliest missionaries invariably raised the symbols of their worship on spots already consecrated to earlier divinities. From the fact that our first missionaries seem to have settled at the Vale and St. Sampson's, and there built the earliest of our chapels, it is probable that this end of the island was the centre of the primitive population, and therefore the first to be cultivated. That the Chevauchée was an agricultural festival in one of its origins is evident from its route—which was practically all inland—and its traditional colours of red, white, and black—colours which are those associated with the earth but never with the sea.

The kissing, which was the recognized privilege of the pions—and is the only evidence we have of the participation of women in the original rite—seems to point to a survival of some of the old orgiastic spring festivals which were conducive to the fertility, and therefore to the prosperity, of the flocks and herds of primitive man.[15] Thus it was a festival of life and not of death, the dolmens, the abodes of the dead, were left unvisited or passed unnoticed; for it was the month of May, of awakening life, when all northern nations tried to propitiate their deities into granting them good crops and fertile herds. From what stratum of symbolic ritual the rolling in of the stone at the door of Les Jenemies was derived it is impossible for me to say.

[15] The custom at Jerbourg was probably another fertility charm.

But I think it is certain that the original festival was essentially a religious one, and this explains why the Church, in the person of the abbots of Mont St. Michel, took it under its especial patronage. And it is possible that it was under their auspices that the mounted officials were introduced, possibly as substitutes for the priestly leaders of an earlier day. Thus, in process of time they insensibly transformed what was probably an orgiastic festival, marching in all the bravery of priestly magnificence to the shrines of ancient deities, into a formal procession held under the aegis of Church and State, for the purpose of ridding the King's highway of local obstructions.

EDITH F. CAREY.

ON THE EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF THE HISTORICAL TRADITIONS OF THE BAGANDA AND BUSHONGO.

BY E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

HALF a century ago or less the worthlessness of oral tradition as historical evidence was accepted as an axiom that needed no demonstration. A long line of sceptical critics, including among them the illustrious name of Sir Isaac Newton, had dissolved the credulity of educated men. Niebuhr in Germany and Sir George Cornewall Lewis in England had applied their principles to the works of the Roman historians; and both in Germany and England the dissection of the narrative books of the Hebrews as a traditional record had made considerable progress, notwithstanding the resonant thunders of old-fashioned orthodoxy. Of late years, however, in this as in many other matters there has been a reaction. With hardly any formal challenge of critical principles the attitude at least of ethnological enquirers has been somewhat changed. In many directions there has been a tendency to accept traditions not merely as giving a general indication of the direction in which the solution of problems may be sought, but as accurate in detail. And an appeal to tradition has been held to settle complicated questions of the origin of a people, the pedigree of its chiefs and rulers, its migrations, the beginnings of its institutions and the vicissitudes of its history. When one student accepts genealogies carried by oral transmission through many

centuries, another relies on stories of an indefinite past to prove the course of institutional changes, and a third takes almost at its face-value the history preserved by a close corporation of professional traditionists, and calculates the actual dates of the events as far back as fifteen hundred years, it is time for somebody to protest. Yet this is a somewhat ungrateful task; and in examining two of the most recent examples, I hope I shall not be misunderstood to make the slightest imputation on the good faith or the accuracy of the two explorers of tradition to whom I shall refer, nor to undervalue the very great services they have rendered to anthropological science. For both of them I entertain a high admiration and sense of gratitude on account of their contribution to our knowledge of African peoples.

It is generally recognized that illiterate peoples, including illiterate classes in the higher civilizations, who have to depend entirely on their memories to record the past, have developed a much greater strength of memory than we who trust to books and written memoranda. Both individuals and communities, however, display wide differences in this respect; and in all cases much depends on the interest taken in the subject. Genealogical lists, dry enough to us, may appeal to vanity or to the practical instincts; for they may be important in relation to the ownership of property or the headship of a clan, or they may reflect on a descendant the glory and social status of an ancestor. Knowledge of tribal or communal boundaries and similar matters of detail may also have a direct practical bearing on the lives of many. In these things there is something tangible to draw and account for the interest of the community or the individual. When we come to events affecting the community at large, and only affecting individuals as members of the community, it will generally be found that where traditional memory is developed it is intimately related to imagination. The Samoans and the

Baloch are highly imaginative peoples. Their traditions, which are voluminous and renowned, are often, not to say commonly, cast in the form of ballads and songs. In Europe the ancient Greeks, the Scandinavians, the Irish, the Albanians and southern Slavs are striking examples. Even where narrative songs are not evolved the imaginative element is still powerful. Among the Cherokee of North America an experienced scientific observer related a few years ago that there were still a few old warriors left "who live in the memory of heroic days when there were wars with the Seneca and the Shawano; and these men are the historians of the tribe and the conservators of its antiquities."[1] The events of the past appeal to their most sacred emotions. It is easy to see how these events must become more and more clear to them, and the particulars grow vivid as they brood over them or retail them to others in their religious assemblies or by the camp-fire in familiar talk. But the introduction of the element of imagination is the destruction of historical authenticity. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." And pleasure is the staff of memory. I do not suggest that the lie is either wilful or conscious. Unknowingly imagination reconstitutes the picture not as it was, but as a defective memory, and a sense of the fitness of things unite to determine what it ought to have been, and therefore must have been.

Special precautions are sometimes taken by peoples unacquainted with the art of writing to preserve their memory of events. Without stopping to consider others, it is only necessary for our present purpose to mention two. One is not uncommon among the more advanced African tribes, and reminds us of the old Welsh and Irish bards or the Doms of north-western India. In Senegal, among the pagan tribes and those recently converted to Islam, there is a sort of special caste, called *griots*, almost to be described as slaves. Every Friday evening the king's

[1] Mooney, *Rep. Bur. Ethn.*, xix., 232.

griots used to assemble before him and his courtiers, and their chief sang the praises of the kings from the legendary founder of the dynasty. Certain families of them indeed kept more or less faithfully in memory the succession of kings and the most remarkable events of their reigns.[2] Among the Bushongo (frequently known as the Bakuba) of the Congo basin a recent expedition found what is perhaps a special form of this institution. There the knowledge of a number of facts alleged to be historical is not the common property of the people, but is jealously preserved as a precious secret by highly placed personages. A member of the royal family, the son of a deceased monarch, is the chief of these functionaries; and by virtue of his office he has precedence over all other royal descendants in the male line. He is called the Moaridi, and is assisted in relating the legends of the past by another official, called the Mene Molomo. These legends were imparted to the members of the expedition, apparently as a great favour, in an assembly of the king and the principal dignitaries, and may be, as Mr. Torday in reporting them observes, considered as an official account.[3] I shall deal with some of them hereafter. Let it suffice here to observe that the existence of a body of traditional narratives locked up in the bosoms of a close corporation, who alone have the right to know them, or to divulge them on stated or special occasions, affords no guarantee for their accuracy, or even for their substantial truth. Rather such narratives are exposed to special dangers, from which narratives openly known and canvassed in familiar daily converse are comparatively free.

But surely the most original way of perpetuating the recollection of former events is that practised in Uganda. It is described by the Rev. J. Roscoe, a missionary who

[2] H. Gaden, *Rev. d'Ethnog. et de Sociol.*, iii., 119.

[3] Torday and Joyce, *Notes Ethnographiques: Les Bushongo* (Brussels, 1911), 17, 19, 56.

has written a careful and trustworthy work on the people as "a compensating advantage" for the absence of written records. "In accordance with this system," he says, "an heir not only takes the office of his predecessor, but so impersonates him, that it is common to hear a man telling another that he is the father or the chief of a person who is known to have died years before. Similarly a woman belonging to a particular clan will claim to be the mother of a king who has been dead for several generations. Bearing this system in mind, and also taking into consideration the remarkably accurate memories of the people, their graphic power to recount the details of events long past, and their conservatism in religious ceremonies and social customs, the reader will recognize that it is possible to obtain from them a fairly accurate account of past ages."[4] Whether this "remarkable system of inheritance," as the author rightly calls it, is connected with the belief held by the Baganda in reincarnation,[5] does not appear. We may, however, be permitted to suspect it. It is quite another question whether the claim he makes on its behalf is justified. Neither conservatism in religious ceremonies and social customs, nor a power of memory considerable, even striking to us, and extending to details, is sufficient to warrant the exact transmission of purely oral registers of fact; while "the graphic power to recount the details of events long past" points to a cultivation and development of the imagination destructive of such exact transmission. At different times throughout his book Mr. Roscoe himself challenges the traditions for which he claims such accuracy. They "are seen," he says in one place, "to need modification." Elsewhere he admits the exercise of the mythopœic faculty and the existence of ætiological legends in more versions than one, accounted as history and believed by the people.[6] Indeed, it takes very little reflection to perceive that where a man impersonates one long dead and recounts

[4] Roscoe, *Baganda*, 3, 136. [5] *Ibid.*, 46. [6] *Ibid.*, 136, 460.

his adventures and achievements, his imagination, working upon the story, and having as a background existing customs and relations of fact, with which only he is familiar, must inevitably effect material, though unconscious, changes; and he will be subject to continual temptation to magnify the actions of the ancestor with whom he identifies himself, and diminish or misrepresent those of others, thus distorting the supposed facts out of all trustworthy apposition. Influences such as these prolonged for generations put out of court every pretension to accuracy, and leave only the most modified and provisional confidence in the general course of the story. The "compensating advantage," therefore, for the want of written records, appears to be something like a minus quantity.

The same objections apply with equal force to traditions preserved by a privileged class. The household bard has every motive to exalt the deeds of his chief, or of that chief's ancestors or family; the wandering bard changes his tune with every court or house, or every village he visits. The oral chroniclers of a court cannot fail to amplify the deeds that add lustre to their monarch and his line, and to be silent on those that do not redound to his glory. Priests must magnify their office and the greatness of the divinities whose servants and exponents they are. In more civilized communities monks, as we know, have encouraged apocryphal stories, or even invented them, for the honour of their house or of their order, and the equally important material benefit they naturally reap from them. Local patriotism and local jealousies, unsanctified by such sacred motives have often done as much. It is in human nature, and we cannot suppose that oral tradition will betray no taint of humanity. Those who have had experience in extracting truth in a court of justice, or weighing historical evidence consigned to the comparative safe custody of written documents, will be the last to underestimate this human element.

These, it will be said, are *à priori* considerations, which ought not to be allowed to colour our examination of the evidence. But in approaching it we cannot divest ourselves of experience acquired in other fields. That experience is greatly strengthened by the universal testimony to the shortness of collective memory of fact, when it is subjected to a rigid investigation. The continent of Africa, to which we must here confine ourselves, is inhabited by a large number of different races; and the conditions of life and the structure of society present very wide differences. Yet there is on the whole a remarkable unanimity in the testimony of travellers, scientific explorers and missionaries, to the poverty of the ancestral history of the peoples who are not possessed of literary records. Estimates of the limit of really historical tradition among various tribes of Negroes and Bantu put it at about a hundred years, sometimes at the utmost two hundred. If we count by the pedigree and assume the pedigrees to be true to fact, it comes to the same thing; for it is not common for a pedigree to contain more than from seven to ten names. So early are marriages that a pedigree of seven generations often might not represent much more than a century. But the pedigrees cannot be trusted. M. Junod, a very painstaking and judicious inquirer, in his recent work on the Thonga tribe, among which he has laboured as a missionary for many years, gives the genealogies of several chiefs. He has had the advantage of comparing them with a Portuguese document, relating to the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, and dated in 1554. From this comparison it results that some of the names, not more than eight or ten steps backwards, were then already known as the names of clans and of rivers. Further he observes: "In the same clan there are sometimes variations [in the list] according to the informants. There may have been links omitted in the chain, because for the natives a grandson is a son, just as a son properly speaking. On the other hand, the law of

succession amongst the Thonga calls to chieftainship the younger brothers of the deceased chief, so some of these names may well belong to brothers. Therefore it does not follow that eight names correspond to eight different generations."[7] Accordingly the Thonga pedigrees are anything but trustworthy. We have no means of knowing when the persons whose names appear in, at all events, their earlier stages lived, or even whether they are not purely mythical. It seems certain that they did not live at the time to which the ordinary calculation of generations would approximately assign them. The pedigrees, it is probable, are simply lists of real or mythical personages whose names remain in the native memory, strung together in one way by one depositary of tradition, in another way by another. Both of these learned men would doubtless do so in perfect good faith, and to them the result would equally represent the genealogy according to native ideas. They would be quite undisturbed by the discrepancies that give trouble to a white enquirer.

There are, however, two Bantu peoples whose traditions traverse a much longer period of time ; and a serious claim has recently been put forward that these traditions should be regarded as genuine historical evidence. One of these peoples is the Baganda and the other the Bushongo.

The Baganda were, when discovered, the most highly civilized of the Bantu. The royal stock is supposed to have descended from Galla or some other Hamitic invaders, who conquered the country and subjected it, much in the same way as Anglo-Saxon England was subdued and settled by the Normans under William the Conqueror, the two peoples ultimately fusing into one. The adjacent countries of Unyoro, Toro and Ankole had been previously attacked and conquered by similar but probably more numerous bands, who still, under the name of Bahima, form the aristocracies of these provinces, now all brought

[7] Junod, *The Life of a South African Tribe* (Neuchatel, 1912-3), i., 20-26.

under British rule. Indeed some of these bands, according to Sir Harry Johnston, must have penetrated much further to the west; for their blood (if not their customs) is discernible in various parts of the Congo basin. These invasions of the regions between the Victoria Nyanza and Mount Ruwenzori began, the same author believes, about two or three thousand years ago. If so, they must have settled in the more westerly districts—Unyoro, Toro and Ankole—for something between five hundred and fifteen hundred years before they attacked what is now the Kingdom of Uganda.[8] Its history is summarized by Mr. Roscoe and Sir Harry Johnston in a rationalized form from the native legends, which we may believe are very numerous.

The list of kings given by the former comprises thirty-four (now thirty-five) names, beginning with Kintu. Kintu, according to the legends, was not merely the first King of Uganda: he was the first man. He came into the country (whence is not stated), and naturally found it empty. He was accompanied by a single cow, on whose milk he lived, for there was no other food. Fortunately for him, Nambi, the daughter of Gulu, King of Heaven, fell in love with him, and he married her. But her father only consented to the match after the suitor had performed a number of tasks of the kind with which every one who is conversant with folk-tales is familiar. In returning from heaven to earth laden with supplies by his father-in-law, Kintu and his wife, by an act of disobedience to Gulu, "brought Death into the world and all our woe," in the person of the lady's brother, Walumbe.[9]

[8] Johnston, *Uganda Protectorate*, 600, 678; *Id.*, *George Grenfell and the Congo*, chap. 21, *passim*.

[9] Roscoe, 460; Johnston, *U.P.*, 700. Cf. a version current among the Banyoro, Johnston, *U.P.*, 606. This story of an ancestor who appeared no one knows whence, and was without parents, is not unique in Bantu tradition. Such a tale is told of Vere, the ancestor of the Wabuu, a tribe of the Wapokomo (Miss Werner, *J. Afr. Soc.*, xii., 363), and probably of others also.

But the version preferred by Mr. Roscoe as "history" is different. According to him "the history and traditions of the country commence" with Kintu. "The history previous to his reign is lost; the one established fact is that the country was inhabited." This must have been, because several of the clans claim to have been already in the country when Kintu came. Nambi, his wife, in this version, far from having been a daughter of the King of Heaven, belonged to the Colobus Monkey clan. Though king, Kintu lived alone for some time; and she was at last given to him "by the god Gulu out of compassion." It is unlawful to say that a king has died: he only disappears. Accordingly the legend goes that Kintu, as well as his son and successor Cwa, disappeared. This is probably an ætiological story, the object of which is to account for an item of court etiquette. For another account states that he died and was buried, and that his jawbone was taken away by a medicine-man and placed in a temple built to him on Magonga Hill. It was the custom, up to the death of the late king's grandfather about thirty years ago, to remove the jawbone and enshrine it in this way as a sacred relic. The temples of the deceased kings are scattered about on the hills of the country, and each is supposed to possess the jawbone of the monarch whose name it bears.[10]

But for Sir Harry Johnston, even this comparatively sober version is pure myth. In the version which he narrates the first king of Uganda was a Hima from Unyoro. His name was Muganda. He came into the Katonga valley, which bounds Uganda on the south, with a pack of dogs (otherwise, a single white dog), a woman, a spear and a shield. Being an expert hunter, he acquired influence with the natives, who made him their chief. He took possession of the whole country from the Katonga to the Nile, and called it Buganda from his own name, he himself taking the new name of Kimera.[11] It is hardly

[10] Roscoe, 186 *sqq.* [11] Johnston, *U.P.*, 678.

possible, however, to accept this clearly rationalized account of an eponymous founder of the kingdom. Other Baganda connect Kimera with Unyoro, but in a different way. They call him the grandson of Cwa, Kintu's son, and relate a romantic story of his birth in consequence of an intrigue between a wife of the king of that country and Kalimera, the son of Cwa.[12] The list of kings given by Sir Harry Johnston from native tradition is in irreconcilable conflict throughout the greater part of its length with that given by Mr. Roscoe; and it is admitted to "differ slightly" from those given by Wilson, Stanley and Stuhlmann. It only includes thirty-two names, whereas Monseigneur Streicher informed the author that in travelling about Busiro he had counted thirty-eight tombs alleged to be the burial-places of successive kings who reigned before Mutesa, the grandfather of Daudi Cwa, the lately deceased king.[13] The history of the kings narrated by Mr. Roscoe (Sir Harry Johnston reports no details that we can compare) is a long story of royal tyranny, family quarrels and marvels, in the course of which the origin of the various court functionaries, customs and costume is related. In other words, it is largely a series of ætiological fictions. This would seem indeed to be conceded by Mr. Roscoe himself.[14] A few specimens may be given; and if I select them from the later reigns it is not because the earlier reigns are wanting in mythical material, but to show how late such material persisted.

In the reign of Juko, the sixteenth king, a medicine-man caused the sun to fall. The result was darkness for seven days. At length one of the king's wives suggested that recourse be had to the god Wanga, who dwelt on Sese Island, in the Lake Victoria Nyanza. "Wanga came and set to work, and raised the sun and the moon to their places in the heavens, so that the sun again gave light."[15]

[12] Roscoe, 215.
[13] Johnston, *U. P.*, 681.
[14] Roscoe, 460.
[15] *Ibid.*, 146, 219.

Mawanda, the twenty-second king, and his official queen were once sent for by the ghost of Kintu, who desired an interview with them at his temple. Unluckily, a certain chief named Namutwe (who perhaps was curious on the subject of spooks) intruded, contrary to orders, just when the ghost was about to utter his message. Kintu at once fled and was seen no more. This is told to account for the practice in accordance with which the Namutwe (for the name seems after all to be an official title) always wears small bells on his legs or garment, so that spooks and men are now warned of his approach and safe from his prying.[16] Kyabagu, the twenty-fifth king, put a chief to death for killing Mawanda, and was haunted by his ghost. The medicine-man ultimately caught it; and when the king recovered from his sickness it had caused he made a feast. But the medicine-men stood on the etiquette of their profession. They complained because the feast was not confined to them; the common people were positively invited also. The king, however, was not going to put up with such nonsense as that. He ordered the priests and medicine-men to be put to death, and destroyed some of the temples. The god of the lake, Mukasa, then thought it time to put his oar in. He sent a plague of rats, which bit and killed, not the king, but a number of his innocent wives. Nor was the plague stayed until he had made restitution to the gods and rebuilt their temples. Subsequently the king was slain in a rebellion by one of his sons, provoked by his arbitrary conduct.[17] Kyabagu's grandson, Suna Kalema, the twenty-ninth king, tried to enforce sanitary conditions in his capital. But he reckoned without the gods. Saying that he did so by their order, a medium or shaman, one Kigemuzi, began to speak disrespectfully of the king. Kigemuzi was brought bound before his sovereign, who asked him to give the oracle. He refused while bound, because it was contrary to custom to bind a

[16] Roscoe, 222. [17] *Ibid.*, 224.

shaman. The enraged monarch ordered his mouth to be stitched up; and the shaman replied: "Your mouth will be stitched up." That night the royal house was struck by lightning, and the king was scorched on his face and on one side of his body. He sent for the shaman, released him from his bonds, and enquired why there had been this storm. "Because," said Kigemuzi, "the god of thunder is angry at what you have done to me." Needless to say, ample reparation was made; but we are not told whether the king abandoned his drastic law.[18] This king was the father of Mutesa, in whose reign Speke and Stanley reached the country.

It can hardly be contended that these traditions of the fall of the sun and moon, the assignation by the ghost of Kintu, and the repeated intervention of the gods in the affairs of the country are simple records of historical events. They may or may not enshrine actual memories. If they do, these memories have been transfigured by imagination in such a way that it is not possible with our present information to disentangle the facts by the summary process of rationalizing them.

Mr. Roscoe has given in two forms the pedigree of the kings. It would be very desirable to know how he obtained it, whether it is derived from one witness or from several, and if the latter, whether they were confronted together, how far they agreed, to what clans they belonged, and so forth. For its examination we have no such help as a contemporary written document, like that fortunately preserved in the Portuguese archives relating to Delagoa Bay. But that the genealogy is partly artificial we may fairly suspect. Beginning from Magembe, a son of Kimera, the mother's name is frequently during several generations that of the child with the feminine prefix *Na-*. Thus the mother of Kaima is named Nakaima, the mother of Ndaula is named Nandaula, and so forth. The prefix occurs no

[18] Roscoe, 227.

less than twenty-one times from Magembe, the fourth king, down to Kikulwe, who is said to have been the twenty-first king and to have lived eight generations before the late King Daudi Cwa.[19] At that point it ceases. I venture to suggest that it is an undesigned disclosure that the real names of the ladies to whom it is applied were unknown, and that to that extent at all events the genealogy is fabricated. In the pedigrees of ordinary people the wives are disregarded, for the Baganda are patrilineal; they claim descent through the male line only. But in the case of royalty the wives and the clans to which they severally belonged are carefully noted. Now the clans that contributed from time to time wives to the king's harem considered themselves honoured by so doing. They became related to royalty through such of the wives who bore sons; and the royal pedigree is constructed to exhibit these relationships, and thus to minister to the vanity of the clans concerned. In these circumstances we may well beware of attaching more credit to the pedigree of the kings of Uganda than to those that have been so freely manufactured in our own country to prove descent from ancient Norman knight or Anglo-Saxon noble.

On the whole it may be said that there are very few events comprised in the traditions, of which we can be reasonably sure prior to the discovery of Uganda by white men. Some confirmation of the story is indeed to be found in the traditions of the Bahima of the adjoining kingdom of Ankole; but it extends no further back than the reign of Suna, already mentioned, who was the great-grandfather of Daudi Cwa.[20] He probably reigned towards the middle of the nineteenth century. Additional research is needful among the Baganda and their neighbouring kinsmen in Banyoro, Busoga and Ankole, to enable us to estimate more nearly the process by which the legends of all these

[19] Roscoe, 175, 231.

[20] Major J. A. Weldon, *Journ. Afr. Soc.*, vi., 243-245.

realms were shaped, and how much of them can be said to have any foundation in fact. At present we shall do well to be cautious.

In the realm of the Bushongo between the Kasai river and its tributary the Sankuru, special measures are, as we have seen, taken to preserve the remembrance of the past. Large claims have been made by Mr. Torday, who headed the scientific expedition that visited it, on behalf of the historical character of the traditions related by the Moaridi and his coadjutors. We will put some of them to the test.

More liberal than the Baganda, the Bushongo admit a list of no fewer than 121 monarchs, beginning with Loko Yima, who was appointed chief of all men and God on Earth by the Creator himself on the complètion of the work of making the world. The earlier reigns are unquestionably mythical: the only problem is to ascertain when the myths end and history in any sense commences. Mr. Torday works backwards. He found an old woman, the daughter of Mikope Mbula, the one hundred and ninth king, or the one hundred and tenth if we include (as he does, presumably following the native practice) the Creator. Starting from a calculation of her age, he obtains a preliminary estimate of the average length of a reign, which he fixes at nine years, remarking, however, that this includes seven kings who only reigned a few months each, all dying in an epidemic. The next step is to identify a noonday eclipse of the sun, stated to have occurred in the reign of the ninety-eighth king. On the calculation just mentioned, this should have occurred at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In fact, astronomical investigation shows that a total eclipse answering the requirements occurred on the 30th March, 1680. The only alternative would be an eclipse in 1701; but then the line of totality did not extend north of the tenth parallel of south latitude, whereas the Bushongo country is on the fourth and fifth. He accordingly places the accession of the ninety-eighth monarch at

about 1675. If this be admitted, it follows that the average length of a reign has been greater than nine years. It should be ten years if the short reigns due to the epidemic be included, or fifteen years if they be thrown out.

So far Mr. Torday has been on comparatively firm ground. The collective memory of striking events sometimes extends to something like two centuries. But when he carries back the historical tradition for twelve hundred years further upon the basis of the same calculation, and assumes that the list of kings has been accurately preserved during all that period, his postulates cannot be granted. A comparison of the traditions of the Baganda and the difficulties arising on the Thonga genealogies warn us against such credulity. He goes on, however, with a captivating boldness, fixing the date of 490 A.D. for the reign of Lobamba, the daughter of Loko Yima, who was appointed king by the Creator. This lady first taught men how to build houses. Woto, her successor, is a most important person in the "history." To him the Creator kindly revealed in a dream the smelting and use of iron. To him is ascribed the introduction of circumcision, as well as the practice of giving names to individuals. Up to that time ordinary persons had been nameless. Moreover, in his reign the poison-ordeal was invented by a man named Loko Lobombo. His successor, Nyimi Longa, whose date is put down to the year 515, organized the administration as it exists now, after the lapse of fourteen hundred years, by establishing the six principal ministers of state. They bear as their titles the names of the original holders of the offices; and the king's title is Nyimi, after Nyimi Longa himself. The ætiological purpose of the story calls for no comment. We have already found in Uganda an eponymous office. It was by no means the only one there; but they need not be enumerated. We return to the "history."

Woto, it seems, though so highly favoured by the Creator, was anything but a perfect character. He committed incest with his sister (whose name, curiously enough, is unknown), and thereby excited such virtuous indignation among his people that he sent away the son whom she bore. This son's name was Nyimi Lele. He went southward, together with a number of adherents, and founded the neighbouring tribe of the Bashilele. The people, however, were not satisfied with this concession to their wounded moral susceptibilities; and after a while Woto saw himself compelled to go into exile with all his slaves. He went, declaring he was seeking a new country, a land of abundance, and when he had found it he would send word to his brother and successor, Nyimi Longa, to come and join him. This Christian spirit is hardly consistent with the cause alleged for his expatriation. But he did not maintain it; for on leaving he cursed the land, so that the domestic fowls died and the millet rotted. The people were in danger of perishing by famine, and were only saved by sending after Woto and inducing him to remove the spell. That is the last we hear of him in this version of the "history." One would have supposed that Nyimi Longa would have been only too glad to be rid of him. On the contrary, so deeply engraven was he in his brother's heart that Nyimi Longa laid a command upon his successor, Minga Bengela, not to forget Woto. Accordingly, after reigning several years, Minga Bengela determined to go with all his subjects in search of him. Up to that time the Bushongo had dwelt in a far country somewhere to the north. The king divided his followers into three bands, the Bangongo, the Bangendi, and the Bambala, three of the principal tribes of the nation still existing. They marched until they arrived at their present seats, which they found uninhabited. Minga Bengela also invented hunting-nets and taught his people the use of hunting dogs. During all this time, and for two hundred years later, the Bushongo

were ignorant of the art of producing fire, and went besides absolutely naked. At last the Creator was good enough to supplement his previous revelation of the art of smelting iron by communicating in a dream to one Kerikeri how to make fire by friction. This event Mr. Torday dates at the year 780. At the same time a man named Ishota invented bark-cloth, which does not seem to have needed the personal interference of the Creator.

It is, of course, quite possible that the tribes of the Congo may have known the use of fire without knowing how to produce it. The Andaman Islanders, who claim to have had fire from the beginning of time, were ignorant how to make it. Sir Harry Johnston thinks that the pygmies of the Congo basin never attained this knowledge, though they constantly used fire, borrowing it at need from the taller races; and he hints that the latter may have derived it ready made from natural causes or acquired it from other peoples.[21] But when the invention of fire is dated, and we are asked to regard the date as an established fact of history, it is a challenge we cannot refuse, to examine the record and enquire whether it is probable that the art of smelting was practised, and weapons and implements regularly fashioned, for two centuries before it was discovered how to cause fire by rubbing two sticks together. If the Bushongo learned from another people how to smelt iron, is it not likely that they also learned from them how to make fire? That they invented both the one and the other for themselves is improbable; and the story of the dreams nobody will assert to be true. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that throughout the period with which we have been dealing we are in the realm of pure fable. Not a single occurrence is in any true sense historical. Not a single personage can be affirmed with any confidence to have existed at all. All of them have been invented more or less consciously by way of explaining the

[21] Johnston, *George Grenfell and the Congo* (1908), ii., 629.

origins of the institutions and customs of the people, and how their empire came to be founded. As for the chronology, one might as well attempt to date the amours of Zeus.

Nor are the subsequent events for nearly a thousand years in a much better case. The next reign in which anything remarkable happened was that of the forty-first sovereign, a woman named Gokare. What then happened was indeed remarkable, if true. It was nothing else than a change to the disadvantage of women in the right of succession. The sovereignty is represented as strictly hereditary. Up to this point both sexes had possessed an equal right to the throne: thenceforth it was conceded to women only when there was no heir male. Now it might be supposed that the Bushongo were a warlike nation which had suffered from the want of a king to lead them to battle, consequent on a plethora of heiresses possessing a prior title to the throne. But according to their own account they were nothing of the sort. During the five centuries which had elapsed from the creation not a single war is asserted to have been waged by the Bushongo. They had migrated from an unknown country in force, it is true. Yet it is not affirmed that they met any resistance by the way; and they took peaceable possession of their present country, because it was waste and void of habitants. If we examine the list of monarchs, on the other hand, we find that Gokare was only the second woman to occupy that position, the previous one being Lobamba, the daughter of the first "God on Earth" appointed by the Creator. So that for nearly five centuries, while women had an equal right of succession, an uninterrupted line of kings ruled the nation, and moreover ruled in peace; whereas during an equal period following Gokare, with the right of women limited to the default of male heirs, no fewer than seven women wore the crown, among them her own immediate successor. Add to this the improbability that such a law

would be made by a woman or under a woman's auspices, and it is obvious that the story is an ætiological invention, like the legends of the previous period.

During subsequent reigns nothing is recorded save the invention of masks and the forging of figures of men and animals, both of them peaceful achievements, down to the reign of the ninety-third monarch, Shamba Bolongongo, the national hero, under whom the power of the Bushongo reached its apogee. Yet even he was a man of peace. His greatest performances were a peaceful journey, accompanied only by three slaves, among the neighbouring peoples, "to learn their virtues and defects," and the consequent introduction into his own kingdom of the arts of weaving and embroidery, of tobacco, and of the game of mancala. How he performed the journey "is a mystery." It is indeed; for some of the tribes whom he visited are cannibals, and would have been delighted to secure a supply of fresh meat in the persons of four defenceless travellers. He also reformed the internal organization of the kingdom, abolished the use of the throwing-knife as a weapon, limited the soldiers' arms to one knife apiece, and restricted their function to that of a police force. This is the first time we hear of warriors; and no evidence is supplied of the primitive use of the throwing-knife—a many-branched piece of iron, possibly developed from the boomerang, and unsuitable for a weapon of war, especially in a land thickly clad in forest. Indeed it was for this very reason that Shamba abolished its use. We have been previously told that one of his predecessors, Miele, about a hundred years earlier, was a celebrated smith who forged figures of men and animals; we now learn that Shamba was the first to cause a statue to be sculptured. The story goes that he had his own statue carved, seated at a mancala-board, in order that his successors might remember him and his laws, and that the view of his statue might give them inspiration and new courage. There are in fact five ancient statues in existence,

of which one is identified as this very statue.[22] It is the subject of a plate in Messrs. Torday and Joyce's sumptuous volume. But the fact that Shamba's name is attached to it is slender confirmation of the traditions concerning him.

Mr. Torday dates the reign of Shamba at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The traditions of two of the more important events alleged to have occurred later than that period may be mentioned. In the reign of Bom Bosh, the third sovereign after Shamba, a woman named Lukanya is said to have introduced the art of making manioc bread and of cooking food. Did the Bushongo, having had the means of producing fire for something like nine centuries, always eat their food raw up to two hundred and fifty years ago? As to the manioc, Mr. Torday himself recalls that in 1884 the German explorer Wolf penetrated into the territory of the Bushongo and found that they were not acquainted with manioc, but only with maize. And he is constrained to admit that the use of manioc became general among the Bambala only in 1904.[23]

The other tradition relates to a battle which must be dated on Mr. Torday's chronology in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was fought with the Baluba to open the way to an iron mine. Many were killed on both sides. At last a man named Masakana begged permission of the king to fight the whole army of the Baluba alone. The king, at his request, withdrew his warriors, and Masakana threw himself alone upon the enemy. He killed one with his right hand, another with his left; he killed a third, then another, and then hundreds more. Those who begged for mercy he seized, and threw backwards over his head to the Bushongo, who contemplated his proceedings, with a very natural admiration, at a safe distance in the rear. At last the Baluba fled in despair. Masakana begged the king to retire with his army; he himself would defend the frontier alone. But the Baluba were so terrified that they humbly

[22] Torday and Joyce, 17-37. [23] *Ibid.*, 28.

submitted; they became, and still remain, faithful subjects to the Nyimi.[24] If the hero's sole weapon was the knife to which Shamba had restricted his warriors, he could not have wielded it to more effect had it been the jawbone of an ass.

Hitherto we have followed the tradition of the Bambala, the dominant tribe of the nation. Let us turn to the legends of the Bangongo, one of the other divisions in the great migration under Minga Bengela. As in the case of the Bambala, the earlier part of the narrative is admitted to be mythical. It is kept very secret, and was only confided to the members of the expedition under the greatest precautions, and in return for a "considerable indemnity." The scene is first of all laid somewhere in the north, at a distance of several months' march, beyond a river much greater than the Sankuru. There an aged but childless couple dwelt all alone. To them one day an albino appeared from heaven, announcing himself as Jambi (Nzambi, a common appellation in the Congo basin, usually rendered by God), and foretold the birth of a child. Like Sarah, they laughed incredulously; they were both so old and grey. But the prophecy came true. A daughter was born, whom Jambi made his wife, and had by her five sons, the two eldest, Moelo and Woto, being twins. Each of the sons became the chief of a people. They married, of course; though whence they got their wives we are not told, any more than whence the sons of Adam were provided. The scattering of the human race through the world was caused by incest; but the Bangongo tell it in a manner widely divergent from the Bambala. Here Woto was not the sinner, but the aggrieved husband. He had three wives, with each of whom successively he found his nephew, the son of Moelo. In consequence of these repeated offences he disappeared in the forest and never returned. He went away alone; but as he was an able magician, he,

[24] *Ibid.*, 30.

by means of a spell, caused the trees to open and give birth to a swarm of little beings, from whom the Batwa, or Congo Pygmies, are descended. The trees from which they came out are still to be seen. He also became the father of all the Baluba peoples. They are widely spread to the south of the Bushongo. It should be said too that Woto was the first to teach men to point with the index finger instead of the whole hand, and that the hideous custom of cicatrising the body practised by the Bushongo women is ascribed to the wounds inflicted by Woto's wives on themselves in their penitence for misconducting themselves with his nephew.

After Woto had departed, three of his brothers went in search of him with all their subjects. Etochi, the only remaining brother, was left with his subjects in the original settlement. All this was before death made its appearance among men. The story of the origin of death we need not here consider. With it finishes what Mr. Torday considers the mythical narrative. The narrative was differently and much more shortly told by four old men of great reputation. For them the human race, or at least the nation, was descended from a man and woman, born of Jambi, who lived in a hut to the north of the Sankuru near the mouth of the Kasai, therefore not several months' march away. What follows, we are assured, is "history."

Under the reign of Etochi, whose name does not occur in the Bambala legend, the Bangongo were subjected to raids by the Basongo Meno, a savage and probably cannibal tribe from the north, whom the Bangongo, a race of artizans rather than of warriors, had great difficulty in resisting. Since Etochi in this emergency refused to take counsel with his officials, they with all his subjects deserted in two bands and left him to the tender mercies of the Basongo Meno. Nyimi, his first minister, was elected king, and left his name as the title of his successors. Compare the Bambala tale of the origin of this title. Strictly

speaking, he ruled over the Bangendi and Budya Mbanga only; while his vassal, called Nyim'atende, ruled over a portion of the Bangongo proper. These were all included in the first band. They crossed the Sankuru near its mouth and established themselves between it and the Kasai. The other band crossed the Lubefu and settled along the left bank of the Sankuru, between it and the Lubefu. The first band remained for many years in their settlements. At length they quarrelled among themselves, owing to differences of dialect and mutual jealousies. On the eve of war between the Bangongo and the others, the Nyimi and Nyim'atende agreed to decide the differences which should arise between any of their subjects by each throwing a hatchet into the Sankuru. The party whose hatchet sank was to be deemed in the wrong. The Nyim'atende was too clever for the Nyimi. Instead of an iron hatchet he devised a hatchet of wood covered only with a thin plating of iron. When it was thrown into the water it always floated, and the Bangongo disputant in consequence was always victorious. But on one occasion an important dispute arose. At that time the daughter of the Nyim'atende was married to Lukengu, the then Nyimi. She determined to secure the victory for her husband. So, having possessed herself of the Bangendi hatchet, she contrived an opportunity of secretly exchanging it for that of the Bangongo under the pretext of a visit to her father. The result was that the Bangendi this time triumphed; and the humiliated Nyim'atende migrated with all his subjects to their present settlements beyond the Lubudi.

Mr. Torday now attempts to identify the country of origin of the Bushongo. The information obtained from various sources, he says, agrees in stating that it was very far away to the north-north-west, and that in course of the migration four great rivers were crossed. Moreover, we know that at the time of the migration the people went naked, fed on millet and spoke quite a different language from that spoken

to-day. Until Minga Bengela taught them hunting they had lived on millet, bananas and yams. But they possessed the domestic fowl: did they never eat it? It was not until the reign of Muchu Mushanga, two centuries later, that clothing began with bark-cloth. I have not mentioned the change of language before. It is said to have taken place about the middle of the last century. It is one of two remarkable events chronicled during the reign of Bope Mobinji, who occupied the throne for many years. No hint is given of the reason for the abandonment of the old language. A whole nation does not change its language easily. It is a long process, extending over generations, and dependent on conquest, on the intrusion of a new tongue connected with religion, or with the spread of commerce or some general civilizing influence, or on the peaceful immigration, in such numbers as to overwhelm the existing population, of a tribe having an alien speech. Nothing of the sort is here alleged. Any one of the alternatives would in fact be incompatible with the traditional story. Curiously enough too, although the change was so recent, only one of the oldest members of the Bambala tribe was found from whom it was possible to take even a short vocabulary of the ancient tongue. Mr. Torday sent this vocabulary to Sir Harry Johnston, who expressed the opinion that it was not Bantu, and that, though it only revealed rare affinities with any known tongue, it presented certain similarities with that spoken on the River Shari, which flows into Lake Chad. As we have not the advantage of having either the vocabulary itself or any considered opinion from Sir Harry Johnston before us, it is difficult to know what is meant by this vague statement. The suggestion of course is, that in the traditions of the Bushongo we have a native history of the migration of their ancestors from the region of Lake Chad. Mr. Torday adds that "the Bambala calls the Sankuru the Chale (the river, *par excellence*). This word is identical with Shari; and it is a common tendency of

peoples who have emigrated to call the rivers and other natural objects of their new territory by the place-names of the old country." Does Mr. Torday really think that this strengthens his conclusion, that "it is very likely therefore that the Bushongo came originally from the neighbourhood of the Shari basin, breaking their way through the Mongo and the Basongo Meno to the Sankuru"? Shari or Chale is simply a widespread word for river.[25] He adduces also by way of further proof the cultural evidence of the traditions concerning their food, their nakedness and the use of the throwing knife. As Sir Harry Johnston points out, Soudanese cultural influence is found in the Congo basin;[26] but it is by no means confined to the Bushongo, and can hardly be taken as a special corroboration of the Bushongo traditions. According to him, the Hima physical type is nowhere more marked than among the Bushongo.[27] Now the Hima invasions entered the Congo from the east. They were part of the westerly movement of the Hamitic race still dominant around the Victoria Nyanza. If Sir Harry Johnston be right, how could the Bushongo have come from the north-north-west? Mr. Torday, however, does not find traces of Hima blood in them; he seeks their racial, as well as their cultural, affinities in a different quarter. For he proceeds to explain the legend that Bumba (the Creator), Loko Yima and his daughter Lobamba were white, while the naughty Woto was a mulatto, by supposing that some central Soudanese tribe had submitted voluntarily or by force to a chief of Berber blood, and had afterwards formed the advance-guard of the people that invaded the Welle country under the name of Azande. This is pure surmise, and goes a very little way to support the historical character of a tradition admitted to be mythical, and differing on important points from the tradition of the other branches of the Bushongo.

[25] Johnston, *George Grenfell*, 143 n., 286 n.
[26] *Ibid.*, 798 *sqq.* [27] *Ibid.*, 515.

These latter (the Bangongo and Bangendi) are often called by the Bambala Basongo Meno, though they themselves implicitly repudiate that name, speaking of the Basongo Meno as the enemies from whose irruptions they had fled under Nyimi. It is probable, however, that there is an infusion of blood of the Basongo Meno among them. Their tradition of quarrels arising from differences of dialect may point to this. There are small differences of civilization too between the Bangongo and the Bambala; the cicatrices, for example, with which the Bambala adorn their persons differ from the concentric circles common to the Bangongo and the Basongo Meno. Mr. Torday supposes that the Bangongo and Bangendi are descended of the mixture of the Basongo Meno with the Bushongo conquerors, who met them first on the north bank of the Sankuru and incorporated them in the empire they then founded. But this is quite contrary to the Bangongo story; and the Bambala tradition is silent (unless Mr. Torday has omitted the statement) as to conquest of the Basongo Meno. It should, however, be added that the fact that the Bangongo are governed by a viceroy of the Bushōngo king does seem to point to a conquest. The discrepancies between the Bambala and Bangongo legends he explains by suggesting that the Bambala stories have found their way to the Bangongo, and that the Bangongo cosmogony is simply a travesty of that of the Bambala.[28] Had the Bangongo then no myths of their own?

It is needless to examine the arguments to prove that the story of the origin of the Bashilele from Lele, the illegitimate son of Woto, is true. It is obviously ætiological. Such tales to account for the relationship of adjacent peoples are well known elsewhere. It is an awkward fact that there is no trace among them of the Lumbila language, as the ancient tongue of the Bushongo is alleged to have been called. Mr. Torday avers that it is not a serious objection, because

[28] Torday and Joyce, 37-46.

probably Lele, when he left his fatherland, was accompanied by more slaves than freeborn adherents, and these slaves were necessarily foreigners. There is no mention of this in the legend; but it would be as absurd to criticise the details as it is to insist upon their historical character, seeing that the migration took place in what is admitted to be the mythical period. It is awkward too that the Bashilele reckon the Bakongo as more nearly related to them than the Bushongo are. This is got over by supposing that the Bakongo are the descendants of Woto's partisans, whose migration followed that of Lele. The Bakongo do not shave their heads as do the Bushongo. Mr. Torday traces the difference of custom to the order issued by Woto when his wife bore twins. In commemoration of the event he directed that no slave should henceforth be shaved. The Bakongo therefore are the descendants of Woto's slaves.[29] In this way it would be possible to prove anything. In fact, by the method of seizing upon similarities of custom, costume and tradition, while discrediting the differences of tradition in favour of the superior accuracy of the Bushongo narrative, Mr. Torday does succeed in proving to his own satisfaction that the Bikenge and the Balunda are also Bushongo.[30]

He is a bold and careful explorer. We owe much to his researches in the Congo. The years he has devoted to this labour have proved most fruitful to ethnographical science. He seems to have been dazzled by the superiority of the Bushongo to most of the tribes he has visited, and by the many striking qualities of their civilization. His full report on their legends is very valuable. Had he confined his comments to pointing out that they believed themselves to have come from the north, and to be related to adjacent tribes, with whom they shared many common customs and traditions, he would have exercised a wise and scientific discretion. He has made the mistake of insisting on the

[29] *Ibid.*, 46-49. [30] *Ibid.*, 49-52.

historical accuracy of traditions, many of which he concedes are mythical. Even some of the most modern are obviously untrue; or if they have any groundwork of fact, our present information does not enable us to define it.[31]

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

[31] The foregoing analysis of the legends of the Baganda and Bushongo was written before Sir H. H. Johnston's survey of African ethnography appeared in the *J.R.A.I.*, xliii., pp. 375 *sqq.* Whatever may be the results of ethnological and philological researches on the various movements of African populations and civilizations, native traditions cannot be relied on for anything more than vague indications of the course and spread of races and cultures. Their details are in the highest degree questionable.

SOME NOTES ON EAST AFRICAN FOLKLORE.

BY MISS A. WERNER.

THE folklore of the East African Protectorate—*i.e.*, roughly speaking, the region lying between the Indian Ocean and Lake Victoria—is interesting in many ways, and not least because it is made up, in varying degrees, of three, if not four, different elements. The groundwork is Bantu, which has been influenced by Semitic contact on the coast and Hamitic contact in areas where Galla, Somali, Masai or Nandi have impinged upon the Bantu tribes. There is perhaps a further element contributed by the aboriginal hunting tribes, who may or may not be racially akin to the Hamites.

This overlapping of cultures is well illustrated in the case of the Wapokomo, a Bantu tribe who seem to have absorbed an older population—viz. some of the tribe now variously known as Wat, Wasanye or Ariangulo,—just as some of the first Bechwana immigrants into South Africa intermarried with the Bushmen already in possession. For this there is the direct evidence of Pokomo tradition and of certain ceremonies (the mystery of the Fufuriye) avowedly borrowed from the Wasanye; there are also the facts that the language contains numerous non-Bantu words not apparently of Galla origin,[1] and that the people combine hunting and

[1] Pokomo contains a great many Galla words, and the Korokoro tribe, on the Upper Tana, speak only Galla, having quite disused their own language. Most of the Wasanye, too, speak Galla. They say their own language was identical with that spoken by the so-called Waboni, in the forests north-east of the Tana. The specimens of this hitherto collected are insufficient to determine the provenance of the Pokomo words in question. A distinct language is spoken by the tribe called Juwan, of whom I saw some individuals at Witu.

fishing with agriculture to a degree unusual with pure Bantu.

The Wasanye are slighter in make than the Wapokomo (who are of sturdy build, though not as a rule tall) and shorter than, *e.g.*, the Wagiryama; they are usually of a lightish copper colour, and most of those I saw not markedly negroid in feature. Neither could any of them be described as dwarfish in stature, or otherwise resembling the South African Bushman type, except that a woman and some children I once saw at Kipini seemed to show it in their high cheek-bones and narrow eyes.

The adoption of the Fufuriye mysteries seems to have a curious parallel in Nyasaland. I have elsewhere expressed the opinion that the so-called Angoni west of the Shire—really Anyanja, or perhaps Achewa and Achipeta—are Bantu crossed with a previous population, probably (as in the case of the Bechwana Lihoya) Bushman. I cannot help connecting the dances at the *Unyago* initiation ceremonies among the Anyanja—in which the performers wear masks made of the heads of animals [2]—with the ceremonies known to us from Bushman paintings. These dances, so far as I am aware—but I speak with some hesitation—are not known to the indigenous Bantu of East Africa except as practised by the Anyanja imported into the country as slaves.

Galla influence is evident from the Galla element in the Pokomo language, as well as in the fact that the Wat and one tribe of Pokomo have adopted the language of their conquerors. The Pokomo system of the *luva*,[3] while probably identical with the Rika of the Giryama, Gikuyu, etc.,

[2] "Wear" is not—or not always—the correct expression to use, as I understand that the head is supported on a pole, the performer being hidden in a wicker framework draped with calico, roughly representing the body of the animal. See description in M. Eugène Foà's *Traversée de l'Afrique* (1900), where very passable figures of elephants, etc., are shown in the illustration (p. 40), though this is clearly not reproduced from a photograph.

[3] See *Journal of the African Society*, July, 1913, p. 369.

has borrowed the name and possibly other features—such as the two chiefs elected for a term of years—from the Galla.

The influence of the Masai on the Gikuyu and also, in a different way, on the Dorobo[4] (who stand to them in the same relation as the Wat do to the Galla) is well known, and I need do no more than refer to them in passing, as these tribes do not come within the scope of the present article.

I shall also have to leave out of consideration the non-Bantu negroes represented within the limits of the Protectorate by the Jaluo, sometimes called "Nilotic Kavirondo" —unless, indeed, the Wat belong to the same race, which is a matter for future investigation. I use the word non-Bantu in a purely linguistic sense; the question of race is one I cannot profess to deal with, but it seems to me that there is here no distinct boundary, while with regard to language there is a very clear one. Professor Meinhof holds that Bantu speech developed under Hamitic influence and of the monosyllabic, uninflected West African languages, and—so far as lack of technical knowledge permits me to form an opinion—I believe there is a good deal to be said for this view. My study of West African folk-tales, such as it is, tends to confirm the impressiom that "Negro" and Bantu have a common body of tradition, differentiated by local circumstances, though the predominance of the Hare in one and the Spider in the other has never yet been adequately explained.

The composite nature of Swahili folklore has frequently been noticed, and I have dwelt on it at some length in a paper already published in *Folk-Lore* (December, 1909), to which I should like to add one or two points.

The first Bantu with whom the Arab settlers came much in contact were in all probability the Wapokomo. These appear to have been settled in the Tana Valley from a

[4] The Dorobo are most probably akin to, if not identical with, the Wat.

very early period, before the Giryama, Kauma and other "Nyika"[5] tribes had emigrated from Sungwaya. The Wasegeju, too—who are now to be found near the Umba River, just within the border of the German Protectorate—seem at the same time to have occupied the shores of the Lower Tana and the Ozi estuary.

Liongo Fumo, whose story is given in Steere's *Swahili Tales*, also figures in Pokomo legend, the two versions agreeing pretty closely in the main features. The tradition is still a living one at Kipini, where Liongo's grave is pointed out, and a variant of the ballad quoted by Steere (*op. cit.*, p. 440) seems to be known by most people. I heard it sung by two women, and afterwards had it written down from the recitation of a blind man at Witu. I saw the site of the grave on the estate locally known as "Tost's *shamba*," and two labourers on the plantation also showed me the spot where Liongo knelt, bow in hand, and died, and the well (now filled up) where the people—not knowing he was dead—durst not come to draw water. The ballad, as sung by the Kipini women, began with the line:

> *Liongwe Fumo, endapo Gana . . .*
> Liongo Fumo, when he went to Gana . . . ,

which has no connection with what follows, evidently referring to a previous exploit of Liongo's (mentioned in the Pokomo legend, but not by Steere), so that some verses must have been lost.

It seems probable that Liongo was really a historical personage, though his saga, as we have it, embodies some mythical elements, such as the incident of the copper

[5] *Wanyika* is not an ethnic designation, meaning simply "people of the bush." It is, however, a convenient collective name for the nine tribes usually included under it, viz. Giryama, Rabai, Duruma, Digo, Kauma, Chonyi, Dzihana, Kambe, Rihe. There does not, however, seem to be any evidence of a common descent for them which would not equally apply at least to the Wapokomo and the Taita tribes, and probably others.

needle, by which alone he could be killed.[6] He is said to have lived about A.D. 1300, and to have harried the Wapokomo and Wasegeju, his principality—or rather that of his brother, Shah Mringari—being Shaka, a few miles north of Kipini. He seems to have been of Persian origin. He imposed on the Wapokomo the tax known as the "tribute of heads" (Kuyavya vitswa)—viz. two slaves from each of the smaller villages and four from the larger. This was ultimately commuted for a payment of thirty loads of rice, known to have been levied by the Sultans of Witu within the memory of people now living. (Shaka was conquered by Pate, and the Nabhan sultans of Pate fled to the mainland and established the principality of Witu, somewhere about 1837—hence their succession to the inheritance of Liongo.)

If the above date is correct, and the poems attributed to Liongo genuine, it is certain that the Swahili language already existed in literary form by the end of the thirteenth century A.D. And it seems probable that Pokomo is the Bantu speech whence it is most immediately derived. As has often been stated, the islands of the Lamu archipelago and the adjacent mainland (the "Bajun" coast) are considered the original home of the Swahili; and I have found that the Swahili of, *e.g.*, Mambrui call that region "Swahilini," expressly limiting the name to the country north-east of the Tana. The Wapokomo and the Wasegeju would thus have been the nearest neighbours of the early settlers; there does not seem to have been any contact with the Wagiryama or other "Nyika" tribes before the middle of the sixteenth century. At the time when the coast towns were founded the Wanyika were well out of reach at Sungwaya.

Pokomo shares with Swahili the tendency (most marked in the Lamu dialect of the latter) to drop a consonant

[6] See Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, part vii., "Balder the Beautiful," vol. ii., appendix iii., p. 314.

occurring between two vowels. This tendency is noticeably absent in Giryama and other mainland languages further south—though present to an exaggerated degree in Kamba. It may be mentioned that Mrima Swahili (that spoken on the mainland opposite Zanzibar) tends to keep the consonant, probably owing to the influence of Shambala, Bondei and Zigula; and to say, *e.g.*, *fungula* for *fungua*.

The Swahili of the islands and northern coast are much less mixed with African blood than those further south, no doubt because—being nearer their base—they found it easier to get wives from Maskat. But there must have been some amount of intermarriage from very early times, otherwise the settlers would hardly have adopted a Bantu dialect for use among themselves. Whether these marriages were only those of slave-wives it is hard to say; possibly not, in the case of the Wasegeju; but the point is not of supreme importance, as children by a slave-wife follow the father's status and are practically on a level with those of unmixed descent. The Pokomo "tribute of heads," already mentioned, consisted of boys and girls in equal numbers, so that we may assume the existence of some Pokomo slave-wives as certain.

It does not seem—though I would speak with due caution—that the Giryama ever contributed materially to the slave population. Doubtless it was found more prudent to spare a neighbouring tribe, who, moreover, were both numerous and energetic, and employ them, when practicable, in procuring supplies of slaves from weaker people at a distance. Ivory-purchasing and slave-raiding expeditions on a large scale do not seem to have been undertaken by the Swahili before the middle of the nineteenth century. The number of "Nyasas" (a term which on inquiry is found to include Anyanja, Yaos and Gindos) among the ex-slaves in and near Mombasa is remarkable; and no less significant is the fact that *Mshambara* is often used interchangeably with *Mzalia* to indicate a person born of imported slave parents.

Near Mombasa—*e.g.* at Jomvu—there is a good deal of mixture with Duruma and Rabai, and this is reflected in the Swahili spoken there, as when people say *chiti* for *kiti*, etc.—a corruption sometimes due also to Nyasa influence.

In the paper already referred to some attempt was made to distinguish two elements in Swahili folklore: the Bantu and the imported—chiefly Arabic, though including Persian[7] and Indian items. To these we may perhaps add a third, of demonstrably local growth, which has sprung up since Swahili was Swahili, though no doubt the germs may have been brought by the settlers from over-seas or pre-existed in Bantu folklore. Such are the tales told at Lamu deriding the incredible stupidity of the Shela people—the local legends of Mambrui, Ngomeni and other places, and perhaps the story of Liongo in its present form.

So many Swahili tales have already been collected, that I feared there might be little left to do in this direction—quite needlessly, as it proved. Few, if any, of the stories included in Steere's *Tales* seemed to be known at Jomvu or Mambrui, where I had most opportunities for inquiry, though I found them immensely popular when read aloud, and I have been asked again and again for "*Sultan Darai*" or, as the people usually call it, "the story of the Gazelle." Of *Kibaraka*, so far as I was able to ascertain, only the two "Hare" stories seemed to be known. Büttner's collection[8] contains one tale which was almost universally recognized—the droll of the Gunya captain and the cargo of dates—but this belongs essentially to the northern coast, and is probably unknown at Zanzibar.

A few notes in passing on another story given by Büttner may not be out of place here. This is the one entitled *Binti wa ng'ombe mia*—"The Girl with (a dowry of) a

[7] Since writing the paper in question, I have succeeded in tracing the story of the "Heaps of Gold" (*Kibaraka*, p. 89) to a Persian source. See *Notes and Queries*, 11th Ser., vol. iv., 1911, p. 82 *sqq*.

[8] *Anthologie der Suaheli-Litteratur* (Berlin, 1894).

Hundred Cows." This was recognized by Muhammad bin Ma'alim (my teacher at Mombasa) as "a Galla tale," and there are several points about it which make it not unlikely that he is right. It is a *fabliau* of perhaps a not uncommon type, but, I venture to think, showing an outlook unlike that of the usual Arab story, both in the part taken by the wife and in the fact that the laugh is on what we should consider the right side. A young man, whose total possessions amounted to a hundred head of cattle, courted a rich man's daughter and paid away all his substance as her dowry. Having nothing left to live on, he went round to his neighbours and every day begged a little milk for himself and his wife.[9] After some months his father-in-law came to see him; the young wife, in despair at having nothing to set before him, went into the house and cried. A little later, looking out of the back gate of the yard (*ua*), she saw an admirer whom hitherto she had put off with evasive answers, and, being assailed by him with reproaches, promised to give him a rendezvous later on, but explained the present embarrassing circumstances. The young man went away, and returned with a leg of beef, which was in due course cooked for the guest. The giver, happening to stroll past the front of the house, when the men were seated in the verandah, was invited to partake. When the meal was ready the woman called them, saying, "Come to dinner, you three simpletons!" (*wapumbafu watatu*)—and the point of the tale lies in her explanation of this address. The father was a simpleton because, being a rich man, "owner of 6000 cattle," he had let his only child go for a dowry of 100; the husband, because he had sought a wife so far above his position, whereas he might have found one

[9] This is quite alien to the customs of the Swahili, who never use milk as food, whereas it is the staple of Galla diet. The same thing holds, if we are to understand—according to Muhammad bin Ma'alim's explanation of the story—that he hired himself out to milk his neighbours' cows. Compare *Folk-Lore*, xxiii., p. 285 *sqq*.

whose dowry was only ten or twenty cows, and have kept enough for them both to live on; and the would-be seducer was a fool to imagine "you could get for a quarter of beef what cost a hundred cows." The young man retired discomfited; the husband and the father owned themselves in the wrong, and the latter on his return home immediately made a sufficient settlement—viz. he returned the dowry with 100 head in addition.

It is only to be expected that Galla constituents should find their way into the composite fabric of Swahili folklore, for Galla women, though less easily obtained than others, have always been much sought after as slaves. I knew an old lady at Mambrui, the widow of a Lamu Arab, who told me that she had been kidnapped as a child and sold to the man who afterwards married her. One of her sons is Ali Marjani, headman of Fundi Isa. All of her children, whom I saw, were good-looking, and one daughter strikingly so. I suspected Galla blood in a very handsome woman of similar type whom I saw at Jomvu, but could get no information beyond a vague and unconfirmed statement that her mother had been an Abyssinian.

The diffusion of Arab tales in East Africa is very remarkable. I have heard them in a more or less complete form from men, women, young boys, and even from the most illiterate of caravan-porters. Unfortunately, I have hardly any of these written down in a complete form; but I do not think I heard above one or two, if so many, which are included in any existing Swahili collection.

Mwana Mbeu binti Sadiki, of Shela, a very old woman (said to be over 100), living at Mambrui, told me two stories which I do not remember to have met with elsewhere, and which I here give in outline.

1. A princess courted by many suitors made it a condition that each should play a game of chess with her, losing his head if defeated. Finally a young man arrived, whose previous history is given as follows: A childless couple who

greatly desired a son consulted a *mwalimu*, who told them they could have one if they followed his directions, but warned them that he would be a spendthrift. The son was born, grew up, and by the time his education was finished had run through all his parents' property. They proposed, as no other course seemed open, to sell him; he objected (no doubt on the same grounds as Euripides' Admetus), and suggested that they should be sold instead, to which they, after much demur, agreed. He took them to the Sultan and disposed of them in exchange for a suit of clothes, a dagger, a sword and a horse. He then set out on his travels, and was overtaken by a man carrying a letter to the Sultan of the next town. (This part was not very clear: there may be some contamination with a Bellerophon motif.) The hero was induced to deliver the letter, and, proceeding on his way, came into a desert, where he was like to perish of hunger and thirst, but at last reached a well, near which lay a sheep just dead. Finding that the sheep had been about to give birth, he cut it open, killed the lamb, which was living, cooked and ate it. As there was neither rope nor vessel of any kind at the well, he untwisted his turban, let it down into the well and soaked it to quench his thirst. In doing this, he accidentally soaked the letter, spread it out to dry and, catching sight of the contents, saw that it was an order to kill the bearer, and destroyed it: after which he continued his journey, reached the city where the princess lived and became a suitor for her hand. He won the game of chess, and was then challenged to a riddle competition, succeeding at last by means of the question—insoluble to any one unaware of the circumstances: "Who is he who is wearing his mother and riding his father, who ate food (received) from a corpse and drank the water of death?"

2. A man, when dying, gave his son three injunctions: To beware of an illegitimate child (*mwana wa haramu*), to marry into a good family, and not to give his sister in

marriage to a man without property. He wantonly disregarded all three: he sought for an illegitimate child and brought him up as his own, married the daughter of a "nobody," and gave his sister to a poor man. His wife proved unable to keep a secret, his adopted son betrayed him for a reward and his brother-in-law could not help him in time of need.

My cook, Idi bin Selemani, of Malindi, and his wife Zuhura, told me the following story, which I do not remember having come across elsewhere.

A childless couple made a vow that, if a child was born to them, they would give four dollars to a spirit (*shetani* or *mzuka*—both words were used indifferently). Some time passed, and the woman had a child, whereupon she reminded her husband of the vow, saying, "Go and look for the spirit, and give him his money." He went, but could not find him, so consulted a "learned man," who advised him to go out after midnight. He did so, and soon saw a gigantic being, to whom he explained matters. The spirit said, "You must not give me the money—give it to my son." "Who is your son?" "When you are sitting in the verandah, if you see a man pass by in silence, without saluting you, that is he." The point of the story seems to be that everyone to whom the man offered the money refused it, declining to be considered the son of a *shetani*, till at last a woman of proved bad character, by accepting it, certified her parentage.

Local Legends.—At Mambrui there is a pillar some 40 feet high, made up of lumps of the local coral-rock, embedded in some hard cement, roughly dodecagonal and having twelve bowls or saucers of blue china cemented in round the top. Probably it is of no great antiquity, though older than one at least of the graves near it, that of a *Sherif*, Seyyid Bakari, whose son is still living. There was formerly, it is said, a white bowl or vase (*bakuli*) on the top of this pillar; it glittered in the sun and was visible at

a great distance, and, if you climbed the baobab which grows beside the pillar and looked into the vase from above, you could see Mecca! (Considering the relative positions of the baobab and the pillar, one may be excused for doubting the possibility of this feat; but, I may add, it is obvious to the eye that some ornament has been broken off the top.) The vase was shot down by one of Seyyid Barghash's soldiers—a man from Hadramaut ("those Hadhramis, they neither fear God nor regard man!") But, as the fragments reached the ground, the soldier fell down dead. This is supposed to have happened about thirty years ago.

Sherif Aluwi, Seyyid Bakari's son, is a young man of perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three. He was a little boy when his father died, and the story goes that he kept asking for him, unable to understand what had happened, till he was told "*Baba wako amekufa hoko mnarani*—your father is lying dead over there by the *mnara* (pillar)." Still he could not understand what they meant by death, but went out to the pillar to search for his father, calling him again and again. That night Bakari appeared in a dream to one of his old friends and asked him to see that the boy was never allowed to go near the grave, "for if he calls me again I shall have to come out." So they frightened the child with stories of lions and snakes haunting the place, and kept him at home till he forgot.

Ngomeni, a small and not very prosperous village on the coast north of Mambrui, is the third place of the name: the ruins of an older town are hidden in thick bush on a headland a little to the south-east, and a still older one has been swallowed up by the sea—traces of what is said to be a mosque are visible at low water. The people say that in old times the inhabitants suffered so much from the incursions of the Masai (possibly the Galla are meant) that, though they beat them off for the time being, they felt they would be quite unable to resist another attack. Thus the

Waalimu lifted up their hands to heaven and prayed God to let them die and not fall into the hands of those heathen; and their prayer was heard, and the whole town overwhelmed with sand, so that the raiders, when they came again, found no trace of it.

Stories of buried treasure seem as popular here as elsewhere in the East. The headman of Ngomeni, before conducting me over the ruins already referred to, asked me to promise that I would not carry anything away—a promise, I may add, which involved no superhuman degree of self-control. A soldier who came to Ngomeni collecting taxes for Said Barghash once found a gold *kinoo* (whetstone) among the ruins, and carried it off to Mambrui as a present to his superior officer. On the way, his arm became paralysed, and he was seized with a trembling, but he disregarded the warning, and, on reaching his house, went indoors and lay down on his bed, throwing the stone down on the floor. At the time of *isha* prayers, his wife went to call him, and found that he was dead—and the whetstone had disappeared,—as all treasures do when thus carried off; even if you put them into a box and lock it, they will be gone next time you open it. Mwana Somoye, my informant, knew this unfortunate man, and likewise his wife, who, from the day of her husband's death, was afflicted, as long as she lived, with a palsied trembling and likewise subject to nightmares, starting and crying "Hau! hau!" in her sleep; and she was ultimately seized and killed by a lion. Whether, or how far, she was supposed to be a partaker in the deceased's impiety did not appear.

I thought at Mambrui I had got hold of an authentic ghost-story, which was attached to the Kadhi's office (locally called the *baraza*)—or rather to the lock-up contiguous to it. This lock-up is supposed to be haunted by Mashetani, who are both heard and seen, appearing either as men or as white draperies. A Kikuyu, who had been arrested on a charge of stabbing a man and

persistently denied his guilt, when lodged there for the night (I suppose pending removal to Malindi for trial), became so terrified that he shrieked to be let out, and admitted everything. The story, as far as I could make it out, was that three askari of the police were seated on the verandah one evening after dark, when they saw a woman come from the direction of the graves (near the *mnara* already mentioned) and pass along the lane which runs at right angles to the front of the baraza. One of the three, a Mkamba named Hamisi (described as an unusually handsome, light-complexioned man, "more like an Arab than a Mkamba") called out to her in a free and easy fashion—assuming, we may suppose, that no respectable person would be roaming the town at that hour—"*Bibi*, come here!" She made no reply, and he went round the corner of the house and saw her standing on the steps of the *birika*. (Most of the better Swahili houses with a cistern on the ground-floor have an opening, reached by two or three steps, by which it can be filled from outside.) He went up to her, and called out "What are you standing there for?" when she laid her finger on her lips and said "*Ŭss*!" (the equivalent for "hush!"). He then seized her by the arm, and she turned and hit him on the cheek with her two fingers, made a sound which the narrator expressed by "*akamsonya*," and disappeared. He went into the house, told his comrades what had happened and fell forward on his face unconscious. His face and his whole body swelled up; he suffered frightful internal pains, and by the next day "his tongue was hanging out of his mouth down to his chest!" They carried him in a hammock to the Malindi hospital, where he died on the following day, the doctor having diagnosed his malady as "*shetani*!"

As this was said to have happened "last year," in the month of Mfunguo wa Pili (*i.e.* in October or November, 1911), when "Bwana Traill" was *Balozi* (District Commissioner), there seemed some hope of ascertaining what

facts, if any, underlay this story. Mrs. H. R. Tate, wife of "Bwana Traill's" successor, kindly undertook to make inquiries for me at Malindi, but found that Dr. Maula Buksh had no recollection of the particular case in question, though there had been others. Mrs. Tate had heard of the incident, and told me that another man had had a similar fatal seizure at Takaungu, in December, 1912, adding, "It often happens, as you probably know—it was just the same in Kikuyu."

As the tragedy thus seems to have been a real occurrence —probably on a par with many recorded cases of persons who have died through believing themselves bewitched—perhaps it should not have found a place here.

It is interesting, however, if unsatisfactory, through the absence of some important details and the impossibility of sifting the evidence. *Why* should the unfortunate man have imagined himself bewitched? We cannot answer, without knowing, first, whether the woman was a real person or a hallucination, and, secondly, what was the man's antecedent state of mind.

A local legend of old date is that of the "Seven Maidens," commemorated in the name Kwa Waanawali Sabaa, attached to a ruined town some miles north of Kipini. The story recalls Wordsworth's ballad of "The Seven Sisters, or the Solitude of Binnorie," and relates how, when the place was sacked by the Galla, seven little girls ran away, and finding their pursuers gaining on them, cried aloud, "*Nti atama, tupate kungia tiati*—Earth! open and let us enter, that we may not fall into the hands of the Galla!" So the earth opened and swallowed them, closing on the cloth worn by the last one, so that, when the Galla warriors came up, nothing was to be seen but "a fold of cloth"—*upindo wa kisutu* (the narrator measured it on his fore-arm) —to tell the tale. A similar story (but evidently one quite distinct from this) is related by Captain Stigand (*Land of Zinj*, p. 33). The incident, according to his informant,

Bwana Kitini, took place at Pate in the time of the third Nabhan Sultan, Bwana Fumomadi.

The little town of Shela is within half an hour's walk of Lamu, but quite distinct from it; indeed, between the two, the sand-hills of Hedabu cover the ruins of another town, which was frequently at war with Lamu, or at least with the earlier settlement of Wiyuni, which I believe was on the site of the hill now crowned by the buildings of the German Mission. There are even now various distinctions of custom—for instance, the Shela women never use the curious form of veil called *shira'a*, which seems to be peculiar to Lamu, and possibly—though of this I am not certain—there are differences of speech. At least I have heard Shela women use archaic forms (such as the old perfect *ulele* for *amelala*) which I do not remember hearing in Lamu itself. For some reason or other the Lamu people have taken their neighbours of Shela as representing the extreme of absurdity at which ignorance combined with limited intellect can arrive—in short, it is the Gotham or Abdera of these parts. One favourite tale is of a Shela man who went hunting and, having caught a *Kuñgu* (bush-buck) in one of his traps, did not want to stop and slaughter it *secundum artem*, but tied his turban round its body, stuck his knife into the improvised sash and let the beast go, saying, "*Bwakungu* (Mr. Bush-buck) just go and ask the mistress to be good enough to kill you and put aside the liver and kidneys to cook for my supper." When he arrived home in the evening, tired and hungry, his wife set before him porridge only—no savoury meat such as his soul loved to accompany it. "Where's that liver and those kidneys?" "What liver and kidneys?" "Why, I sent that buck, and I told him to tell you, etc., etc."

Another gentleman of Shela, finding that his stock of gunpowder had got wet, dried it over the fire in a pipkin, whereby his beard was burnt off; and a third, directing a labourer to fill a large earthen jar (*kasiki*) with water, and

being told that it was already full, said, "Shindilia mai-twaa mti huu ukashindilie—Take this pestle and press it down!" The man did so with such hearty goodwill that he soon cracked the bottom of the jar, and the master, seeing the level of the water sinking, cried "Now pour in some more!"

Stories of a religious character are popular with pious Moslems. I do not know whether the following, which was told me by Bwana Ahmadi Bakari, of Mambrui, is current elsewhere, but he may have read it in an Arabic book—he possessed a collection of some twenty or thirty. A poor man who had been keeping the Ashura fast (the tenth day of Muharram) with great devotion (though apparently he could not have broken it had he so desired) went out in the evening to try and get some food for his children, and asked the loan of a dirhem from a rich money-lender, who took no notice of his request. He then fell in with a compassionate Jew, who, hearing his story, made him take ten dirhems as a gift. The rich man dreamed that night that the day of resurrection had come, and he found himself tormented by thirst in front of a beautiful house, where he asked for water. The people in the house refused it saying, "Yesterday this house was yours, but when a poor man came asking you for a dirhem, you would not give it him; and he went to a Jew, who gave him ten. So now your name has been erased from this house, and it belongs to the Jew." In the morning, the money-lender went to the Jew and offered him a hundred dinars for the ten which the Jew had given to the poor man (*i.e.* he wanted the Jew to make over the merit of the act to him). The Jew refused this and higher offers, and asked how the transaction, which had taken place in private, had become known to him. "He who told it me is Almighty God." The Jew repeated the *Kalima* ("There is no God but God, etc."), which, I suppose, was equivalent to declaring himself a Moslem, and the rich man went away dejected, and the story ends

by saying that he was cast into "the place of fire," while the Jew entered into Paradise.

Ahmadi, to whom, with his wife, Mwana Somoye, and her mother, Mwana Mbeu, I owe a great deal of miscellaneous information, one day related an incident which had taken place in his own family, and which—though perhaps it does not strictly belong to our subject—I cannot resist giving, as nearly as possible in his own words. It was apropos of his reading to me a devotional poem by a Sherif of Siyu named Omar bin Amiu, who—so Ahmad informed me—was blind, but recovered his sight on completing the poem—a most ingenious alphabetical acrostic. This Omar seems to have died fifty or sixty years ago. Ahmad is himself a native of Siyu, where he heard the story in his youth; and it naturally suggested the experience of his grandfather, Yusufu bin Ali.

"He had been blind for five years, and one day as he lay asleep, he saw (in a dream) one of the Companions (of the Prophet), whose name is Seyyidina (Our Lord) Hamza, and he said, 'Yusufu, do you wish to get back your sight?' He said, 'I wish it.' And he said, 'Do you know my name?' He answered, 'I do not.' He said, 'I am Seyyidina Hamza.' And he rose up and held out his hand, and Yusufu kissed it, and Hamza said to him, 'In the morning go and ask for such and such medicine, and fumigate your eyes three days running.' In the morning he came to our house and told my father what had happened in the night, and he (my father) went to get the medicine and brought it to him. And he fumigated himself three days. On the third day his eyes were restored, quite whole, as in the beginning.—In the morning (of the third day) my father said to me, 'Go and fetch your grandfather to breakfast.' I went to fetch him and said to him, 'Grandfather, let us go home, father has sent for you.' He said to me, 'Just wait till I put on my clothes.' Then he came out with his stick in his hand, and when I wanted to take hold of the stick (the

usual way of leading the blind), he said, 'Don't take hold of me, I can see for myself.' So he came out, and we went together, I in front and he behind, till we came to the house. He came to our house and said to my father, 'God has caused the blindness to pass away, and I have received my sight. *Alhamdulillah*!'"

A. WERNER.

(*To be continued.*)

COLLECTANEA.

Folk-Tales of the Angāmi Nāgas of Assam.

Introduction.

The Nāga tribes of Assam, which numbered at the census of 1911 220,000, have been described by many observers. A useful account of their religion, sociology, manners and customs has been compiled by Miss G. M. Godden.[1] The branch of the tribe occupying the Native State of Manipur has been described by Mr. T. C. Hodson.[2] Of the Angāmi sub-tribe, among whom these tales were collected, Mr. A. W. Davis writes: "The Angāmis are the largest of the Nāga tribes of which we have any knowledge. . . . The name Angāmi, by which this tribe is known to us, is a corruption of Gnamei, the name by which the tribe is known to the Manipuris, through whom we first came in contact with them. The name by which they call themselves is Tengima, while they are known to the surrounding tribes of Kezhāmas, Semās, and Lhotās as Tsoghāmi, Tsungumi, and Tsangho. The Angāmis assert that their people originally came from the south, *i.e.* the direction of Manipur. They first occupied the spurs just under Japvo, and thence spread north-west and north-east. Their accounts of their origin are extremely vague and untrustworthy, as is to be expected in the case of a people who have no written language." They fall into three main divisions: the Chakroma, the Tengima proper, and the Chakrima. "The Angāmis are distinguished from the other tribes within the district by their method of cultivation. While

[1] *Journal Anthropological Institute*, vols. xxvi. (1897), pp. 161 *sqq.*, xxvii. (1898), pp. 2 *sqq.*

[2] *The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, London, 1911.

all the other tribes, including the western or Chakroma portion of the Angāmi tribe, raise their rice crops by *Jhūming*,[3] the Angāmis raise their rice crop on irrigated terraces. The terraces are excavated with great labour and skill from the hillsides, and are watered by means of channels carried along the contour of the hills for long distances and at excessively easy gradients." After describing their tribal, marriage, and death customs, Mr. Gait writes: "The Angāmis have practically no religion. They recognise a Supreme Creator called Terhopfo or Kepenopfo. They also believe in the existence of evil spirits, which reside in rocks, trees, and pools of water. These are usually propitiated in cases of illness by offerings of fowls, pigs, or cattle. . . . Of a future state after death their ideas are extremely vague. They certainly believe that the soul does not die with the body, but what becomes of it they cannot say." Their chief festivals are the Terhengi and Sekrengi. The Terhengi is celebrated soon after the completion of the harvest, and is, in fact, their Harvest Home.[4] "As the Terhengi marks the end of the year's work for the Angāmi, so the Sekrengi marks its commencement, being held shortly before the new year's work in the fields is begun. Both festivals last for ten days, and both are occasions for the unlimited consumption of *zu* (rice beer), pork, and beef." At this time wealthy Nāgas give big feeds, in the not vain hope of handing down their names to future generations; and to commemorate these feasts, huge stones are dragged, often for long distances, on rough wooden sledges, and are erected by the side of the road near the village. The giver of the feast also becomes entitled to put over his house the large wooden horns, which are such a conspicuous feature in most Angāmi villages. "At the Sekrengi festival dogs are killed and eaten in great numbers. I have often enquired the reason for this, but have never been able to get a satisfactory answer. Besides these two main festivals, many other minor ones are celebrated during the year, the chief of which is that held just before the new paddy harvest begins."[5]

[3] By periodically cutting, burning the jungle, and sowing the seed in the ashes.

[4] See the next instalment of these tales.

[5] *Census Report, Assam*, 1891, vol. i., pp. 237 *et seqq.*

These tales were collected by Mr. J. H. Hutton. On the methods of collection and record he writes: "It is quite true that the translations are not exactly made. The Angāmi and other Nāga languages are so excessively difficult that even persons of many years' residence would, perhaps, be able to record very little by translating directly from the vernacular, which varies in a high degree from village to village. My own researches have been conducted by a *lingua franca*, a sort of bastard Assamese, which is used by Government interpreters, and is fairly well known in those parts of the Hills that are in touch with the plains. My own knowledge of the Angāmi and Semā languages is limited to ordinary affairs that come daily to my attention. My attention was first drawn to the folklore of the people by some fragmentary stories in very broken English which Dr. Rivenburgh of Kohimā had saved from some essays by his pupils. On these as a basis I have collected these tales from various narratives in many villages, on the march or round the camp-fire. I find that the ordinary adult does not know the tales, and that the children have imperfect versions picked up from old men or from their mothers. The old men know the stories, but are unwilling to tell them on account of the belief that a teller of many tales dies before his time. I was fortunate in having two interpreters, one of quite unusual intelligence, and one a man of many exploits and considerable position. The latter, in particular, had the reputation of knowing more of the past history and customs of the Angāmis of his own particular group than any one else, and several tales have come straight from him. My translations are a free rendering of the recorded Assamese version, without additions or insertions of any kind. Many tales were told in an archaic dialect, and more especially in singing, and not by any means universally understood. I have never heard any story given me twice in precisely the same form, and though, of course, the songs are handed down verbatim, I do not think the stories are. In fact, I am sure they are not, and any new story is readily assimilated, and its source is probably soon forgotten. I have no doubt that some future investigator will find perverted versions of "Uncle Remus" in existence, first heard from me in my attempts to induce others to tell their own stories."

I. *The Tower of Babel* (1).

There was once a country under a powerful Chief with great armies, and the people thought that they could mount up to heaven by building a ladder of wood. So they builded a stair, and made the stair very high into heaven. Now the men who were up at the top asked for more wood, and the men who were below answered: "There is no wood, shall we cut a piece from the stair?" So the men at the top, not understanding what they said, gave answer: "Ay, cut it." So they cut it, thinking that the top was made fast to the heaven, and the ladder fell and they that builded it were killed.

(2.)

Ukepenopfu[6] was the first human being. Her descendants are very many. Instead of dying she was raised to heaven. Later on her descendants thought to communicate with her by building a tower up to heaven from which they could go and talk to her. She however, knowing their thoughts, said to herself: "They will all expect presents, and I have no presents for so many men. The tower must be stopped before it gets any higher." So she made all the men working at the tower talk different languages so that they could not understand one another, and when one said "Bring a stone," they would fetch water or a stick and so forth, so that all was confusion and the tower was abandoned. Hence arose the different tongues of the various tribes of man.

[With these versions of the Tower of Babel tale, we may compare that from the neighbouring State of Sikhim—"There is also a tradition of a tower of Babel built at Dharmdin; it had nearly reached the moon, when word was sent down to send up a hook to throw over the horn of the moon: this command was

[6] The termination *pfu* is a feminine termination, and therefore the word is sometimes translated "Spirit-mother," and Ukepenopfu is spoken of as being of the female sex. This tracing of all descents to a first Mother is the only trace to be found among the Angamis of any Matriarchal period. At the same time, many Angamis speak of Ukepenopfu as a man, and it is perhaps not impossible that the female termination is a class termination used without reference to the particular being designated.

misunderstood, and the people below cut away the foundations, so the building fell and killed numbers: a mound of stones and potsherds is shown to this day, and the tribe concerned (now extinct) were called Na-ong, or 'the blind fools'" (*The Gazetteer of Sikhim*, Calcutta, 1894, p. 42). The following tale is current among the Kuki Chins of Burma: "Many centuries ago all the Chins lived in one large village, somewhere south of Haka. They all spoke the same language, and had the same customs. One day, at a big council, it was decided that the moon should be captured, and made to shine permanently. By this means a great deal of unnecessary expense and bother would be saved in lighting. In consequence, the construction of a tower was begun, which was to reach to the moon. After years of labour, the tower got so high that it took days of hard marching for the people working at the top to come down and get provisions. It was therefore decided that, as stage upon stage was built, it should be inhabited, and that food and other necessaries should be passed up from below from stage to stage. Thus the people of the different stages had very little intercourse, and gradually acquired different manners, languages, and customs. At last, when the structure was all but finished, the *nat* [spirit] in the moon fell into a rage at the audacity of the Chins, and raised a fearful storm which brought down the tower. It fell from south to north. The people inhabiting the different stages were consequently strewn over the land, and built villages where they fell. Hence the different clans and tribes varying in language and customs. The stones and building materials which formed the huge tower now form the Chin Hills" (Sir J. G. Scott, *Burma: A Handbook of Practical Information*, London, 1906, p. 103 *sq.*). The Kāfirs explain the difference of languages by the tale that "after Imra created the world, Bábá Adam and his wife were in Kashmir. They and their forty children were on one occasion sleeping in pairs, and when they woke no single pair understood the language of another pair. They were then ordered by Imra to march off in couples and populate the world" (Sir G. S. Robertson, *The Káfirs of the Hindu-Kush*, London, 1896, p. 386). For similar tales, one from the Thārus of Bengal, see *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. iii., p. 91.

Mr. E. Sidney Hartland adds the following parallels :

This myth is very widespread. The story of the building of the tower is not always connected with that of the dispersion of mankind or the confusion of tongues, which often form the subject of independent sagas. A striking parallel to the story in the text is one from Mashonaland, which runs thus : "One of the Baroswi kings wanted the moon, and his faithful subjects proceeded to try and get it. They started building a wooden tower or ladder, and year by year it rose higher. Eventually the wood at the bottom became rotten, and the tower tumbled down, all the Baroswis on it being killed" (W. S. Taberer, Chief Native Commissioner for Mashonaland, *Journal African Society*, iv., p. 319). Another is from Mexico. It appears that the Aztecs believed in four races of giants preceding the present human inhabitants of the earth. The fourth and final race of giants was created at the same time as the present sun. They desired to reach it, and, balked in their attempts to intercept it as it rose or set, they came together again in a place called Iztaczolin Inneminian (Dwelling of the White Quail) and sought to reach it by building a lofty pyramid or tower. "The sun, the chief lord of the upper world, indignant that eaters of flesh should seek to mingle with dwellers in the sky, summoned the gods from the four quarters of the heavens, who destroyed the building and dispersed these presumptuous mortals over the four quarters of the earth" (Payne, *History of the New World*, Oxford, 1899, ii., p. 410, citing Duran, *Hist. de las Indias*). The Choctaw of Louisiana relate that "Aba, the good spirit above, created many men, all Choctaw, who spoke the language of the Choctaw and understood one another." They came together and after much talk and wondering at the sky, determined to endeavour to reach it. "So they brought many rocks and began building a mound that was to have touched the heavens. That night, however, the wind blew strong from above and the rocks fell from the mound." A second and a third time the builders resumed their task. "But once more, as the men lay near the mound that night, wrapped in slumber, the winds came with so great force that the rocks were hurled down on them. The men were not killed ; but when daylight came and they made their way from beneath the rocks and began to speak to one

another, all were astounded as well as alarmed—they spoke various languages and could not understand one another. Some continued thenceforward to speak the original tongue, the language of the Choctaw, and from these sprang the Choctaw tribe. The others, who could not understand this language, began to fight among themselves. Finally, they separated," the Choctaw alone remaining. "This explains why there are so many tribes throughout the country at the present time" (Bushnell, *The Choctaw of Bayou Lacomb*, *Bull. Bureau of Amer. Ethnol.*, Washington, 1909, xlviii., p. 30; *American Anthropologist*, N.S., Lancaster, Pa., xii., 1910, 527).]

II. *The Enchanted Hill.*

There was once a Great Chief who built a strong house and protected it with a ditch filled with water. One day the enemy attacked him, and the Chief fled to a little hill, where he dug a cave provided with a door so strong that no one could force it. He used to come out of the cave, and lead away the Nāga boys by singing and music into the cave in the hill-side. Their parents sought for them, but could not find them.

[This is the Koppenberg of German tradition. For the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," see *Folk-Lore*, vol. iii., p. 227 *sqq.*; *F.L. Journ.*, vol. ii., p. 206 *sqq.*; J. Grimm, *Household Tales*, 1884, vol. ii., p. 412. For the Indian version of the pipe which causes everyone to dance, see C. H. Tawney, *Katha-Sarit-Sāgara*, 1880, vol. i., pp. 338, 577; vol. ii., p. 309. A negro version is given by Miss Mary A. Owen, *Journal American Folklore*, vol. xvi., p. 58. Also see Sir John Rhys' learned discussion of Lucian's account of Ogmios, the Gallic Hercules—*Lectures on Celtic Heathendom*, Hibbert Lectures, 1888, p. 13 *sqq.*]

III. *A Village of Women.*

The Angāmis say that there is a village occupied only by women. If a man ventures near it, they drive him off with their bows and arrows. These women rear each only one male child, and when others are born they kill them by plunging them into hot water. These women do no work, but live on starch and oil to make themselves strong to fight. Others say that when a man

comes to the village these women are so eager to possess him that they tear him in pieces.

[The Island of Women is a widespread myth. Marco Polo (ed. Sir H. Yule, 1871, vol. ii., p. 237 *sq.*) describes the Male and Female Islands, to which the editor supplies numerous parallels, such as the country of Rāna Paramita in the *Mahābharata*, and the Country of the Western Women, described by the Buddhist traveller, Hiuen Tsiang (S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, 1884, vol. ii., pp. 240 *sqq.*, 279). The existence of a Tibetan kingdom of women has been asserted by E. T. Atkinson (*Gazetteer of the Himalayan Districts*, 1884, vol. ii., p. 458), and by C. H. Sherring (*Western Tibet and the Borderland*, 1906, p. 338). But Mr. E. Sidney Hartland remarks that the *Sui-Shu* and *T'ang-Shu*, quoted by W. W. Rockhill (*The Land of the Lamas*, New York, 1891, p. 339), only refer to a kingdom in Tibet ruled by a woman, in which men were subordinate to women. This may be one of the rare cases of Matriarchy, or it may be merely a distorted version of the more ordinary Mother-right. We have two instances of this legend from the area adjoining the place where this tale was told. In a tale in the *Jātaka* (Cambridge trans. i., 110) the hero visits successively four islands, where dwelt four, eight, sixteen, and thirty-two "daughters of the Gods," with whom in each case he leads a happy life until they had to "depart to their punishment," leaving him behind with certain injunctions, which he immediately disobeys. Mr. E. A. Gait reports that the Simā and Angāmi Nāgas believe in the existence of a village of tiger-men, and another inhabited only by women (*Census Report Assam*, 1891, vol. i., p. 250 *sq.*). One of the villages in Mang Peng, Northern Shan States, Upper Burma, is said to be at the present day inhabited exclusively by women, for whose seclusion no satisfactory explanation was suggested (J. G. Scott, *Gazetteer of Upper Burma and the Shan States*, 1901, part ii., vol. ii., p. 201). Mr. Hartland remarks that the tale is very widely distributed. It is told of an island on the west coast of Africa by the ancient geographer, Mela (iii., 9). The tale of the "City of Women" recorded by Major A. J. N. Tremearne (*Folk-Lore*, xxii., p. 60 *et seq.*) has possibly been influenced by the *Arabian Nights* or some other Arab story.

With regard to the Scandinavian tale given by W. C. Borlase (*The Dolmens of Ireland*, 1897, vol. iii., p. 777 *sq.*) Mr Hartland writes:

"I have not Adam of Bremen's History before me. But I think his statements (which are the basis of Borlase's argument) must be taken *cum grano salis*, if they really identify the Amazons with "the giant maids of Jötunheim," the Valkyries, etc. Borlase's geographical and philological identifications are disputable, and even some of his statements are inaccurate. Saxo, for instance, does not speak of Conogardia as situated near Hólgardhr. See the passage, Elton's trans., 197. On the other hand, the *Voyage of Bran* (Kuno Meyer's trans., i. Nutt, 30) describes the Land of Women, a place of much enjoyment, where Bran and his men experienced the supernatural lapse of time.

The Tami Islanders off the coast of N.E. New Guinea tell a tale of two men who found their way to an island inhabited only by women. They married two women there, and taught the inhabitants the natural method of childbirth, instead of the Cæsarian operation previously practised (Neuhauss, *Deutsch New Guinea*, Berlin, 1911, vol. iii., p. 550). In the Gazelle Peninsula a man finds his way to a land inhabited entirely by women, whose husbands were said to be turtles. His advent put an end to that (J. Meier, *Mythen und Erzählungen der Küstenbewohner der Gazelle-Halbinsel, Neu-Pommern*, Münster-i.-W., 1909, 85, 89). Mariner found among the Tonga islanders the belief in an Isle of Women existing somewhere to the north-west of Fiji (*Tonga*, Edinburgh, 1827, vol. ii., p. 116).

If we may believe the early accounts of the Spanish discoveries in America, Columbus discovered in the West Indies an island inhabited only by women called Matinina or Madanino, and others were said to have been found by his successors (Arber, *The First Three English Books on America*, Westminster, 1895, 30, 99, 189)."]

IV. *The Origin of Cholera: The Double-skinned.*

There was once a tribe of men whose skin was double. They were formerly Nāgas, but they separated from their kinsmen on

account of a quarrel which arose over drying rice on the Kezakenoma stone, which had the property that if a load of rice were placed on it at sunrise, it became two loads by dusk. After the quarrel the double-skinned men fled away. So strong were they that no arrow could hurt them, and they could be shot only in battle. Once two Angāmis came into their village and were hospitably entertained. When they set out on their way back, the double-skinned folk gave them a hollow bamboo pipe, and told them not to open it till they reached home. They also offered them their double skin, but their guests feared to take it. When they came home they opened the bamboo, and lo! the Cholera, which the double-skinned had put inside it, came out, and many people in the village died.

[The tale of the double-skinned folk has not been traced elsewhere in Indian folklore. For the shutting up of spirits in jars, bottles, and the like, see *Folk-Lore*, vol. viii., p. 347 *sqq.*]

V. *Nature Myths.*

The sun is as large as a field. He is male and the moon is female. The sun comes out only by day because he is afraid to wander at night. When he does come out at night, he is so ashamed of his cowardice that he flashes out like the lightning. Once he failed altogether to come out, and men called him in vain. Then, in succession, the bull, the pig, and the dog called him, but to no purpose. Even when the fowls called him he would not listen. At last the cock said, "I am coming to look for you, and if anything touches me and I have to crow you cannot help coming." So now-a-days the sun always comes when the cock crows. The cock asked him why he did not come in the dark, and the sun told him he was afraid, and asked him to tell no one. But the cock told the reason, and this is how people came to know it.

In the moon there are nettles and a cotton tree. Like the sun, shè moves about while the earth stands still.

In reality the sky is smaller than the earth. In the beginning the sky said to the earth: "You are so big, I cannot see you, wrinkle up your feet." The earth did so, and this is why there are hills and valleys in the earth while the sky is smooth. But

even by contracting itself the earth could not get small enough to suit the sun, and one piece remained outside. This place is called Whedzura. In it there is no sky, and no one ever sees the sun there. But they have a stick which they hold very precious, and by it they tell the time. The light in Whedzura is like moonlight, and the air is so strong that people get old quickly. They marry off their children one year, and cannot recognise them the next. This place is so far off that if a man wants to go there he must start the moment he is born: if he delays he will grow old on the road and die before he gets there.

VI. *Tiger Folklore.*

Man, the tiger, and the spirit (*terhuma*) were brothers, sons of one woman. The man used to attend on his mother and bathe her, but the tiger was always grumbling in the house and giving trouble to everyone. The man used to cook his food, the tiger ate his raw, and the spirit merely had his smoke-dried. At last the mother was tired of these family squabbles and set up a mark made of grass in the jungle. She said: "Whoever touches the mark first shall live in villages, the loser in the jungle." Then the spirit said to the man: "I will shoot over the mark with an arrow, and you can say that you touched it first." So when they had run a little way, the man called out: "I am touching the mark," and just then the spirit shot an arrow and made the mark move. Thus the tiger was deceived and went off to the jungle, where he lives to this day.

After this the man sent the cat to the tiger to say: "At all events you are my brother. Whenever you kill a deer put aside a leg for me." But the cat muddled the message, and said: "Whenever you kill a deer put it aside for the man." The tiger was angry, and since that time men and tigers are at enmity. All the same, they are brothers, and when a man happens to kill a tiger, he will say in his village: "The gods have killed a tiger in the jungle"; not "I have killed it." If he said he had killed it, all the other tigers would say: "This man has killed his brother," and would try to devour him. What makes the tiger ear men is that when he sees them lifting great stones, which he

cannot do, he thinks they must be mightily strong. Among the Angāmis old men and some young men eat the flesh of tigers and leopards. But a Sema Nāga will not touch it, as he looks on men and tigers as of one blood.

[The tiger is another of the savage beasts whom the savage prefers to leave alone, lest by killing one of the species he should excite the hostility of the rest (Sir J. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed., part v., vol. ii., p. 215 *sq.*). The Fanai do not kill tigers, giving as the reason that a former ancestor of theirs once lost his way, and was conducted to his village by a tiger, which kindly allowed him to hold its tail (Lt.-Col. J. Shakespear, *The Lushei Kuki Clans*, 1912, p. 139). The Lusheis generally do not eat tiger's flesh (*Ibid.*, p. 153). In a legend of the same people it is said that once upon a time a general transformation of men into animals took place, and people who wore striped clothes were turned into tigers (*Ibid.*, p. 93). The belief in a man tiger, that is, a man able to take tiger shape, is common in the Lushei Hills and also in Nepal; in the flood story, all were drowned save a man and a woman who climbed a tree, and hid themselves. In the morning they found that they had become a tiger and a tigress (*Ibid.*, p. 176 *et seq.*). Among the Nāgas of Manipur, the Ningthaja or Khul-lākpa clan are not allowed to eat tiger flesh (T. C. Hodson, *The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, 1911, p. 73).]

VII. *Tales of Tigers.*

The Semā Nāgas say that one day a tiger came across a man who was carrying a barking-deer he had killed. He said to the man: "How do you manage to catch deer?" "If you bring me half a *mithan* (*bos frontalis*) I will tell you," he replied. So the next day the tiger came with the meat and asked for instructions. "Put the meat on this stick," said the man, "and to-morrow morning you will find a deer sticking to it." The tiger did as he was told, and when he was gone the man took the meat. Next morning when the tiger came he found nothing there, and he complained to the man. "What bad luck!" he replied. "We must try again. Have you still the other half of that *mithan*?" The tiger brought the second half, and the same result followed. "Well," said the

man, "try with a basket of rice." So the tiger put out a basket of rice, and then the man came and blackened his body and face, all but his eyes, with charcoal, and just before daybreak stood at the place hanging on to the basket. When the tiger came he called out: "I have the game at last!" So he called the cat and said to her: "Just watch this game while I go and ask the man what I am to do." As soon as the tiger went off the man ran home and washed himself clean. When the tiger came they went together to the place, but the game had disappeared. The tiger said to the cat: "Why did you let it go?" She replied: "How could I stop it?" Then the man took the tiger to his house and began to plait a cane mat. He asked the tiger: "What was the game like?" "It was very like you, only different in colour." By this time the tiger began to have his suspicions, but the man had already plaited his tail into the mat, so that the tiger was helpless.

The Semās tell a tale how another day the tiger and the man met on the road. As they were chatting a horn-bill flew over head, and the tiger looking up said: "I wonder how that is done. I wish I could fly." "I know all about it, and I can teach you," said the man. "I made that horn-bill." "Could you make wings for me?" asked the tiger. "All right," said the man. So he made the tiger lie down and stretch out his four legs on a wooden frame. "This is for the wings," he said, as he tied the beast's legs to the frame with cane lashings. "You must stay like that all day, and to-morrow I will fetch you." Next day when the man came the tiger said: "I am very stiff and it hurts." But the man only tied him the tighter. Then he got some sharp spikes and drove them into the tiger's armpits. "This is how we make the wing-bones," he said. The tiger moaned, but the man said: "Don't cry or the charm will not work." Then he drove a stake into his body to make a tail, and went off, saying: "I will come back in three days and finish the job." But while he was away the flies and maggots devoured the tiger, and that was the end of him.

IX. *How Man domesticated the Dog.*

The dog had no hole to live in, so he went to stay with the tiger But when they went hunting the dog used to bark and

disturb the game. So the tiger turned him out, and he went to the elephant. The elephant said: "If you bark the tiger will find us." As he would not stop barking the elephant got rid of him. Then he went to the wild dog, and they used to hunt together. But the wild dog hunts in silence, and he too could not stand the dog's barking. So he went to the barking-deer and tried to eat her fawn, and barked so much that she turned him out. In the end, he went to man, and man taught him to hunt, and finding his barking useful kept him with him, and made a companion of him.

X. *The Mouse.*

Men first found rice growing in the middle of a pool, and as the water was deep they sent the mouse to fetch it. Then the men said to her: "Come and take your share." But the mouse answered: "My head is so small I cannot carry loads. Let me eat a little of your rice every day." The men agreed, and since then mice eat the rice of men.

XI. *The Shrew Mouse.*

The shrew mouse is the pig of Terhuma, the spirit deity. One day a man was laying fish-traps in a river, and whenever fish came near the shrew used to drive them away. So he killed the shrew, and after that he killed a lot of fish. As it was late, he went to sleep under a large stone called Tsurnga on the river bank. In the night Terhuma came to the river and called out to the stone Tsurnga: "Did you see any bad man here to-day?" "Why do you ask?" enquired Tsurnga. "My pig has not come home to-night, and some bad man must have killed him." The man was afraid, and never again fished in that place.

A man married a woman of the Terhuma, and his wife took him to live in the sky, and he had three sons by her. One day he went out to hunt, and the Terhuma who was with him said: "A wild boar is killing our brother-in-law." He looked down and saw a shrew mouse, which he killed. That night all the Terhuma came to him with their pots and pans, and the man roasted the shrew for his sons and the Terhuma to eat.

[These tales may have a totemistic origin. For totemism in Assam, see Sir J. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy*, 1910, vol. ii., p. 318 *sqq.* ; iv., 295 *sqq.*]

XII. *A Tale of a Snake.*

One day a girl went to work in the field, and on her way she met a snake on the path. The snake would not let her pass until she said: "Do not bite me and I will marry you." So at last she said it, and the snake let her go and afterwards married her. Then he bit her in the breast and ornaments grew there, and he bit her in the leg and she got leggings. Another girl saw this, and she too met a snake. To him she said: "Let us marry." So she took him and put him in her basket, but he said nothing, and bit her in the arm so that she died.

[The Envious Friend, a very widespread tale, of which the variants are endless.]

XIII. *The Boiled Crab.*

One day a little bird went to work in her field, and called all her companions to help her. Among them came the crab. At noon the little bird called her friends from the field to the field-house. She put a pot on the fire, and perching on the rim laid an egg into the pot for each of her friends to eat. The next day they all went to work in the crab's field. He brought nothing for dinner, because he had seen what the little bird had done, and meant to imitate her. When the pot was boiling in the field-house, he perched on the rim and tried to lay an egg, but he fell in and was boiled to death. Meanwhile his friends were hoping he would ask them to dinner. But as they got tired of waiting, one of them went into the field-house and saw the crab boiled in the pot. He went and told the others. So they all came and ate the crab.

[This belongs to the same cycle as the last.]

XIV. *The Birds and the Snakes.*

Once upon a time a lizard and a little bird went shares in a well. Whenever the lizard went to draw water he used to make

the well muddy. The bird complained, but the lizard would not listen to him. At last the lizard said: "Go and call all your birds, and I will go and call all the reptiles under yon tree." So they each called their people, and there was a great fight. The birds flew down and carried away all the snakes, save one, a big fellow, whom they feared. Now he was the priest of the snakes. The crow caught him in his beak, but he dropped him on a stone, and immediately a lot of snakes were produced. The birds were afraid, but the little bird went to the biggest of all birds and said: "Come and kill the priest snake." He said: "But who will feed my young?" "I will," said the little bird. Then the big bird swooped and killed the snake.

[Possibly a reminiscence of the destruction of the snakes by the bird Garuda, the Garula of the *Jātaka*.]

XV. *The Monkey and the Jackal.*

One day a monkey and a jackal met in the jungle, and the jackal said: "I wish I were a monkey, able to climb trees and get any fruit I like." The monkey replied: "I wish I were a jackal, and able to go into men's houses and get rice and meat and chickens and anything else I wanted." Then the monkey said: "Let us each bring the best food we can get, and see whose is the better." When they met the monkey said: "Please give me your food first." The jackal put it into the monkey's hand, and he ran up the tree, ate it all, and gave nothing in return to the jackal. The jackal was very angry, and went off muttering: "I will make you pay for that." So he went and stopped at a patch of wild yams which looked very tasty. The monkey came up and asked: "What are you doing?" "I am only eating the Sahib's sugar cane, and it is very sweet." "Please give me some," said the monkey. "But the Sahib will be angry." "Oh, no, he won't," said the monkey. "Well, come and pick some for yourself." He picked a yam, peeled it, and began to eat it. But it burnt his mouth, and his lips swelled so that he could hardly speak. Then the monkey went to a bees' nest and said to the jackal: "Don't bite that." But the jackal would not mind, and the monkey said: "All right! But don't touch it till I get behind the hill."

When the monkey was out of sight, the jackal bit the nest, and the bees came out and stung him badly. Then the jackal went and lay down in some reeds which concealed a stream of water. "What are you doing?" asked the monkey. "I am watching the Sahib's clothes." "I am coming to help you," said the monkey. "Don't," said the jackal. But the monkey jumped down and fell into the water under the reeds and was drowned.

[This is probably an Indian story. There are no jackals in the Nāga Hills except at the edge of the plains and round the Civil Station of Kohima.]

XVI. *The Tale of the Fig Tree.*

One day a man was going to another village and was benighted on the road. After it got dark he killed a ghost with his spear, and slept under a great stone in the shelter of a fig tree, and ate its fruit, because he had nothing else to eat. After he had lain down, many ghosts came with torches and called out to their friend: "Are you alive or dead?" The great stone answered: "Even if he be dead, the man who killed him has not been to me to-day." So the ghosts took up the corpse of their friend and went away. After this the man heard another tree call out to the fig tree: "I am sick, come and do worship (*pūjā*) to heal me." The fig tree replied: "I cannot come to-night, for I have a guest." A few minutes later the sick tree fell down. "That tree had fever for a long time," said the fig tree. Next morning the man got up, ate some figs, and went home, when he told them all that had happened. This is why the Angāmis call the fig tree the Chief Priest of the trees.

[Possibly an importation from India, where the fig is one of the most sacred trees.]

XVII. *The Tale of an Ogress.*

Once upon a time there were two orphan boys who did not know how to till the fields and lived by snaring birds. An ogress used to come and eat the birds' heads. One day they saw her and asked her why she did this. She answered: "I had forgotten you.

Come and live with me and I will treat you kindly." Now the land of these cannibals is surrounded by a deep river, but the ogress knew a charm by which she crossed it, and so they came to her home. She left the elder boy outside, but she put the younger in the room where she kept her charms. When the boys went to sleep the husband of the ogress said: "Let us kill and eat." But she felt the little boy and said: "He is not fat enough." This happened on several nights, and the boy heard what she said. So one morning he said to his brother: "Her husband wants to eat us. He must be a cannibal." But the elder brother said that the pair loved them, and would do them no harm. The little boy said: "You tell her husband that you have such a bad stomach ache that you cannot sleep outside." So that night the elder boy slept in the house. In the night he heard the ogress discussing whether the boys were fat enough to eat. So the boys arranged to escape. The younger took the charm of the ogress, and by this means they succeeded in crossing the river. As the ogress had lost her charm she could not pursue them and they got home safely.

[Instances of charms for crossing rivers come from South India. When the Kāpus and Balijas were driven by the Muhammadans to the river Pennār, they found it in flood. While they were at a loss what to do, the Mālas, who followed them, offered one of their children to their tribal goddess, whereupon the waters parted and the fugitives were able to cross (E. Thurston, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, 1909, vol. iv., p. 344).

The Tottiyans venerate the *pongu* tree (*pongamia glabra*) because, when they were in like peril, two of these trees on the river bank bent forward, and meeting in the middle, formed an arch by which they crossed (*Ibid.*, vol. vii., p. 186 *sq.*).

Mr. E. Sidney Hartland writes:

"The incident of a personage of supernatural powers making a passage across a river or other water is common. Its most familiar examples are the crossing of the Red Sea by Moses and of the Jordan by Joshua. Examples may be mentioned from the Mweru of British East Africa (Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy*, London, 1910, vol. ii., p. 426), the Mandé-Dyoula of the Ivory Coast (Clozel & Villamur, *Les coutumes Indigènes de la Côte d'Ivoire*, Paris, 1902, p. 44), the Matse tribe of the Ewhe in German

Togoland (Spieth, *Die Ewe-Stämme*, Berlin, 1906, p. 728), the Wichita, a tribe of the North American Plains belonging to the Caddoan stock (G. A. Dorsey, *The Mythology of the Wichita*, Washington, 1904, 123), the Cheyenne (Dorsey, *Pub. Field Columbian Museum*, Anthrop. series, Chicago, 1905, vol. ix., p. 37). A story of the Ntlakapamux, or Thompson River Indians, has greater resemblance to that in the text. Two brothers start on adventures and fall into the hands of a cannibal. They steal from him his magical staff and run away. Reaching the river they throw it down and it forms a bridge, over which they cross. The cannibal pursues them, but cannot cross the river without his staff. The latter part of the story is concerned with the brothers' adventures at a white man's town, but so far as the adventure with the cannibal it seems a purely aboriginal tale (Teit, *Traditions of the Thompson River Indians*, Boston, 1898, pp. 93, 119). The adventures of children and adults among cannibals and other supernatural personages are well-known themes among the tribes of British Columbia. Some of them resemble the story in the text still more closely; but in a hasty search I have not been able to put my hand on them.]

XVIII. *The Rat Princess and the Greedy Man.*

One day a man was going to his field, and on the way he caught a rat. He brought it home and put it in a box, and when later on he went to look at it he found the rat had turned into a beautiful girl. When he saw her he said to himself: "If I could marry her to the richest man in the world I should become a rich man myself." So he went to find the greatest man in the world, and he came to the Chief. He said: "You are the greatest man in the world, and you had better marry her." But the Chief said: "I should like to marry her, but you say that she must marry the greatest man in the world. Now I am weaker than water, because if I go into a river in flood it carries me away. Hence water is stronger than I am." The man went to Water, and spoke to it as he had spoken to the Chief. But Water said: "I am not the strongest, for when I am still Wind comes and blows me into waves. Wind is greater than I am." So the man went to Wind,

but Wind said: "Mountain is stronger than I, because, blow as hard as I can, I cannot stir it." So he went to Mountain, who said: "Yes, I am stronger than most things, but even a rat can pierce my side when he pleases. Hence the rat is greater than I." The man knew no where else to go, so he came home, and lo! he found the girl turned into a rat as she was before.

[Mr. E. Sidney Hartland remarks: "One of La Fontaine's fables concerns a man who married a cat transformed into a woman. The story of The Strongest Thing in the World is well known in various forms."]

XIX. *The Travelling Companions and the Grateful Doe.*

Once upon a time a man called all his fellow villagers and took them with him to hunt. He shot many animals, and never missed. Of the few animals which his companions shot they refused to give him a share. So one day when he saw a big doe barking-deer he refused to shoot at it. Some time after, as he was walking along a road, a snake came out which turned into a beggar-man and asked him where he was going. "I am going to travel," he replied. The snake answered: "I will go with you." So they went on together. As they were walking a frog came out, and, turning into a man, asked them where they were going. When they said that they were going on their travels, he said he would join them. Then the doe appeared in the shape of a very pretty girl, and began to comb her hair in the river. Like the other animals she too joined them. When they came to the end of their journey the man married the girl. They came to a Sahib, who said: "If you don't make an irrigated field and cause rice to grow in it in a single day I will give you only an hour's grace before I kill you." The hunter was dismayed at this order, and he went and told his wife. She said: "Never mind. I will do it." Then she said: "First cut off my head with your knife (*dāo*)." The man refused, but she insisted, and he had to kill her. But she came to life after he left her, made the field, caused the rice to grow, and went back to the house, cooked the dinner, and waited for her husband. But he did not come. Then she sent the snake man and the frog man to fetch him, and they dragged him to his wife's house.

She said: "Why did you not come?" He answered: "I killed you just now, and here you are again!" So she gave food to him and his comrades. When they had eaten she said: "Come, let us go back to our own country. Once you saved my life by not shooting me, and now I have saved your life in return." When she had said this she became a doe again. The man who had been a frog and the man who had been a snake took their original forms again, and the man went home.

[The saving of the doe's life savours of Buddhism or Jainism. The tale seems to be imperfect because the companions do little in the story. For numerous variants of the friendly animals which assist the hero see J. A. Macculloch, *The Childhood of Fiction*, pp. 225 *sqq*. The tasks performed with the wife's aid is a common incident.]

XX. *The Tale of Matsuo.*

Matsuo used to rob the children of their food every day, until at last they told their parents. Then the parents took counsel to kill Matsuo, and they said: "What shall we do with him?" He said: "Shut me up in a box and fling me into the river. That will be the last of me." They did so, and when he was floating down the river he saw two girls fishing. He said: "If you will let me out, I will fill your baskets with fish." So the girls let him out, and as they were crossing the river he filled their baskets with dirt. Then the girls said in the village: "Matsuo has made a fool of us!" So Matsuo came back to his own village and began to rob the children as before. The parents, when they heard of his doings, said: "What shall we do with this rascal?" He said: "Pile a lot of thatch over me and set it alight. That will punish me." They did so, and the whole village was burnt down. But Matsuo escaped safe and sound.

[Mr. E. Sidney Hartland compares Uncle Remus, "Bred and born in a briar patch."]

XXI. *The Clever Orphan.*

Once there was an orphan boy who was very poor. He went to the Chief's village and heard that he had a daughter fit to be

married. So he said to the Chief: "How dark your house is!" The Chief asked: "What is your house like?" "Mine," he said, "is transparent, and I can see the sky from anywhere inside." When the Chief was eating his dinner the boy asked: "Is that the only dish you have?" "Yes," said the Chief, "but what about yours?" "When I have done eating," said the boy, "I throw away the old dish and get a new one every time." Then he asked the Chief: "Are these the only cows you have?" "Yes," he replied, "and how many have you?" "My house is so full of cattle that some of them have to stay outside." Then the boy saw the Chief's grandmother riding a horse. "Why do you let your grandmother get so cold?" "What do you do with your grandmother?" asked the Chief. "Oh! she always sits warming herself at the fire." The Chief was convinced that he was a great man, so he gave him his daughter, and she went home with her husband. But when she saw his house she laughed, and said: "Why, this house is not transparent. We can't see the sky from inside!" "Oh, yes, we can," and he pointed to the holes in the roof. "And what about your plates?" "I have none, but I make a new leaf platter every time I dine." "And what about your cattle?" "I have only one cow, and she lies half inside the house and half outside!" "And your grandmother!" "My grandmother is my fire-place," he answered.[7]

Then his wife was so ashamed at the way she had been taken in, that she wrote to her father not to come to visit her for seven years. She sent her husband to her father to borrow some money. When he got the money he purchased a lot of rubbish and stored it in his house. "What is the use of that?" asked his wife. "You will see by and by," he replied, and went and borrowed more money, which he spent in the same way. The third time he brought gold, made a number of sling-pellets of clay and gilded them all over. These he sold to the people from whom he had bought the rubbish. After a time they found they had been cheated, and complained to the Chief. He sent for his son-in-law and asked him what he meant. "Yes, O Chief, I did what

[7] This alludes to the Angāmi saying: "The sky is my father and the earth my mother." The Angāmi fire-place is only three rough stones which support the cooking-pot.

they say, but when I borrowed money from you they sold me rubbish for it. So I in turn sold them mud-pellets covered with gold." The Chief asked the people: "Did you really sell him rubbish for gold?" They admitted the fact, and the Chief said: "Serve you right!" So the orphan boy prospered and became in time a wealthy man.

[The exploits of this orphan boy supply the material for a number of similar tales. These stories seem to display Hindu influence, possibly through Manipur or from a Kāchāri source. For instance, the horse is unknown to the Nāgas, and their name for it, *kir*, is believed to be a corruption of the Assamese-Hindi *ghorā*, or it may be derived from the Nāga *kwir*, "an elephant." Again, the Nāgas, except where they have come in contact with the people of the plain, know nothing of gold, and do not use it for ornaments.]

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Siwa in East Africa.

I am anxious to obtain information about the *siwa* in East Africa. All I know about it comes from Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who is also responsible for the accompanying photographs. These will serve better than any verbal description to afford an adequate idea of the appearance of the *siwa*, and of the manner in which the instrument is used. Such a horn of state, to judge from the examples about to be cited, may be of ivory, metal, or wood; is composed of three pieces, the two upper portions, which are jointed together and to the main portion, being purely decorative, while the main portion forms the horn itself; and is blown by means of a hole at the upper and smaller end, being held so that it curves across the chest, with the left hand grasping a knob underneath the hole, while the right hand takes hold of a chain (absent, however, in the wooden example) that runs downwards on the inside towards the mouth. Such a *siwa* is not a thing of yesterday, but probably goes back at least as far as the days of Persian (Shirazi) influence on the coast. It constitutes the symbol of authority belonging to the headman of a township, and its loss would seem to be equivalent to deprivation of power. Thus the *siwa* of Winde, a village on the mainland opposite the north end of Zanzibar, was confiscated by the Sultan's government in the seventies as a punishment for slave-trading. It is of wood, and is now in the possession of Sir John Kirk. Again, the *siwa* of Patte, an island to the north of Lamu inhabited by the Ba-Juni, a rather peculiar people, found also on the adjacent mainland, whose physique, to judge by the large handles of their weapons, differs sensibly from that of their more

delicate-fisted neighbours, was carried off to Lamu by the Arab Governor, after a rising at Patte had been suppressed by the Sultan's troops. It is a beautiful piece of work in ivory. Lamu likewise possesses a *siwa* of its own, of brass. On the other hand, the Wa-Hadimu, the aborigines of Zanzibar, though serfs to the Arabs, were allowed to retain a considerable amount of self-government, and their chief, the Mwenia Mku, residing at Dunga, in the centre of the island, retained his *siwa*, and attached the greatest importance to its possession. It was carefully guarded, having a special custodian to attend to it, and was kept religiously shielded from the gaze of the profaner by a wrapping of rich silk cloth. Sir John Kirk was never able to obtain a sight of it. It was blown at the installation of the chief, and also figured on solemn occasions connected with his own history and that of his family, such as marriages. Similarly, the Patte and Lamu horns were used on state occasions, and at marriages and other festivities. [See the account, taken from native witnesses, in I. N. Dracopoli, *Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp*, 1914, pp. 34-6.] The only definite piece of folk-lore relating to the *siwa* consists of the tradition that the last-mentioned instrument would of its own accord emit a booming sound from within its wrappings when a death in the chief's family was about to occur. In view, however, of the many superstitions to which insignia of office are subject, it would be interesting to institute further enquiries concerning the beliefs attaching to these carefully guarded objects.

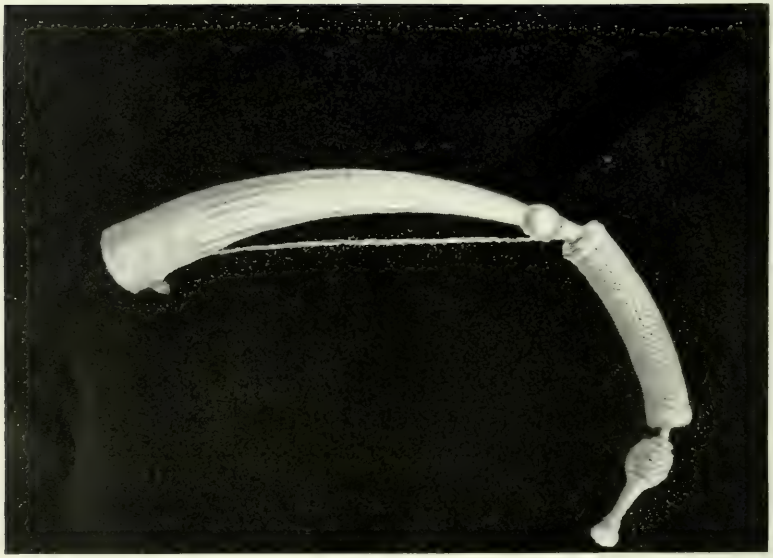
R. R. Marett.

Plate XXI.

THE SIWAS OF PATTE AND LAMU.

To face p. 500.

Plate XXII.



THE SIWA OF PATTE.

REVIEWS.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN MOROCCO. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK. 8vo. Pp. xii + 422. 12s. net. London: Macmillan & Co. 1914. CEREMONIES AND BELIEFS CONNECTED WITH AGRICULTURE, CERTAIN DATES OF THE SOLAR YEAR, AND THE WEATHER IN MOROCCO. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK. 8vo. Pp. viii + 143. Helsingfors, Akademiska Bokhandeln. 1913.

IN these two books Professor Westermarck has published some of the material collected by him during sixteen journeys to Morocco. They are the result of careful, systematical field work conducted under scientific methods, and they furnish a large collection of facts of the highest interest to students of anthropology and folklore.

The first book, he tells us, is meant to be "a kind of apology for a serious omission of which I was guilty when I wrote my *History of Human Marriage* over twenty years ago": the neglect to discuss wedding ceremonies, and the failure to recognise their magical significance, a principle emphasized by Mr. E. Crawley in his *Mystic Rose*, and by Sir J. Frazer. The scheme of the book is to describe the tribal customs connected with betrothal, the trousseau, the preliminary rites at the house of the bride and bridegroom, the fetching, arrival, and reception of the bride, the meeting of the wedded pair, the final observances and taboos of marriage. With our present knowledge, it is impossible to ascertain the ultimate origin of these observances: some may have been imported, some may be of spontaneous growth. "Considering how often absolutely identical customs are found among races living in very different parts of the world, under circumstances which exclude all possibility of a common origin, we have to take

account of the fact that such customs may have grown up independently of one another, also among people who have had much intercourse among themselves or even blended together" (p. 9 *sq.*).

Among the rites discussed in detail the following are of special interest. Anxious care is devoted to the grinding and cleaning of the wheat for the wedding feast, and the grit removed from it is not allowed to fall into strange hands, lest sorcery may be worked through it; it is thrown into water to produce rain, or on the floor of the tent or house that there may be many guests—as many as the pieces of grit (p. 94 *sq.*). Bride and bridegroom are rubbed with a preparation of henna as a purification or protective against evil spirits, because it contains much sanctity (*baraka*) (pp. 118, 295). The pair are veiled not only to guard them against evil spirits, but because their "sanctity" is dangerous: any one who sees the bride is supposed to become blind (p. 169). The bridegroom is beaten by his friends possibly as "a ceremonial punishment because he is deserting their class, but it is expressly said to rid him of evil influences" (p. 120 *sq.*). Similarly, the mock fights between the parties of bride and bridegroom are modes of purification (pp. 128, 223, 245). The youth is dressed as a girl, or whiskers are painted on the bride's face as a sign of that assimilation between the pair which best serves the purpose of neutralizing the danger of sexual contact (pp. 27, 153). Stones are flung at the bride and her party so that she shall carry away all the evil of the village, or to rid her of evil, or as a safeguard against divorce (pp. 177, 190). The rites connected with the bride's arrival at her new home are designed with the intention of preventing her from conveying evil with her (p. 214 *sq.*). This seems to be one reason for throwing grain, flour, bread, fruits, and the like over her, though in some cases this may be a fertility charm (p. 216). She is lifted into her husband's house because the threshold is haunted by the Ginn, the result of that uncanny feeling which superstitious people are apt to experience when they first enter a dwelling, or as an expression of her reluctance to be given away in marriage (p. 220). When the bride throws her slipper at the bridegroom the intention may be to assert her predominance in the household, or it may be a method of purification, while the old shoes thrown at her may be merely, as in an

English example,[1] a charm for luck or fertility: certainly not a symbol of capture or an offering to evil spirits (p. 257). The custom of the bridegroom giving a dress to the bride or plaiting her hair marks the intimacy of their union (p. 261). The use of fish at weddings is a sign of luck, and particularly of plenty in the kitchen (pp. 293, 299). Regarding the avoidance by the bridegroom of his wife's relations,[2] he concludes that "especially in a country where the sexes are separated from each other to such a degree as they are in Morocco, the mutual relations into which a man and woman enter by their marriage are looked upon as something to be ashamed of, and this feeling of shame would naturally display itself very acutely in the presence of persons who would not only at once come to think of these relations but feel averse to the very idea of them. It seems to me quite clear that the young man's shyness of his parents-in-law is psychologically connected with his shyness of his own parents in all matters relating to his marriage" (p. 313).

It is improbable that all these views will meet with general acceptance, but the explanations are offered without dogmatism, and with the hesitation which all true scholars must feel in approaching such difficult problems.

The second book will be of deep interest to all who are engaged in the study of calendar customs. The most important part of the ploughing rites is the ceremonial meal, which is perhaps in some measure an act of imitative or homœopathic magic: "the eating of the food made of corn will cause the eating of the same kind of food in the future, in other words, the crops will prosper" (p. 15). In the spring, when the wheat has sprouted, a doll, known as Māta, is carried about by a man on horseback, while men of other villages pursue him and try to capture it; if they succeed, the village which owns the doll has to buy it back with some nice food. Professor Westermarck regards the doll as the personification of the wheat and its vital energy; she is supposed to be the bride of the field, and the rite is called "the wedding of the wheat." "Considering how commonly violent movements, contests, and racing are found as rites of purification, I venture to believe that

[1] J. Brand, *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 1849, vol. iii., p. 168.

[2] See *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii., p. 518.

it is essentially a magical means of cleaning the corn, which is added to the more realistic method employed by the women in the field" (p. 22). Grain has its "sanctity" (*baraka*), and is charged with magical energy: in one tribe, if a man has bought an animal with money gained by selling the grain grown in his field, there must be no grinding between sunset and the *'asa* prayer, lest the animal should die, or some other evil befall it (p. 48). Bread must never be trodden on, nor must it be exposed to the uncleanness of the ground; when it is given to a dog it must be placed on some clean thing, a plate or mat, or be given by the hand (p. 51). Yeast, again, has much "sanctity," it increases the corn and must not be given away after sunset. On the other hand, bran possesses dangerous supernatural energy, and any one who treads on it will suffer from an affection of the leg or hip (p. 52 *et seq.*).

It may be noted that since the publication of this book Sir J. Frazer has, in a measure, accepted Professor Westermarck's view (p. 79 *sq.*) that fire festivals are purificatory, in opposition to Mannhardt's theory that they are sunshine charms. At the same time he points out that the two explanations are not irreconcilable.[3]

W. Crooke.

Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, C.M.G., F.R.S., etc. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1914. 21s.

Professor Spencer is not tired of researches in the interest of anthropology among the aborigines of Australia. Nor has he been daunted by the death of his lamented colleague in those researches, the late Mr. F. J. Gillen: he has continued to prosecute them alone. To assist the Government of the Commonwealth he has been appointed Special Commissioner for Aboriginals in the Northern Territory, and also Chief Protector of them. And all Australia is justly proud of his knowledge, skill, and world-wide scientific reputation. The present volume contains the results of his journeys and enquiries in the Northern Territory.

[3] *The Golden Bough: Balder the Beautiful*, Part vii., vol. i., p. 329 *sq.*

It may at once be said that it is of very great interest. The natives described are different in many ways from those of the Central Districts described in the two previous volumes. They inhabit Melville Island and Bathurst Island and the adjacent districts on the mainland of the extreme north of the continent. But different as they may be from the inhabitants of the great central plateau, they belong to the same race and practise customs of the same general character. Professor Spencer gives good reasons for believing that, in spite of the annual visits of Malays for years past in search of trepang and tortoiseshell, they are practically pure from foreign blood. Nor does there seem any reason to hold that they have been touched by foreign customs or traditions; though some of the material fabrics they use, which are of course much easier to transmit and acquire, may be of foreign origin. The differences, therefore, of the customs and institutions on the coast from those of the inner area are simply variations within the general circuit of customs and institutions which we recognise as characteristic of the Australian race. They may be compared to the indigenous eucalyptus trees, which cover the soil wherever it is capable of bearing a tree. There are said, I know not with what exactitude, to be two hundred and forty different kinds of eucalyptus, all presumably developed within the continent. This variety in monotony corresponds to that of the native traditions, using that word in its widest sense.

We are familiar, for example, through Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's two former books, with the rigour and cruelty of the puberty ceremonies. The youth of the extreme north are also required to undergo rites of initiation. But there these rites are mild: they do not include any sort of mutilation—not even the knocking out of a tooth; though they do in fact erect a stringent barrier between childhood and adult life, as elsewhere. Now it seems clear, so far as the distribution of this mild type of rites has been ascertained and reported by Professor Spencer, that the more cruel form of the rites has spread from the centre of the continent, and for some reason has not succeeded in establishing itself among the most northerly tribes; it has not been once prevalent there and been dropped. What is, moreover, highly significant is that male descent seems only to be found among the tribes which

have adopted the central rites. One group of such tribes, indeed, counts totemic descent on the female side; but the descent of the class name, regulating marriage, is in the father's line. Professor Spencer's map and list of tribes accompanying it are not quite complete, and do not enable us to say where all this group is located. It appears, however, to be on the River Victoria, and to be surrounded by tribes which have adopted the rites of mutilation and male descent in a more complete form.

When we turn to the tribes with milder rites we do not find the female descent of the totem invariable. Professor Spencer speaks of them all as "abnormal and modified," as no doubt they are if male descent be taken as normal. They are divided between female descent of the totem and determination of the totem otherwise than by descent. In no case is male descent the rule. The tribes of Melville and Bathurst Islands and the adjacent coast are destitute altogether of the class organization. Marriage is exogamous and governed by the totem to such an extent that some of the totem-clans have conjugal rights only with certain others of the totem-clans, while others again may intermarry with any of the totem-clans except their own. In the case of the Iwaidji, the tribe about Port Essington, they are divided into three local groups and these again into totem-clans, of which one at least of each group bears the local name. In all these tribes the descent is in the female line. The neighbouring tribe of the Kakadu and some others possess totems, but not strictly speaking totem-clans. The totem is determined by reference to that of the ancestor who is supposed to be reincarnated in the child, as among the Arunta. Unlike that tribe, however, the identity of the ancestor is revealed to the mother's husband, and the totem (which is not necessarily that of the ancestor in question) is prescribed in a dream prior to the child's birth. According to tradition these tribes are descended from Imberombera, a supernatural female who wandered over the country, leaving spirit-children at different points. These spirit-children have ever since been undergoing a series of incarnations. The localities of these spirit-children govern marriage, for a "man must take as wife a woman belonging to the same locality as that in which the man of whom he is the reincarnation and whose name he bears

originally secured his." Is this a modification of a prior female descent? It does not appear that the woman is subject to any corresponding law.

The Kakadu also possess a series of ceremonies and sacred objects called Muraian. They correspond partly to the Arunta Intichiuma ceremonies, partly to the Engwura, and the churingas and other sacred objects used in them respectively. But the Kakadu carry matters further than the Arunta; for the initiation into the final stages of the Muraian is deferred until the candidate is an elderly man, and the sacred objects are addressed with the fierce and insistent cry of "Give, give!" as if demanding food from personal beings endowed with will and capacity to grant or withhold the prayers of their votaries. The Kakadu and some other tribes also execute drawings on bark and rock which represent, Prof. Spencer thinks, the highest level of artistic attainment among the Australian aborigines. Whatever may be the cause of the evolution of their culture, it is quite clear that it has been much modified. It is equally clear that the modifications are only modifications of the general stock of Australian culture.

The marriage regulations and class organization of those tribes which have come under the influences affecting the central area of the continent are set forth and discussed at length by the author. As in previous volumes, he has given tables of the relationship terms which demand careful study. He has devoted a chapter to the native beliefs as to the origin of children; and his enquiries have further confirmed the physiological ignorance and fantastic beliefs which he and Mr. Gillen were the first to record, but which are now known to prevail over a large part, if not the whole, of the Australian continent. I have no space to consider these and other subjects of profound anthropological interest dealt with in the volume. They will doubtless be fully debated by students before long. In the meantime, we are greatly indebted to Prof. Spencer for this first glimpse into the institutions and beliefs, as well as the material culture, of the tribes of the far north. Much more remains, however, to be done before we are in a position to estimate the influences that have been at work on these tribes during past ages, or to understand their psychology. It is to be hoped that Prof. Spencer himself, or some other careful student

under his direction, will make the further investigations necessary without delay. It cannot be undertaken too soon, for the native culture is rapidly disappearing.

Specimens of the material objects referred to in the course of the book were obtained by the author, and are now in the museum at Melbourne. They are a most valuable collection, and have been admirably set up under Professor Spencer's care. In many cases they are even more striking as thus exhibited than the plates and figures in the book would lead the reader to believe. Unfortunately some of the plates and figures are small and consequently indistinct, though many are excellent. It is a pity too that some of the plates are called simply "figures." I at least have failed to discover any real distinction between the plates and the "figures," and the difference in the mode of reference is apt to cause some confusion in reading.

E. Sidney Hartland.

ERRATUM.

Vol. xxv., p. 307, line 7—*for* balid *read* ba'id.

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